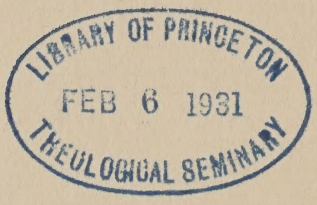

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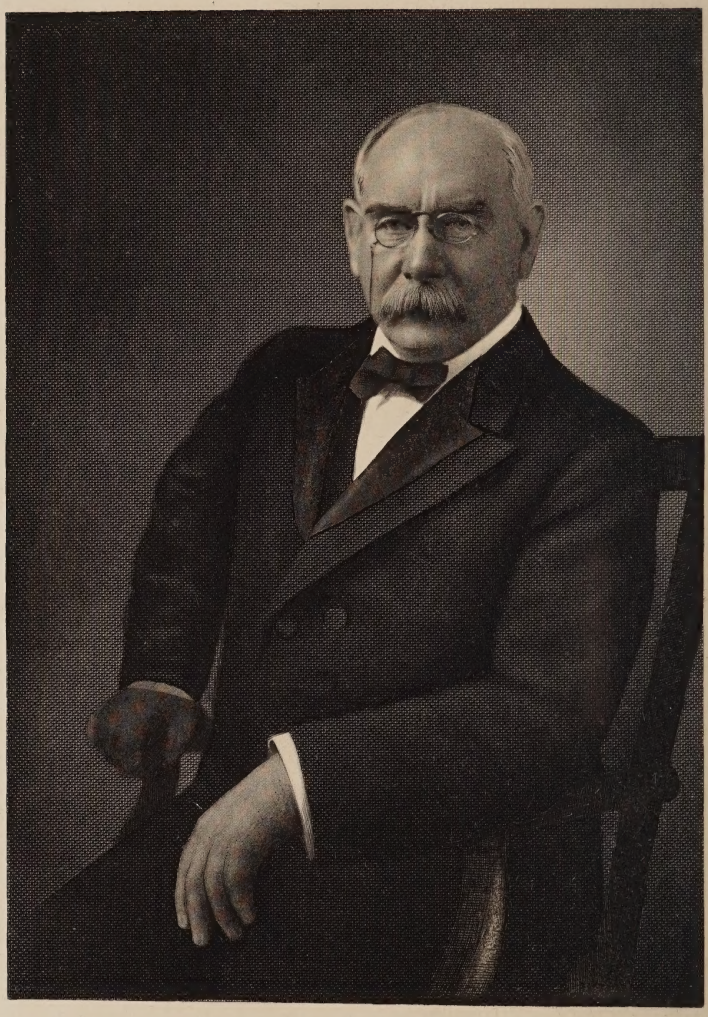

Thomas D Foster

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THOMAS D. FOSTER

1847—1915

A Biography

BY

R. AMES MONTGOMERY

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1930

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FOREWORD

COVENTRY PATMORE sagely observed that contemporary Christianity is liable to think of itself as in a state of decay. This danger is acute in this newspaper-dominated age, when fiduciary quality in citizenship, sobriety in social pleasures, and fidelity to the common trusts of domestic and religious life have no "news" value. Many a prince and great man falls in Israel unreported and unknown to his own generation and the generation that succeeds to the task he lays down. The circumstances of such lives call for fortitude, faith, courage, and dependableness. Such virtues in such lives are usually of the better quality since they function with less excitement and stimulation than those of the spectacular and garish sort. But an age looking for sensations will too often overlook and miss them.

We need more men of the quiet sort whom God has girded, men who believe the Gospels, who know God, who have accepted Jesus Christ, and in His name are casting out devils, and who, at the same time, have taken captive a big share of the world's work and wealth without any defection from the Faith. This volume is written to honor the character and extend the influence of such a MAN.

R. AMES MONTGOMERY

Cincinnati Ohio
4 Lane Seminary Place
August 17, 1929

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ANTECEDENTS
ANCIENT AND MERITORIOUS

honorable descent and the perpetuation of that excellence in notable and distinctive achievements are worthy of double praise.

While there is no lack of "ancient lineage" and records of "merit" for the biographer of Thomas Dove Foster, these were not the most important considerations to be taken into account by the writer. The temper and character of Foster were essentially democratic. He loved the "common people." They were his brethren. While possessed of "records of merit and very ancient lineage," he did not forget that the circumstances of affluence and comfort surrounding him were not far removed from the sweat and poverty of toilers who were his kinsmen and forebears. There were, also, delinquencies recorded in the line of his descent—a sure indication that some common clay was in the structure. The sins common to humanity had had their way with some of his ancestors and came near to working tragedies from which there is no recovery. Foster never forgot this. He never tried to hide the facts. They were not only humbling; they were humiliating. But the humiliations were sublimated in a sympathy and tenderness toward the erring, in an effort to improve the social and moral conditions in which men must live, and in a valiant opposition to organized vice.

The advantages of that "ancient lineage" and its "merits" he treasured also. Nothing is more valuable in the assets of human life than to be well born. Background, that brings lengthened and pleasing perspective to the picture of life, is most desirable. Depth of character, where the roots of a man's life strike down deep into a rich soil of fine traditions, noble deeds, royal achieve-

ments, and good family, is a possession to be coveted. You can count on the man who possesses these. Foster had inherited such coveted possessions. He always remembered the honor of his family. He believed the ultimate basis of nobility is in a history characterized by superiority of mind, heart, and deeds. The traditions handed down to him connecting his lineage with nobility he highly esteemed. They inspired him to live and act after the manner of a nobleman. Honorable ancestry called for a like posterity. He was proud of his forebears. He sought to walk worthy of such antecedents. And he saw to it that no dross in him should debase the value of that inheritance. In his relation to industry, in the marts of trade, in association with men of all classes and conditions—he carried a high standard.

The attitude of Foster was definitely affected by his religious experience. This had been almost catastrophic in its origins. Like the apostle on his way to Damascus, he had come to grips with the person called Jesus the Christ. As with Paul, the experience was completely humbling. He saw himself as one in whom the possibilities of sin bulked big for the degradation of himself and his fellowmen. From this possible calamity he was saved by God's love for the undeserving. Henceforth he walked in humble recognition of this fact. He was what he was by "God's grace." He now reckoned himself "bond slave" to the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved him and gave Himself for him. From the day of this recognition, his success in business, his accumulation of wealth, his comfort in circumstances were his, not by the strength of his own right arm, but by the kindness of his Lord. His own excellences were nothing to boast about. His position

and possessions were trusts to be administered to the glory of God and the good of his fellowmen. *This* was something to rejoice about.

Beginning the life of such a man with a reference to Benvenuto Cellini suggests the wide and frequent contrasts ancient and contemporaneous biographies present. The character of Cellini is a far call from that of the subject of this volume. There is not only a gulf of difference, but we might say a wide, if not impassable, sea between such lives as they were lived. But what Cellini indicates as a prerequisite for a worthy autobiography, we accept as solid ground for a worthy structure in character, and a valuable consideration when the story of a life is to be told.

II

Thomas D. Foster's mother was a Morrell. In an old family Bible in possession of posterity there is a record that the subject of this biography, had he been following Cellini's advice and writing it himself, could have begun with the account of an ancient and meritorious lineage.

This old family Bible records that the foundations of this house were laid in 1682. In this year George Morrell was set down as the first by this name. Whom George took to wife is not recorded; but William is the next name in the line, followed by the date 1706; possibly the only son, though that is unlikely. We know those who sprang from William's loins. We do not know the mother of his children. Her name is not recorded. With this exception the record is accurate and complete from that time.

There are various branches of the family. Their his-

tories are identified with the communities in which they are located. There have been various ways of spelling the name. In a letter written by M. T. Morrall, Balmoral House, Matlock Bank, Derbyshire, to Robert Morrell of Ilkley, dated December 28th, 1875, we learn of some of these variations. He quotes from a book called *Acts of Chapter of Collegiate Church of Ripon, A.D. 1452 to A.D. 1506.* In the former year he finds Agnes Mural in the index of the said book, with reference to page nine; but on examination of page nine he finds no record of such a person. However, on the next page, he does find a record concerning Agnes Murall. In the next record to which he calls attention, made in 1790, nearly 300 years later, it is spelled Morrell; and from that time on in the Ripon, Thirsk, and Masham branches of the family the spelling seems to be stabilized. This old epistle has more to say with citation of sources to confirm the fact that a Morrell was a leader in William the Conqueror's army in 1066, that he survived the fortunes of war, married and reared children who carried on the succession of brave and valiant men.

Such is the testimony of credible historic records. The Morrells were not only of "ancient lineage," but of "merit" also.

III

William Morrell was the father of John, George, Katherine, Nicholas, Ann, Mary, George (a second son so named) and William, who were born between November 8, 1742, and January 8, 1763.

To John I, the eldest of this list, three children were given: John, George II and Margaret, who died August

15, 1780, eight days after her birth. To John, the elder son, four sons and two daughters were given but the records show that the first three died in infancy or childhood. John, the fourth child, lived to be thirty-three years of age; the date of the death of Elizabeth, the fifth child, is not recorded; the last born, George, lived to be sixty-eight years of age, dying in 1878. From the records, these three were probably without issue and the line became extinct.

IV

The perpetuation of this family now depended upon the second son of John I, who was George II in direct descent. George II was born at Masham June 10, 1778. This town lies fifteen miles to the north and west of the famous cathedral town of Ripon, in the northwest part of the County of York. Ripon is a quaint historic place. The cathedral is the central point of interest to all visitors. On the west side of the cathedral is what we may call a Washington memorial. It presents one of five or six memorial coats-of-arms of the Washington family, from which descended George Washington, the Father of Our Country. The largest of these Washington windows is the clerestory window above the sedilia in Selby Abbey. Both windows, at Ripon and Selby, are distinguished by the fact that the stars in the arms are pierced. Over the portal of the City hall in Ripon, in fine gilt letters, facing the City's open square, is the inscription, "Except ye Lord keep ye City ye watchman waketh in vain." This solemn declaration is proclaimed to the people in a quaint historic manner each evening. The watchman of the City, in ancient official dress, takes his

By Courtesy of *The Yorkshire Post*

VILLAGE SQUARE AND CHURCH, MASHAM, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND
Inset: THE CROSS OF PAULINUS

stand at the corner of the square, and after giving a brave blast on a trumpet repeats the legend on the City Hall. This he does at each corner of the square, before the mayor's residence, and finally, before his own home, and thus the curfew is sounded!

Masham is in a beautiful agricultural country. The town is a typical English village with an open square, on four sides of which are buildings aged by time. At one corner is the ancient parish church. Several periods of architecture are represented in the present structure. The heraldry and arms of noble families hang on its pillars and walls. The grave-stones in the aisles are worn by the tread of many generations of passing feet. Here rest those who ruled in this community and worshipped in the church centuries ago. Outside, near the door through which one enters this ancestral house of worship, is a notable pillar – The Cross of Paulinus – which celebrates the arrival of that worthy missionary saint who was sent in 601 A.D. by Pope Gregory I to England where he joined Augustine, and in 607 A.D. came with him into these parts. It is a simple shaft about six feet in height and probably fifteen inches in diameter, with various symbols carved upon its surface which are fast losing their visibility through the eroding process of rain and snow, heat and cold.

In this church one will find records of births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths as far back as the sixteenth century. In one of these volumes it is recorded in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century, that on "July 5, 1778, George, son of John and Margaret Morrell, was presented for baptism; age one month lacking five days." This lad grew to maturity, met, courted, and won the

hand of Elizabeth Dove. Elizabeth Dove was also a native of Yorkshire. Her family lived in the vicinity of the town of Selby, the seat of an ancient and magnificent abbey, of which Columba is the patron saint.

At the time of their marriage the Abbey was in decay except the central portion of all its life and activity, *i.e.*, the church; and this, too, was so despoiled by time that it seemed destined to an early abandonment. In this church-yard the high and the low, the rich and the poor, for many generations, had been laid. Its lofty tower, its majestic walls, its great nave and choir, its beautiful windows with their rich symbolism, while not utterly razed, were despoiled by the debris of broken and crumbling statues. But in the days of George and Elizabeth Dove Morrell this structure was committed to admiring and loyal hands who began its restoration. The process of restoring its ancient grandeur continues. Had it not been so, it would have been, before this, another monument in ruins, testifying to the passing of a religious splendor and devotion for which modern times has no counterpart.

After their marriage, George and Elizabeth lived in various sections of the County of York, George working at his trade. Their first home was probably at Hull, at least for a while, where, in the miserable industrial conditions of the early part of the nineteenth century, the Morrells suffered much and fell into debt beyond their power to pay out.

They were saved from the humiliation and disgrace into which many a worthy family was forced by the love and loyalty of relatives better circumstanced. They never lost their faith, nor their high sense of honor, and integ-

rity. And they never forgot the kindness those relatives bestowed on them.

From Hull, after some migrations, they came to Bradford, a more advantageous center for George to pursue his trade as wool-comber, and where his seven children could enter the factories and by their labor earn something to add to the family treasury. These children were: William, born December 19, 1806; George, December 24, 1808; John, April 23, 1811; Mary, February 6, 1813; Thomas, October 24, 1814; Robert, May 5, 1816; and Nicholas, May 8, 1818.

The penury to which they descended was such that not one of them could be released from labor. It is not recorded that their faithful mother, Elizabeth, was compelled to take her place in the mills in this struggle, but she had her heart-wringing part. There were no child-protective societies in those dark days to stand between them and the cruel, undeveloped, industrial order. Workers were often required to continue their tasks for ten, twelve, and even eighteen hours. Elizabeth Morrell waited long after the sun had sunk below the horizon for the return of her loved ones. When they came, often the children were so exhausted by the struggle for wages they would fall asleep while eating their scant meal.

When people pass through such hardships in the period of developing childhood it is not always easy to see the truth of that old proverb that commends the discipline of hard circumstance and heavy tasks. Too often they leave scars that do not heal and which time does not efface. The way people take their hardships is of first importance. After all, hardships have to pass through a process of sublimation, which faith and hope and love

and religious devotion effect, if there is to be any good come out of them, and if any deposit worth preserving to succeeding generations is to be made by them. To the honor of George and his wife, Elizabeth Morrell, be it said, they never lost their loyalty to the great principles of honesty, truthfulness, faith, and hope; nor did they slacken in their daily devotion to God while training their family. The fire was never allowed to go out on that family altar. In the midst of their hardships they did not forget to pray, to train their children to worship, to deal justly and to walk humbly with God. Out of such discipline and in the presence of their sincere, genuine example and rigorous experience, the posterity of George and Elizabeth Morrell received principles, convictions, ideals, and incorporated them in an institution that has had more than one hundred years of honorable and achieving history. The character values which they developed and handed down have been understood and accepted by three succeeding generations with such cordiality and ardor that scores of men and women in this succession have embraced and exemplified them.

Their grandson, Thomas D. Foster, valued his opportunity in that great industrial enterprise which had its humble beginnings with them, received it as a gift of God's favor and the evidence of God's partnership with him. The business, when he came to its direction and management, was not held as his and his alone. He thought of it as belonging to God. God had put it into his hands, an instrument for the expression of His will and His purpose in the world. This attitude toward the business was his own; but it was also his by inheritance. It had been committed to him. His uncle, John Morrell,

reminded him that the business had been dedicated to God before he handed it on to him.

In due time a brighter day dawned for the family of George and Elizabeth Morrell. A bequest of eighty pounds sterling was left to Elizabeth Dove Morrell by Robert Hubie of Nevill-Thorn, in the parish of Selby. In the churchyard of Barlby, a few miles from Selby and now belonging to that parish, the visitor will find three burial plots surrounded by iron railings and marked with massive stones on which are recorded the names of Hubies who have been important and influential personages in that community.

Not far away on one of the neighborhood roads in the adjoining parish still stands the cottage in which Robert Hubie, bachelor, lived. He had built up a small fortune, and at his death did not forget his beloved niece and her circumstance of poverty which he could relieve. So he wrote her name in his will and designated his wish that a portion of his estate should be given to her. But we must not get ahead of our story lest we forget persons of merit whose names and descendants belong to the history.

V

The longevity of George Morrell's family was in striking contrast to the family of his brother, John, where many early deaths occurred. All of the seven children of George and Elizabeth Morrell reached maturity, and five of the seven left a posterity whose descendants continue to the present hour. In several instances these descendants are connected with the business that bears the name of the third son, John, who was denied the joy of sons and daughters of his own.

William, the eldest of these sons of George and Elizabeth, migrated to the United States and settled at Lowell, Massachusetts. He married in the land of his adoption. In 1851, at the age of forty-five, he died without issue.

George, the second son, being George III in direct line of descent, returned to the old home in Hull for his wife, and to this union four children were given: two sons, Thomas born 1834 and George, 1838; and two daughters, Mary and Emily. When Mary grew to womanhood she married a man by the name of Hinton. Emily never married. In the early years of young womanhood she went to make her home with her Uncle John, and there she died at the age of thirty, June 16, 1872.

To Thomas, the elder of the two sons, three daughters were born: Clara, Ada and Eleanor.

To George, the younger son, who was twice married, four daughters and three sons were given: John H., Alfred, and George F.[1] These sons were, and, either in person or through posterity, are still, actively connected with the business, all three rising to positions of distinction as administrative heads of either the British or American Corporations. At the present time George Alfred, son of John H., and Arthur Claude, son of Alfred, are in active relation with the Corporation, the former at Ottumwa and the latter at Liverpool. George F.[1] principal, and A. Claude, assistant, are chief directors in that organization.

Like most of us, probably, George and Elizabeth seldom, if ever, considered the effect of their lives on succeeding generations. They lived earnestly; because

[1] November 20, 1929, the death of George F. was announced.

the stern realities of life demanded that kind of living. They were honest; not because honesty was the best policy, but because that was right and productive of peace to their own souls. They established habits of thrift; it was necessary in order to be able to meet the demands made upon their meager resources. They were diligent and industrious because that was the urge of their own souls and the rigorous requirement of their enterprise. When men and women are described by such elements and by such living, their children, some of them, will certainly evaluate their excellence and incorporate their imperishable and incomparable contributions in themselves and in the institutions which they inherit and develop.

In this way it has come about that the life they lived and the teachings they imparted have continued the influence of George and Elizabeth Morrell for more than one hundred years. In their posterity and in the institution the foundation of which they laid, and which still bears the name of Morrell, they speak today.

The third son of George II was christened John. He was born April 23, 1811, and at the age of twenty-four married Margaret Ackroyd. She was reputed to have been a woman of imperious, exacting, and frequently petulant disposition; endowed with marked business ability; a valuable helpmate to her husband; though one in whose presence there was not always unalloyed bliss.

John was from early manhood distinguished by fidelity to religious observances. In his later years he exacted a punctilious observance on the part of his household and of all his employees. It was the rule in this household that all servants should be present at daily family

worship. All employees of the business were required to attend chapel once on Sunday.

To this union of John Morrell and Margaret Ackroyd Morrell no children were given; but the pleasures and companionship of children enjoyed by his brothers and sister were shared with John, some of the nephews and nieces being often in his house. Emily, the daughter of George III as recorded above, took her place in his household where she was treated as a daughter, and in which she lavished the affectionate care and gave the service of a faithful, tender, filial love. When her life was finished she was laid in the family burial plot in the cemetery at Birkdale, and on the shaft set to mark the last resting place of John and Margaret, John cut these words: "In affectionate remembrance of Emily, niece of John Morrell, Birkdale Park, who died June 16, 1872. Age thirty years." The kindness of these brothers and sister in sharing the joy of their families with him was abundantly recompensed to them.

John developed early in life a gift for bold adventure in merchandising. His gift was sustained by a strong ambition to achieve. It was employed in capacious, constructive enterprise. When he died he left to four nephews, sons of his sister Mary and his brothers George and Robert, the splendid business his father had begun and which he established. The selection of these four men bore witness to his sagacity as well as his enterprise. The nephews proved worthy and capable. They not only took care of the business their uncle committed to them, but they also developed and expanded it to proportions probably beyond his fondest dreams.

The fourth son of George II was Thomas, born Octo-

ber 24, 1814. He married Anne Lumb. To them two children, Eliza and George, were born. They never married, but made their home in the city of Bradford until their deaths, the last of which occurred in 1920.

Robert, the fifth son of George II, married Ellen Blakey, May 30, 1842. They were happy in this union for forty-two years. To them were born three sons: Thomas D., August 12, 1842; John, September 15, 1845; Alfred, May 19, 1849; and three daughters: Eliza Anne, February 18, 1844; Mary Hannah, September 11, 1847; and Eleanor, November 13, 1850.

Of these children two are identified with the history of the business with which we are concerned in this narrative. John, a name-sake, was selected as one of the four nephews who were to carry on the business after his uncle's death. His son, Allan Morrell, is now identified with the business of John Morrell & Co., Ltd., in Liverpool; and Robert, a son of Mary Hannah, who married Robert Owthwaite, of Ilkley, is manager at the present time of John Morrell & Co.'s business in Philadelphia.

The sixth son of George II, Nicholas, came to the United States, and in May, 1844, was married to a daughter of his adopted country. Nicholas died at Buffalo, New York, December 29, 1857. He had one son, Richard Nicholas, who has been employed by John Morrell & Co., of Ottumwa, Iowa, for more than fifty years.

The only daughter of George was Mary, his fourth child and the one from whom sprang the subject of this biography. She was born February 6, 1813. With the other children of George and Elizabeth Morrell she endured the hardships of poverty and toil in which their

family lot was cast, and developed the virtues of thrift, industry, and faithfulness to the great sanctities of life and love. Mary Morrell was past her girlhood when the family estate was improved through the kindness of her great-uncle, Robert Hubie, to whom we have referred.

VI

By this bequest George Morrell and Sons were enabled to become provision merchants, with numerous employees. John Morrell also had a business of his own. Among those employed by George Morrell and his son John was a young man, William Foster by name, who made his home with the family of George. He was the son of John Foster and Martha Gresham Jackson Foster. The Jacksons and Fosters belonged to Wistow and its neighborhood for generations, a record having been found of a Robert Foster of Wistow as far back as 1420. William was born on the 29th of January, 1805, in the village of Wistow. This village is located about four miles from the Abbey town of Selby, in the midst of a beautiful agricultural country where the hedge rows make corridors through the fields, and where the solid English cottages break their way through the hedges at the roadway while the great houses retire behind abundant shrubberies and groves that guard them from the intrusion of the passing crowd.

At the present time about three or four hundred persons dwell in Wistow. Its cottages have sheltered generations of sturdy English folk. The center of the place is the parish church, an ancient house of worship, with a Norman tower and many inscriptions to the dead and the glory that environed them. To this church William

Selby Abbey, Selby, Yorkshire, England

Foster was carried by his parents to be baptised. The records which are kept at the vicarage just beyond the village limits on the road to Selby, present the following entry:

"William, son of John Foster, laborer, and Martha Gresham Jackson Foster, his wife, born January 29, 1805. Baptised March 4."

About John Foster, whose middle name may have been William, we know but little. What is recorded is not to his credit, for it is said that he was given "to free indulgence in liquor and made no provision for his family." [1]

The family, however, is an honorable one, with a history that records brave deeds and valiant service rendered to society, Church, and State, from the days of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century down to this year of our Lord, 1929. There are several branches of this family tree. The coat of arms most used by members of the family as described by numerous and reliable works on heraldry is—Arms: Argent (silver), a chevron vert (green), between three bugle horns sable (black), Stringed gules (red). Crest: An arm in armour embowed, hand bare, grasping a broken spear, all proper (natural colours). Motto: Si fractus fortis (though broken, strong). This motto might be said to be a defiance flung in the face of his worst enemy, *i.e.*, appetite for strong drink, which had worsted John Foster, flung by the strength and virility of the clan and family from which he sprang. Those who were from his loins were better than he. They carried the virtue and strength of

[1] T. D. F. historical records from 1805-1895.

the family blood which had been valiant and worthy through the history of years.

His wife, Martha Gresham Jackson, was more honorable than her husband. Her middle name perpetuated a tradition of romance. It was said she descended from the daughter of a peer, who, falling in love with a commoner, surrendered her right to the peerage and married him. Tradition said her name was "Grasham," and the commoner's?—we are not told. As to the integrity of this tradition, the work of research has not fully substantiated it. However, anyone seeking for the facts in the case will find in the record of marriages celebrated in the church at Wistow, that John Jackson was married to Thomaison Grassam, May 15, 1753. Thomaison is a very unusual name. In several volumes of births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths examined, extending over two or three centuries, it occurred only this once. Her descendants were proud of their heritage from Thomaison Grasham. The name had the note of distinction. The names and deeds of noble families dwelling in the neighborhood are emblazoned on tablets that adorn the walls of the village church. Thomaison Grasham did not despise her heritage. She kept it in her heart and determined to witness to it in her family history. There was something more than a tradition in her name. It was a monument to a history in which loyalty to affection triumphed over circumstances of station and rank. So, when her youngest son was baptised at Wistow March 14, 1762 (old style), Thomaison christened him George Gresham Jackson to perpetuate the romance of a peeress who fell in love with a commoner and resigned her privileges

of nobility for the love she had for the man of her heart.

When Martha Gresham Jackson Foster died, her six children were left to fend for themselves. William was taken by his grandparents on his mother's side. He was then six years of age. But these grandparents died soon after, so that from the age of six to nineteen he had no place he could call home. He went from place to place as employment determined, serving successively as agricultural laborer, hostler, and gardener. In this last capacity he was employed by William Paven, Esq., of Pickfield, with whom he established a sound reputation for skill and fidelity, and a friendship that lasted until Mr. Paven's death. It was said of William Foster that he filled all his positions with diligence, faithfulness, and skill. The story is told of him that when a very young boy he was engaged with a dishonest family which expected him to do things his conscience did not approve. Although but ten years of age at the time he refused, and the few things he possessed he tied in a handkerchief and threw out of the chamber window; going downstairs, he passed out into the darkness and walked all night to the home of some friends. While these friends treated him sternly, his course was approved and ever afterward they were kinder to him. He preferred to live with them henceforth, rather than with his own relatives.

After the death of his sister Ann's husband, Isaac Wright, of Bradford, Yorks., William Foster removed to Bradford to assist his sister in managing her husband's grocery business which had grown very rapidly. He stayed with her until her death in 1840, after which he worked for George Morrell and Sons and John Morrell

& Co. in the Sun Bridge shop and also in their Westgate shop, where he proved himself a very valuable and reliable helper as foreman-counter man.

"Being in the home of George and Elizabeth Morrell he met Mary Morrell, their daughter, and forming an attachment for each other, they were married in 1845. A short time before this," writes Thomas D. Foster, "my father had commenced business in the grocery line on his own account in Silsbridge Lane, Bradford, and furnished a house in connection with it which was the home my mother went to when married. My father and mother were married in Selby parish church, that is, the Abbey, to which town my grandparents, George Morrell and Elizabeth Morrell, had retired a few years before, grandfather having become so deaf as to be unfit for business."

The home established by William and Mary Morrell Foster was a happy one. The love they had for each other brightened every day. Children came to bless that home, and the obligation of child to parents was joyfully recognized. The sweet felicities of filial devotion and parental pride blessed them for all time. When her father, George Morrell, died he was buried in the parish churchyard just outside the Abbey wall at Selby on the north side of the Church in which their marriage was celebrated. In the misfortunes of time, the gravestone was removed from the plot in which his body rested and was used as a flagstone in the path beaten by the treading feet of visitors and sight-seers going about the Abbey. Among these visitors one day came the grandson, Thomas D. Foster, with his own son T. Henry Foster, to hunt up the place of their forefather's burial. Finding the

headstone in the path of their meanderings, it was taken up and, later, placed within the Abbey itself in the north aisle near the entrance to the choir.

When the last sad rites for George Morrell were observed and Elizabeth Morrell was left alone, in her bereavement she turned naturally to her only daughter, Mary Morrell Foster, for consolation and care. She came to Bradford and made her home with Mary and William Foster. Her sister, Mary Dove, also found a friendly welcome here, so the two abode in and shared the comforts of this home until the days of their death, when they were laid to rest in William Foster's plot in God's Acre in the parish churchyard of Bradford. Mary Dove died first, the twentieth of June, 1855, aged seventy-six years. Elizabeth Dove Morrell followed less than two months later, August thirteenth, aged eighty years.

VII

To William Foster and Mary Morrell Foster four children were born: Thomas Dove, November 25, 1847; Martha Thomaison, Ann Elizabeth, and Heber. Martha and Heber died in infancy and were buried in the parish churchyard at Bradford. Several years ago their dust with that of more than a thousand others was moved to Clifdale, some miles away. In the records of the parish at Bradford, it was 1855 that Heber Foster was buried, January 9, aged seven months. Thus in one year aunt, grandmother, and grandson – three members of that household – were taken by death. The two children that were left to William and Mary Foster, Thomas and Ann Elizabeth, grew to manhood and womanhood. Ann Elizabeth married Alfred Illingworth who was asso-

ciated with John Morrell & Co., Ltd., for more than thirty years, retiring a few years before his death.

Thomas grew to manhood. From his early boyhood he was intimately associated with his father, who, for a large part of his life, was connected with the Company.

In 1846 John Morrell was persuaded by Patrick Dennison, dealer in Irish produce, to visit Ireland. The towns of Balley-Raggett and Castlecomer seem to have been the places attracting his chief attention. Premises were secured at the latter village for a retail grocery shop, a slaughter house, and a curing plant. Thomas Atkinson, identified with John Morrell & Co. for many years, was placed in charge. As the business grew Atkinson and Humphrey Bell, also connected with the firm, were sent to Kilkenney to open an establishment there at No. 3 Irishtown. William Foster, who had severed his connection with the Company some years before, was requested to take employment with the firm again and to go to Castlecomer and succeed Atkinson and Bell. He accepted the proposal, disposed of his own business in Bradford, and in September, 1859, moved his family and household goods to Castlecomer to a location on East High Street.

Castlecomer is located in the County of Kilkenney about ninety miles south by west of Dublin and about fourteen miles from the castle town of Kilkenney, the capital of the County by the same name, made famous by Dean Swift and his Kilkenney cats.

In the vicinity of this place the father of the "Tammany Mayor" of New York (1928), "Jimmy" Walker, was born. When "Jimmy" visited the village a few years ago he "received the freedom of the city." About the

time of Walker's boyhood in this place there was another, Michael Farrell, who left the town to take up the study and, later, the practice of law, in which he rose to distinction in the courts of Massachusetts and of the United States.

A third notable lad, Thomas D. Foster, while not a native, spent about five years of his boyhood in the school and associations of Castlecomer. He and "Mickey" Farrell were playmates. They wrestled, fish, swam, explored Dunmore's Cave together, and settled their boyish quarrels with each other in fistic encounters. Foster's account of Dunmore Cave explorations was one of his most captivating narratives. The quarrels were no Miss Nancy affairs. One of the two carried to the grave a scar inflicted by the other in one of them. The wound might have been the death of him who received it had not the mother of the one who made the attack bound up the wound. But there was no rancor left to spoil the succeeding years when both of these lads had made for themselves notable and successful places in the professional and business world. The business man, head of John Morrell & Co. in the United States of America, paid to his boyhood friend more than thirty-five thousand dollars for his professional services in one single case which the lawyer successfully prosecuted for him.

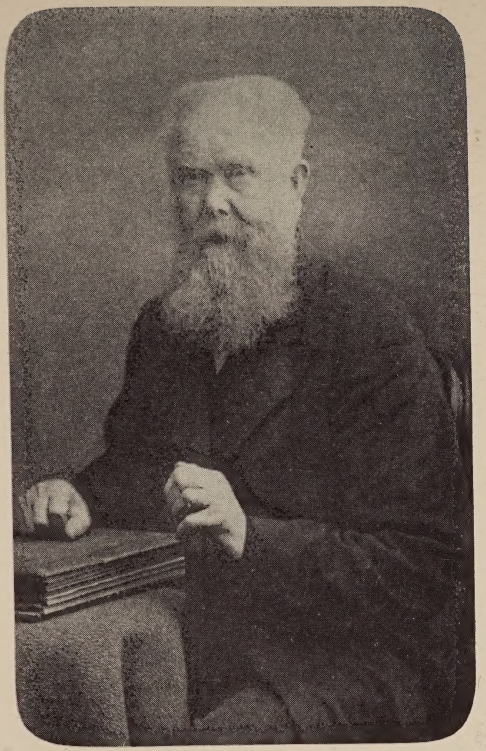
The intimacy of this boyhood friendship was not confined to the lads. It also extended to their parents. Michael Farrell's people were Roman Catholics. When he left Castlecomer to make his way in the States, William Foster presented him with a copy of the Bible. The thoughtfulness and broad-mindedness of the protestant giver was happily indicated in the fact that, when young

Farrell received the book, he discovered it was the Douay version – the one acceptable to Roman Catholics. Some twenty years after leaving Castlecomer correspondence passed between the young man and his elderly friend, which is worthy of preservation. It exhibits the merit of the boy and the man's affection for, and eager interest in, the work and conduct of these two boys. William Foster never forgot them, nor let go his hold upon them. Young Farrell's letter we do not have but the reply was as follows:

"April 6, 1883
8 Kings Mount
Birkenhead, England

"Mr. M. Farrell
"My dear friend:

"I hope you will forgive my long silence when I tell you the reason since you wrote me last. Mrs. Foster was an invalid seven years. She died four years since. Ann Elizabeth was three years going off in consumption and died exactly one month after her mother. After that I had a very severe illness and never rightly recovered. I am very feeble and along in age. I have never forgotten you. I am anxious to hear of your welfare and if you have got married and what family you have and if your mother is still living and all the rest of your family. Thomas' wife died and left him with four small children. He is living at a place called Ottumwa, Iowa, four hundred miles farther than Chicago. He came over last year and brought one of his children to see me. His uncle Morrell is dead . . . George Morrell has gone to Chicago and all his family of eight children to take charge of Chicago to ease Thomas. They are doing a very large



William Foster — About 1885

Mary Morrell Foster — About 1875

business. Thomas has laid more than twenty thousand (English pounds) out in building for to carry on the business. If I should have come to see Thomas I should have assuredly called to see you. With trouble and sickness I have lost your address; but I hope this will find you and, if it does, be sure and write me for I shall be looking with a long look. I never hear anything from Castlecomer. I did hear that young Mr. Wandersford is dead. I suppose —— is very low in circumstances. He left Mr. Morrell some time since. He was a great rogue. Mr. Morrell found him out. The last account I heard from him he was prohibited from going on the Exchange in New York. Now, my dear boy, when you receive this write as soon as you can and tell me all about your family and yourself. With kind regards to yourself, wife and children.

"Your affectionate friend and well wisher

"Truly

"WILLIAM FOSTER."

To this communication Farrell replied expressing the wish that he could see his esteemed friend again and extending an invitation to him to visit America. The following letter expresses the difficulties of accepting such an invitation in the way of a man so stricken in years; but also indicates the affectionate esteem in which young Farrell was held:

"8 King's Mount
Birkenhead, England

"Mr. M. Farrell,

"Dear Friend:–

"Your welcome letter came duly to hand. The reason

I have not answered it I have been very ill and not expecting to get better. Thank God I am better and as well as I may expect to be at my advanced age of seventy-nine. I was delighted to hear of your prosperity and that you have a wife and children. I hope they will be a comfort to you. Pleased to see that your mother is spared to you. I hope you will look to her. God blesses children that honor their parents. It would have been a great pleasure to me to see you once more. If I had been able to come to America I should have paid you a visit but I have given up all hopes of that. I have enclosed my portrait hoping it will reach you safely. I have enclosed a pod or two of flowers out of my garden. I hope they will grow with you. Thomas and family are well. I have forgotten whether I told you that George Morrell and family have gone to reside in Chicago. Please acknowledge this as soon as convenient. Never wait for a letter from me but at any time I will always be glad to have a line from you. With kind love to you and your wife and your mother.

"Your affectionate friend,
"WILLIAM FOSTER."

William Foster and Mary Morrell Foster in their home and shop on East High Street in Castlecomer made such an impression on the inhabitants of that village for integrity, religious devotion, and thrift that a proverb from her lips is still quoted by people about the place. I was told, when caution against extravagance is given by the older members of the community, it is often supported by a reminder of what Mary Morrell, "the Englishwoman," used to say when the natives of

Castlecomer, between 1859-65, came to the shop to trade and ask for extension of credit. "Yes, it is all right to ask for credit once," Mary would reply, "but be sure you do not get into the habit." – a valuable caution for Irish, English, and Americans of this day!

Tommy Moran, "Lord Mayor of Castlecomer," a title conferred on him thirty to forty years ago for his audacious and courageous defense of his fellow-townsmen in certain market quarrels, was a boy about the same age as Thomas Foster and "Mickey" Farrell. In conversation with him he declared to the writer: "Yes, I remember Mr. Foster. I will never forget he once't nearly scart me to death when I tried to sell him a bunch of squabs – my rightful possession to which was doubtful." But the Englishman did not question his title to the birds. Tommy knew if he had, it would not have gone well with him, for the Englishman was known to be severe on those who would lie or steal.

The residence in Castlecomer was a brief epoch in the life of the Foster family. In June, 1865, the business in that village was disposed of and the family returned to Crossens, a suburb of Southport, England. Here William Foster opened a grocery business which he later disposed of to take up a like establishment in Bootle. In the city directory of Liverpool and suburbs for 1867 we learn this establishment was at No. 3 Islam Lane.

Here at Crossens and Bootle the days slipped into years and the years into the span allotted to man. Mary's strength failed and, as we learn from the letters of her husband to young Farrell, she was an invalid for seven years. The end of life's pilgrimage was recorded in the autumn, September 8, 1878. The leaves were changing

from glory to glory when she was laid to rest in the cemetery of Flaybrick Hill, a suburb of Birkenhead across the river from Liverpool. Her daughter, Ann Elizabeth Illingworth, was more than three years "going off in consumption." She died exactly one month after her mother. This left William Foster alone. We can see a man above medium height, large of frame, with long white beard falling to his breast, sitting in stately solitude, his shoulders swathed in a great shawl which he was accustomed to wear. Almost eleven years were left to him to live. On June 24, 1889, at the ripe age of eighty-four, he "fell asleep" in the faith which he had held for many years. He was quite confident the night of death would soon pass and the morning break in beauty and splendor upon all who had believed in Jesus. His son also believed this and that it had happened to him. He was laid in the same plot with Mary, his wife, and Ann Elizabeth Illingworth, his daughter, at Flaybrick Hill.

This completes the introduction of Thomas D. Foster's antecedents. They are both "very ancient" and of "merit," as Benvenuto Cellini said a man's ancestors should be. From the day when George Morrell and Elizabeth Dove plighted their troth and began the struggle for existence, through three generations, the principles of diligence, honor, and true religion were exemplified. They reared their family in the fear of God. The assistance of those who loved them they accepted with humble gratitude. They discharged their obligations with fidelity. From the days of Martha Gresham Jackson Foster, in whose veins the blue blood of aristocracy flowed, her posterity has lived, faithful to

all the behests of love, of religion, and the standards of uprightness. Her grandson, Thomas, was proud of her bequest to him, and was ever mindful of his obligation to live as a nobleman ought to live for the honor of his family. He was also true to the common folk to whom he belonged and with whom he served. His strong contempt for pretentious claims to station and rank upon the part of persons who thought themselves above their fellows, but who were not so zealous for that nobility of heart and mind that should have described them, he openly expressed in impressive and direct speech.

The last opportunity Thomas had to attend a school was in Castlecomer. Those were also the initial years of education in the business that was to be his life vocation. He records: "I attended school in Castlecomer until 1863, at times assisting father in his business, but spending a good part of my time with our hog buyer traveling over the country buying pigs, some of which were shipped to England and some of which we slaughtered and shipped as bacon. In this way I learned the rudiments of the pork packing business, and first learned of Ottumwa."

When he left Castlecomer in May, 1865, at the close of his eighteenth year, to return to Crossens, he passed from boyhood to manhood – from the play-day to the work-a-day world, and to the beginning of those activities which ultimately led to his headship of the business in which he first began as a shipping clerk.

"Leaving Castlecomer in May, 1865, my father opened a grocery business at Crossens near Southport. I stayed with him until September of that year when I went to Liverpool and was employed by John Morrell & Co. as

receiving and checking clerk for freight unloaded from steamers and sailing vessels from America. Afterwards I was employed as intaking stock clerk, etc., until July 16, 1868, when I sailed for New York on the steamship *City of Paris*, and landed there July 25 and commenced as clerk with T. Atkinson and H. Bell, 33 Exchange Place."

Thus did the circumstances, the events, the lineage, and descendants proceed that finally brought the boy and the man to the work of a packer in the land that had been one of opportunity and romance in the dreams of his youth. In after years when he referred to the events and the agencies that conspired to bring him to the place he occupied in the world of business achievements, and to the country where his work was done and where his body was to be laid, he often spoke of the guidance and the favor that attended him as "the manifestation of God's grace." The great concern of his life was simply to be an instrument in the great Artist's hands, the great Master's direction, and to surely discover and willingly follow what appeared to be God's will for him.

FOSTER FAMILY

First Generation

JOHN
b.
d. 1835
m. Martha Gresham Jackson

Second Generation

WILLIAM
b. Jan. 29, 1805
d. June 24, 1889
m. Feb. 21, 1845
Mary Morrell*

JOHN

JAMES

ANN (Wright)

HANNAH (Corless)

Three other daughters, names not known.

Third Generation

THOMAS D.
b. Nov. 25, 1847
d. July 20, 1915
m. Oct. 3, 1872
Eliza Matilda Thompson
b. 1845
d. Aug. 2, 1879

m. Aug. 19, 1885
Eliza Jane McClelland
b. Apr. 22, 1853

MARTHA ANN (Illingworth)
HEBER

THOMAS

ELLEN (Clayton)

WILLIAM

ADELAIDE (Brunner)

(Son — d. age 7)

MARTHA (E. Parkinson)

ELLEN (W. Parkinson)

Fourth Generation

WILLIAM H. T.
T. HENRY
MARY (Hormel)
ANNIE (Murray)
ELLEN (Bell)
GEORGE M.
EDITH (Huntington)
ROBERT*
FLORENCE (Coons)
J. MORRELL

GRESHAM
EMILY (Beresford)

FOSTER
SARAH
JAMES
MARTHA

ADELAIDE

ANNIE
JANE
KATE
CLARA
EDITH (German)
EDWARD
WILLIAM

WILLIAM
THOMAS
POLLY
EMILY

Fifth Generation

ANNA
THOMAS
JOHN

KATHERINE (Vernon)
GERTRUDE (Purdy)
CONSTANCE*
ROBERT

THOMAS*

MARGARET
ANDREW
DAVID
RAYMOND
WILLIAM

HUGH
GORDON

GEORGE
ROBERT
EUGENE
JANET

HENRY
JANE*
FOSTER
DAVID
ALICE
MARY

MARIAN
RICHARD

WHITNEY (Adopted)

FLORENCE
KATHERINE
ROBERT
JOHN

Sixth Generation

ANN
THOMAS

JOAN
PETER

b. Born
d. Died
m. Married

* Died in infancy

MORRELL FAMILY

First Generation

- GEORGE
  - b. 1682

Second Generation

- WILLIAM
  - b. 1706

Third Generation

- JOHN
  - b. Nov. 8, 1742
  - d. Jan. 19, 1797
- GEORGE
- KATHERINE
- NICHOLAS
- ANN
- MARY
- GEORGE
- WILLIAM

Fourth Generation

- JOHN
  - GEORGE
    - b. June 10, 1778
    - d. Sept. 20, 1848
    - m. 1806 Elizabeth Dove
    - b. Oct. 14, 1776
    - d. Aug. 9, 1856
  - MARGARET

Fifth Generation

- MARY
- GEORGE (First)
- JOHN (First)
- JOHN (Second)
- ELIZABETH
- GEORGE (Second)
- WILLIAM
- GEORGE
- JOHN
  - b. Apr. 23, 1811
  - d. June 16, 1881
  - m. Oct. 12, 1835 Margaret Ackroyd
- MARY
  - b. Feb. 6, 1813
  - d. Sept. 8, 1878
  - m. Feb. 21, 1845 William Foster
- THOMAS
- ROBERT
- NICHOLAS

Sixth Generation

- THOMAS
  - b. Mar. 25, 1834
  - d. Mar. 27, 1900
- GEORGE
  - b. Nov. 23, 1838
  - d. Mar. 22, 1893
  - m. Helen Howard
  - m. Feb. 1, 1883 Agnes Ellen Dearden
  - MARY
  - EMILY
- THOMAS D. FOSTER
  - b. Nov. 25, 1847
  - d. July 20, 1915
  - (See Genealogical Chart of Foster Family — third generation.)
- ELIZA
- GEORGE
- THOMAS
- ELIZA
- JOHN
  - b. Sept. 15, 1845
  - d. Mar. 16, 1905
  - m. Aug. 10, 1870 Mary Ann Allan
  - MARY (Owthwaite)
  - ALFRED
  - ELEANOR
- RICHARD

Seventh Generation

- CLARA
- ADA
- ELEANOR
- JOHN H.
  - b. Mar. 13, 1864
  - d. Dec. 4, 1921
  - m. Apr. 6, 1899 Helen M. Edgerly
- ALFRED
  - b. Aug. 15, 1865
  - d. Dec. 9, 1924
  - m. June 30, 1892 Edith Alice Simmons
  - BERTHA
  - GERTRUDE
  - LOUISA
  - JESSIE
- GEORGE F.
  - b. June 3, 1884
  - d. Nov. 20, 1929
  - m. Sept. 5, 1907 Annie Gertrude Davies
- ROBERT
- ALLAN
- ALICE
- EMILY
- JESSIE
- FRANK
- EDITH
- SIDNEY
- LEWIS
- BEATRICE
- ROBERT
- GILBERT
- CHARLES
- FOSTER

Eighth Generation

- GEORGE
- ALICE
- JOHN
- A. CLAUDE
- DORIS
- PHYLLIS
- RUTH
- JOAN

Ninth Generation

- CONSTANCE
- BARBARA

b. Born
d. Died
m. Married

BUSINESS
A GOD-GIVEN OPPORTUNITY

BUSINESS

A GOD-GIVEN OPPORTUNITY

BETWEEN quality and quantity there is a vital relation which amounts to intimacy at certain points. The highest qualities – Truth, Beauty and Goodness are the common names of them – have a self-multiplying nature. They increase themselves. 'Seek quality first and due quantity shall be added unto you'; seek the 'better' first and the 'more' will come, are working formulae of the right relation between the two.

"This may be called an act of faith. But there is need of an industrial vision of faith as well as of morality. The formulae I have just quoted may serve as the summary of it. As a line of direction for British (or American) industry, in particular, I know of none that can be relied on to yield better results and greater results, both economic and moral. And it is reassuring to find that the best minds of the business world seem to be fully aware of this. Seek quality first, in obedience to the heavenly vision. The rest will follow."

– L. P. JACKS: *Constructive Citizenship*

Chapter II

BUSINESS

A GOD-GIVEN OPPORTUNITY

I

AMONG the factors constituting the problems of life, and determining its character and development, environment would be counted among the first two or three most important. It is impossible for any man to escape the effects which his environment initiates. He may qualify their force, or change their direction; but the attention and effort he gives to do this makes deposits that must be credited to environment when that man is judged. A great misfortune befalls a life when the early environment limits the vision or suppresses the urge and longing for expression and expansion of personality in the initiating period of youth. If the employments and pastimes are mean and trifling the whole life is shriveled. Most likely then tasks, vocations, callings will be chosen or accepted, too little to build the personality into. On the other hand, the impact which a man makes upon his environment, the way he subdues its unfriendly factors, the subjection he makes of its elements to lofty and spiritual purposes, measure that man. The world pays little attention to, and certainly makes small record of, a man who is not bigger than his environment. It is impossible to estimate the subject of this biography apart from his en-

vironment and the office and the enterprise with which he was identified from his youth.

Thomas D. Foster was a packer. His early youth was associated with this business in both its manufacturing and merchandising. His mature years were given to its management and direction. It was his life environment. It would be impossible, therefore, to have any adequate account of his life without some understanding of the history of this business.

In the United States the beginning of this industry has been identified with the activities of a certain John Pynchon in the early New England colonies. The name occurs in the list of the early settlers in Massachusetts. Pynchon is the name of a prominent family of that colony in the second quarter of the seventeenth century. William Pynchon, a prominent theologian, came to this country from England, County of Essex, at the opening of the second quarter of the seventeenth century. He served as treasurer of his colony. Publishing several theological works unacceptable to the influential citizens of his day, he drew upon himself the condemnation of the legislature, and in 1650 suffered banishment, his books being publicly burned in the Boston market.

But during his twenty years in the colony he prospered and when he returned to England he left a son who carried on successfully. It was this son, John Pynchon, a very influential and well-to-do citizen, who built the first brick house in the valley of the Connecticut. This house was known as "The Old Fort," it being the refuge of the settlers in wars with the Indians. He, probably, was also the founder of the packing industry in this country, buying some beef, but principally hogs, killing,

curing, and establishing trade with the colonists and even exporting to the Bahamas. His produce he exchanged in the Bahamas for sugar and other staple products.

In his *American Live Stock and Meat Industry*, Rudolf Alexander Clemens has indicated the achievement of Pynchon, and has given the credit to William, the name of the banished theologian. John was a farmer, and we are inclined to believe was probably the founder of the industry of which Mr. Clemens gives such an interesting history.

There are three different periods of the industry's development. The first of these periods is from the opening of the second half of the seventeenth century to the closing decade of the eighteenth century. The second, from the close of the eighteenth century to the Civil War. The third, from the Civil War to the present.

The equipment necessary and generally in use in that early period was very simple. Those of us who have been brought up on the farm in the middle or last part of the nineteenth century are acquainted with the instruments most probably in use in that early day: a rifle or an ax for killing, a huge iron or copper kettle swung on a pole in the barn lot, or in the woodyard, in which water was heated for scalding the hogs. In this the carcass was immersed to loosen the hair, after which busy hands with butcher knives scraped it off, leaving the skin white and clean. Then the carcass was swung for the removal of the viscera.

Hog-killing time was a rather festive occasion on the farm. Neighbors lent each other assistance, swapped stories and enjoyed the heavily ladened tables which

housewives, skilled in the culinary art, had prepared. From that time on through the long winter months spare-ribs, souse, pickled pigs feet, hickory-smoked ham and bacon supplied the hungry with substantial and tasty provender.

It was a natural development of any industry, when the villages and towns sprang up and grew into cities, where the population could not have their own cattle, sheep, and hogs, that some enterprising man should see his opportunity to furnish a market for those who had a surplus of stock to be sold, and one for those who had no stock of their own, but who wished to buy. Furthermore, hams, bacon, "pork," and other products could be readily prepared for shipment outside the local community's market. Later on, certain sections of the country gained enviable reputations for the quality of their hams and bacon. All travelers are acquainted with the Virginia and Kentucky hams, announcements of which frequently feature the menus of the best hotels of today. These hams are successors to those offered to guests with discriminating tastes in Colonial times. And there are those in this day of scientific knowledge and treatment of packing house products who say, "The old is better."

It would be interesting to follow in detail the developments of this great industry, made possible and necessary by the increasing population that had to be sustained with foods; to trace the requirements of legislation for the purpose of protecting the industry on the one hand and the consumer on the other; and to note incidents which accompanied the development of raw products as well as those that facilitated their manufacture and distribution. But we can only observe that the march of

progress continued in the Atlantic seaboard colonies and moved westward as the expanding settlements of pioneers were multiplied and new territory for raw products was cultivated. By the last decade of the eighteenth century the migratory movement of settlers had crossed over the mountain passes of the Alleghenies and following the rivers flowing westward had come down into what was afterwards to become the great empire of the middle and western states.

We now come to the opening of the second period in the packing industry. One event historians connect with the stock raising and allied industrial developments is "The Whiskey Rebellion," which occurred in 1793. This was immediately before the last battle with the Indians in Ohio. That event was the battle of "Fallen Timbers," fought in the northwest part of the state on the Maumee River in 1794, at which time the Indians were compelled to sign treaties that opened this territory to the settlers. Following these events homes were established and industries were developed on which millions of people have come to depend. Mr. Clemens gives two illustrative and comprehensive charts of stock production. These indicate how it followed the migratory movements of settlers and the development of territory best suited for raising of stock.

According to this authority the center of this industry of hog production in 1840 was near to the junction of Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky. In 1850 it had moved west to the blue grass near Paris, Kentucky. In 1860 it shifted to a point south of Louisville, in the same State, whence it started north into southern Indiana, bearing north by west to a point in southeastern Illinois

in 1880, continuing the line of progress north by west until 1890. Then the movement turned back almost directly east, to a point a little south of the center of the State in 1900. Finally it started west by north again, to a point near Hannibal, Missouri, in 1910, dropping southward towards St. Louis in 1920.

The chart of cattle production is practically identical with that of hog production except that it started a little farther east in 1840, in West Virginia, moved farther and faster west until 1920, when the center of production stopped at St. Joseph, Missouri. The history of this development is a history of enlisting social customs, stirring adventure, charming romance, and bold achievements.

Probably no single event could be selected that would better portray the social and industrial accompaniments of stock raising and market enterprise, in the first and second periods of its history, than the selection Mr. Clemens makes from the *Country Gentleman* of 1860:

"Thursday of every week which by common consent and custom is the market day, changes the generally quiet village of Brighton into a scene of bustle and excitement. At early morning the cattle, sheep, etc., are hurried in and soon the morning train from Boston, omnibuses, carriages and other 'vehicular mediums' bring in a throng of drovers, some from as far away as Maine, buyers, speculators and spectators; so that, by ten o'clock there are generally gathered as many as two or three hundred vehicles in the area fronting the Cattle Fair Hotel. The proprietors thereof throng the spacious barroom for the purpose of warming themselves in winter, and in summer 'cooling off'—the process for effecting

both results being precisely the same. The portico of the hotel is occupied by hawkers and peddlers, who sell clothing, jewelery, soap, watches, knives, razors, etc. (to say nothing of their customers), at astonishingly low rates. An 'English hunting lever eighteen carats fine,' is frequently sold for five or six dollars, and of course is a genuine article. In the region round about 'Mammoth Steers,' 'Living Skeletons,' 'Snakes,' etc., are on exhibition at reasonable prices.

"All morning the butchers and the drovers are busily engaged in their traffic. The fattest and best of the cattle in the pens find a ready sale, and long before all the drovers are in, select lots begin to be driven from the grounds. Men and boys hurry up and down the lanes and through the pens, each armed with a stick which is a sort of a shillalah, shouting to the half-crazed cattle, and with screams and blows directing them where they should go. Occasionally a drove of cows and calves come along, the latter muzzled, and the former lowing and bellowing in chorus to the shouts of their drivers. Farmers from the neighboring towns are selecting 'stores' from the large number of that class in the pens, and dairymen carefully examining the 'milk-mothers' that are so anxious, seeking their young from the midst of their companions. Working oxen are driven in by the farmers from the vicinity, who sell only after much banter, to buy again when prices are low. In the midst of these, dogs and goats and mules are offered for sale, and nearby are the hog pens containing at this season, only stores which are sold singly and in pairs to small farmers, mechanics and others who think they can afford to 'keep a pig.'

"The forenoon is busy enough. At high noon the huge bell of the hotel announces dinner, and for a brief period there is a breathing spell for man and beast. After dinner, business again resumes its way. The voice of the hawker becomes hoarse, but it is by no means silenced. Drovers who have not made many sales get nervous, and pens are cleared out without much regard to profit on the part of the seller. The butchers begin to turn their faces homewards, and the drovers, generally with well-filled wallets, start for Boston. A few, not liking the prices and hoping for 'better times,' make arrangements to turn out their cattle to pasture, and hold over to another week. By five o'clock the business of the day is over, and Brighton subsides once more into a quiet, matter-of-fact Massachusetts village, till another Thursday brings round another market day."

In the second period to which this descriptive article applied, the center of distribution and manufacture shifted from Boston to Philadelphia, to western centers in New York state on the northern lines of migration, and to Cincinnati, the "Queen City of the West," on the central and southern lines, with the younger Chicago in the northwest pushing for preëminence.

It was in the second period that Cincinnati got the sobriquet "Porkopolis," because of her commanding pork manufacturing interests. Her peculiar advantage for such manufactories lay in her location in the midst of the great central territory west of the Alleghenies and east of the Mississippi, where corn was produced, where hogs could be fed, and where, on the border lines of the great migratory movement of the North and South, she was easily accessible to both, with outlets to the markets

in the east, and New Orleans in the south. The most important factor of all contributing to this industrial development and the settlement of this great empire they opened up – the railroad – had now penetrated to these parts, and one of the most important termini was "Porkopolis." There was also the Ohio River which gave her direct and easy facilities for shipment.

When the great corn belts of Illinois and Iowa were settled, they demanded more convenient markets. The railroads along the northern lines of migration had already pushed into Indianapolis and Chicago. Then something else happened that shifted the pork and beef metropolis to Chicago and left it there. This "something" was the fratricidal strife between the North and the South. When that came on Chicago was ready to handle the immense demands of the Commissary Department of the Government for food to feed the troops of the North. The manufacturers, commission merchants, and producing cattle men, therefore, found their meeting place in Chicago. To this market their products were sent to be manufactured and to be shipped to points in the east.

The third period of the history of the packing industry after 1860 may be said to be one of internal development – a record of the organization and improvement of its financial, administrative, and merchandising agencies.

It is not necessary for our purpose to go further into the history than to say, two features may be mentioned which have had much, if not most, to do with its expansion and improvement in character. The first is the invention of artificial ice machinery, with the introduc-

tion of refrigerator cars and their improvement, which enabled the packer to locate his factories in the midst of the feeding grounds for stock production, and to ship his wares when manufactured to the most distant points of consumption without taint or deterioration of the manufactured product.

The second important factor was the Government's action for the protection of the public, as well as the improvement of the character of the business. Government inspection guaranteed to the public proper care necessary for dependable wholesome products, and forwarded the elimination of undesirable elements. As a result of this action of the Government the food producing business was elevated, the products and the morale of all agencies connected with the producing, manufacturing, and distribution to the trade were improved.

The packing industry has kept pace with the national internal development of the Country. The growth of population creating ever larger demands for food provisions has been its constant spur to larger production. The invention of labor saving machinery, the improvement of shipping facilities, the exceptional administrative and commercial talent, as well as the sharp competition involved and the world-wide demand for its best products, have brought the packing industry to its present gigantic proportions. The magnitude of this enterprise in the United States is beyond the comprehension of the average citizen. A report of John Morrell & Co.'s expenditures in one center of its manufacturing, which footings run into eight figures, many times more than the total expenditures and receipts of the industry in "Porkopolis" back in the '40's, will serve to suggest this mag-

Residence of William Foster, Castlecomer, Ireland

nitude. This is not its total costs of operation, but only payments made for labor and raw products. Since John Morrell & Co. is but one of the individual packing industries in the United States, it will suggest how immense will be the actual transactions of all the corporations engaged in this industry. It is a vast enterprise, involving enormous wealth, exercising the widest influence in society and politics, and employing hundreds of thousands of people every year.

II

It was at the close of the second period of this development of the industry in the United States when the representatives of John Morrell & Co. of Liverpool opened an office in New York at 61 Exchange Place, with Thomas Atkinson and Humphrey Bell in charge.

At this time Thomas D. Foster was a school boy in Castlecomer, assisting Saturdays and at odd times in his father's shop, slaughter house, and curing establishment. As a boy he had been foremost among the lads of his neighborhood in sports of all kinds. He excelled in swimming. A lover of the outdoors, eager and adventurous, he was a leader of the youth in his community. One of his favorite outdoor excursions was to attend an Irish wake. These wakes were elaborately planned affairs oftentimes and largely attended by kinsmen of the deceased, who came from miles around. While these kept watch over the body of their dead kinsman to be buried next day, there was frequently more conviviality than weeping. The citation of the virtues of the departed often led to arguments about the virtues of the clans represented and sometimes to rough treatment of those

not able to make strong defense with their fists. These probable issues were greatly enjoyed by adventurous youth, and Thomas never missed attending. No wake was too far away. He would organize a party, take them in a hay wagon and often start off on a journey of ten or twelve miles to see the spectacle to be put on in the adjoining neighborhood.

One day when at work in his father's shop he opened a box of bacon that had been received from America and observed that it came from a place called "Ottumwa, Iowa, U.S.A." It was a strange name, with the suggestion of Indian lore about it, and the young lad's interest and imagination were enlisted. It is said that he then resolved some day to visit the great West and find this very place. The chance was not long delayed. Before many months had passed he was employed in his uncle's great business in Liverpool, and three years later was sent to the United States as a representative of the firm. This was in July, 1868.

John Morrell & Co. had then been organized either as George Morrell's personal enterprise, or as George Morrell and Sons, or as John Morrell & Co. for more than forty years. When George Morrell and Elizabeth Dove Morrell received that inheritance from the estate of her uncle, Robert Hubie, they took counsel what they should do with the money and decided their first obligation was to pay their debts, which they owed to kind relatives in Hull who had stood by them in days of poverty. George took the money, and to save expenses, walked from Bradford to Selby where he took passage on a boat to Hull. Then he presented the money in person to his creditors, expressing his appreciation of their

kindness. Returning to Bradford he and his wife Elizabeth considered what to do with the balance of the bequest remaining after the debts were paid. In casting about for an investment, George discovered a bargeload of oranges. From what market these oranges came to Bradford is not recorded. There are good and sufficient reasons for locating them in different markets. Oranges at that time were shipped to England from Spain or France or possibly Jaffa. They might have come by water from Hull over the Aire and Calder Canal which for more than one hundred years has connected Hull and Bradford. They might have come from Liverpool to Leeds over the Leeds and Liverpool Canal which has an off-shoot to Bradford. Shipment by canal in those days was probably the chief method of transportation in different parts of England. "No spot south of the County of Durham (for example), was more than fifteen miles from water route," according to one of the chief engineering authorities of this Country. Wherever purchased, the oranges were brought to Bradford and hawked for sale on the streets of that City by George Morrell and his children, pushing wheelbarrows and carts containing the golden fruit.

The venture was successful. The oranges were quickly disposed of in the streets of Bradford. The profits were reinvested in the same way, and soon a stall was rented in the Bradford public market. This was the beginning of the business.

As time went on the business broadened in scope until about 1830 when provisions were added to the line which now included hams, bacon, cheese, butter, flour, and meal. The curing of hams and bacon was also en-

gaged in, and so successfully that this rapidly grew to be the most important part of the business. Morrell's Yorkshire Hams and Bacon soon acquired an enviable reputation for delicacy of flavor, and in many of the famous inns of old England their excellence was enjoyed and discussed by epicures of London and other large cities of the Empire.

As the business grew, additional stalls were occupied in the market, and trading carried on there until 1834 when a building was leased and a partnership formed under the name of George Morrell & Sons.

This first stall was on a flight of steps leading from the Upper to the Lower Market in Bradford, in 1827. A second stall was secured immediately opposite to the first in 1830, in which the business was expanded. To fruits were added provisions—cheese, butter, and bacon. George Morrell managed the second stall while his wife, Elizabeth, had charge of the first. Four years after this the first store building was occupied. The location was on Market Street near to the George Hotel. In recent years this hotel has been torn down to make way for a new street. At the corner of Market and this new street, a modern bank building, several stories in height, has been built. It was while in the Market Street location the character of the merchandise was again changed by the discontinuance of green groceries and the introduction of flour with certain other articles.

It was at this location also that George formed a partnership with his son, John. It continued for only a short time, however, John withdrawing to open up a business for himself on Toad Lane, another location that has had to yield to the changing contour of the city's map. But a

little later the partnership was again resumed at 91 Westgate.

Westgate is one of the interesting thoroughfares in the City of Bradford. Rising from the bottom of the hill it makes a steep ascent for three or four blocks, then a long steady incline for several more, when it stretches away off into the residential districts out of the market places and precincts of business. Business lines both sides of the street considerably beyond the place where the Morrells were located, although the character of the buildings has been greatly changed and modernized. A few locations on the street have resisted the dissolutions of time and the improved architecture. These enable the visitor the better to visualize places in which George and Elizabeth Morrell dwelt with their sons and traded in the market places of their day. On Westgate, at the junction of Provident Street, there are two very ancient buildings. On the casement of the door of one, a story and a half building dimmed by time and covered by repeated coatings of paint, the number "92" over the entrance can be discerned by him who closely observes. Along the top of the long casement of the window he will also see skewers or hooks which probably once served to hang cuts of beef, hams, and bacon for display, with other wares offered for sale to the public. In this large window in August, 1928, was the sign:

"THIS IS BECKS.
TRIPE, HOT PIES, AND PEAS."

Provisions evidently still hold their place in this quarter as in 1834 and 1836. Now, as then, the living rooms are above the shop, and neat, white curtains hang in the

lower casements, a sure sign of comfort and peace in the home for the merchant who keeps store on the street.

But across the street "91," the house of Morrell, has given place to a substantial and comparatively huge building of modern type. A block or two on down one comes to Silsbridge Lane of the middle 30's and 40's, where, at its juncture with Westgate and another street, forming a "V," there was the "flatiron" building of Bradford, the old Adelphi, the picture of which is on a following page. This inn, where doubtless the cattle men and drovers bartered and traded while they smoked and took their refreshments, was dismantled years ago, and a wholesale merchandising business occupies the site.

But Silsbridge Lane is now Gratton Road – the designation of the widened spaces that have been made by the razing of old establishments, and the erection of new ones from their foundations. Here, near this intersection of streets, on Gratton Road, George and Elizabeth Morrell lived when their place of business was but a short walk up the street to "91" Westgate. Here it was, also, that William Foster, head counter-man of the shop, lived with them. During these days he and Mary Morrell saw much of each other, and mutual interest was constantly deepened until love came and bound them to each other forever.

Just at the juncture of these two streets and opposite to Gratton Road is "48" Westgate where Robert Morrell in the '40's opened a business for himself. The name in big, gilt letters now flashes on the passing crowd, and looks down the old street once filled with lowing cattle and the shouts of boys and men who drove them to this market. After more than eighty years the name "Morrell" stands

Old Cattle Market, Westgate, Bradford, England
Robert Morrell's Provision Store May Be Seen on the Left

on the front of this shop, a guarantee of stability and dependableness in merchandising. Mr. Dixon, one of the directors of the business at the present time and an employee of more than forty years, is on duty. Things have greatly changed since Robert Morrell's day so far as the methods and practices of the trade are concerned. The shop presents an up-to-date front. The huge plateglass window, the brightly painted exterior, the large gilt letters of the sign above the entrance, the clean white-smocked clerks and the air of thriving trade in the shop definitely convince one that this old institution has retained its vigor. "In the minds of the Bradford people, Morrell's represents the old order. It is an old-fashioned shop," was the description of it by one of Bradford's leading citizens as we talked about the traditions of the city which are meritorious and ancient.

But the opportunity and sphere of the retail business confined to local trade were not sufficiently enlisting for the talents and ambitions of John Morrell, third son of George. In 1842 the firm passed through a trying financial crisis, brought about by investments of George Morrell in an enterprise outside his own business, which for a time threatened him with utter bankruptcy. It was then that the astuteness and skill of John came into play. He took over the business and saved it from a financial catastrophe. Soon after, because of enfeebled age, loss of hearing, and inability to meet the struggle and combat of the times as well as circumstances which surrounded them, George retired from the business entirely, and John accepted its complete control. He paid to his father and mother an annuity on their capital invested in the business for the rest of their lives, as agreed on at the

time. George and Elizabeth then retired to Selby to live until his allotted years were passed and his body was laid to rest in the shadow of the north wall of the Abbey.

John carried on the business, enlarging it to a wholesale provision house at Aldermanbury and Tyrrel Streets. This is at the bottom of the hill from the first location of the business in the market stalls. Traveling salesmen and an office staff were employed. More warehouses were built and the business flourished and prospered. "It was at this time that the firm took on the name of 'John Morrell & Co.' though there were no partners in the business. John was the sole owner."

At sometime in this period, in the late forties or early fifties, probably in the latter, of the Company's history in Bradford, one Isett, a tea merchant on Market Street, was taken into partnership. But this combination ended in a most bitter separation in 1858.

John Morrell, who was able as a trader and merchant, aggressive in spirit and ambitious in purpose, was successful in his undertakings and was considered a man with a future. He gathered capable, dependable and loyal men about him.

It was at this period in the forties that Fred Jackson and George Lees, "who played an important part in his affairs," came into John's organization. "George Lees inaugurated the system of bookkeeping that served the firm about forty years," wrote Thomas D. Foster after the opening of the present century. "Fred Jackson continued with the Company until his death in 1896, one of the first Directors of the incorporated Company, and at one time a full partner with John Morrell. He served the Company faithfully for almost half a century, an

honorable, able, and large hearted man, and a true friend."

In the middle of the decade of the fifties it was found necessary, in view of increased sales, to improve the source of supply. Goods were now being bought through parties who had direct connection with bacon curers. Patrick Dennison, an importer of Irish products from whom the firm bought some of their supplies, invited John Morrell to visit Ireland. The visit was made, as before narrated. This trip seems to have increased the eagerness of John to follow his large and ambitious program. His earnest, achieving spirit was casting about for fields in which to expand and enlarge his business; and this excursion to Liverpool and Ireland, beyond his local environment, along with his increasing acquaintance with the aggressive American trade pushing into the English markets, led him to determine to transfer his business to Liverpool.

The mention of Fred Jackson and George Lees suggest other names connected with the organization at that time. In building up his business John was gifted in the selection of his associates and in his appreciation of men who developed a gift of specializing in different lines of trade. There is also evidence of his strong social instincts, in that those who were related to him by blood and marriage ties were observed and employed and, when making good, were given every opportunity to advance in the development of the business. Among those whose names were identified with the business at this period were: William Foster, husband of his sister Mary Morrell; Alfred Ackroyd, John Henry Ackroyd, brother and half-brother of his wife; Thomas Atkinson, Hum-

phrey Bell, and Alfred Illingworth, husband of his niece, Ann Elizabeth Foster; Thomas, George, and his nephew, John Morrell; also his nephew Alfred Morrell, son of his brother Robert, a lad of seventeen of great promise, whose untimely death cast a shadow on his heart; and – just at the close of the period in 1865 – Thomas D. Foster.

Having already acquired a competency, with characteristic sagacity John sold "The Poplars," his residence at Frizing Hall in Leeds Road, Bradford, and took up his residence in Southport, near Liverpool, where, for possibly twelve or eighteen months, he watched the markets of the metropolis. There is no record of his opening an office or place of business at this time. The first appearance of the name in the directory of this city and environs is in a volume published in 1857.[1] It is the name of the proprietor of an eating house, 22 Fox Street, 90 Great Cross Hall Street. Since there is no family record of his having been connected with such an enterprise, we cannot be sure that this was our John Morrell. The city directory for Liverpool was not published annually in those days. It is quite likely the business was located in this city in 1860.

In 1862 John Morrell & Co., produce merchants, Number 1 Temple Court, is recorded, with residence at Sarisbrick Street, Southport. This is John's first recorded residential location after leaving Bradford.

Before this office was opened we know, on the testimony of associates of his later years, that John attended the Manchester Market each Tuesday and made sales of

[1] T. D. F. historical records, 1805-1895, say business was started in Liverpool before 1859.

firkin butter, sometimes one hundred and even two hundred and fifty firkins to Hanaford Brothers of Hyde. These were shipped direct from Castlecomer and Kilkenney by Atkinson (and probably his brother George Morrell who was in the latter place at this time).

But the "No. 1 Temple Court" location was soon given up, and according to an old letter from Alfred Illingworth to Foster, under date of October 18, 1907, the firm was located in Button Street for a short period, moving thence to Whitechapel.

Thomas Atkinson, who had been sent to Ireland in 1856 as the representative of the Company, was an expert buyer of cheese and American bacon. In 1865 he was sent to New York to represent the firm there. "After becoming acquainted with the trade in New York his purchase of provisions largely increased, especially in cheese." He secured large shipments of cheese on consignment, which developed this branch of the business to such an extent that, for a time, the firm became the largest importers of this article in Liverpool. Finding their Whitechapel location out of the way of cheese-buyers who personally visited the markets, the office there was closed, and in the spring of 1867 another was opened at 33 North John Street, to which was attached a sampleroom for exhibiting cheese. Atkinson and Humphrey Bell, who had gone over with him to New York in 1865, proved to be capable representatives, and with these contacts and certain other connections with one Davies of Canada, the Liverpool organization flourished. Not only hams and bacon, but dairy products, butter and cheese, were handled on a large scale.

Over in Birkenhead, across the river Mersey from

Liverpool, at Dock "C," a lard refinery was opened with George Morrell in charge, succeeded later by Alfred Illingworth, who had been with the firm as a boy from twelve years of age. Among the characters connected with the Company's development and success, Illingworth takes an important place. Foster, his contemporary, associate, and brother-in-law, said of him: "During the twenty-two years (1858-1880) of his identification with the business he filled every position of trust in the firm from stock clerk to cashier and general manager of the Birkenhead works (lard refinery). He enjoyed the confidence of John Morrell to the fullest degree and it was to his watchfulness and faithfulness that the business owes much of its success."

Expanding business through the American connections led to a fifth removal to 5 North John Street, where the business was located until 1876 when it was again required to change, and after a few years was permanently settled at 57 Victoria Street in 1886.[1] The directing heads of the business now (1868-1881) were John Morrell, chief; Alfred Ackroyd, confidential bookkeeper and assistant to the principal; George Morrell (fourth in direct succession) in charge of the warehouses, refinery, and salesmen; Alfred Illingworth, cashier and office manager, with Fred Jackson, principal traveling man; Thomas Atkinson, Humphrey Bell, and Thomas D. Foster at 49 Exchange Place, New York City. With this organization the first epoch in the history of the firm came to its close.

[1] See Liverpool City Directory of that year.

BUSINESS

III

Thomas D. Foster landed from the *City of Paris* at the port of New York, July 25, 1868. The following November, Humphrey Bell's connection with the New York office was severed and he was sent to London, Canada, to take charge of the firm's packing house in that place, operating with a Mr. Benjamin Shaw as associate. Foster now became office manager in New York, which position he continued to fill until 1871 when he also was transferred to assist Bell in Canada.

Atkinson continued in New York, a unique and forceful character who made himself felt in provision circles as a keen, shrewd trader, an exceptionally good judge of the articles he traded in, an indefatigable worker, and a man of broad vision. Competitors were known, upon ascertaining the prices he bid for goods, to feel secure in bidding a little more, resting confident that in doing so they were going to receive value. A man of very limited education, Atkinson had a wonderful grasp of figures and accounts, combined with a retentive memory. The Liverpool steamship lines regularly looked to him to fill out freight space in their steamers. The freight rates in those days on cheese ranged around seventy shillings a ton, and it was no uncommon matter for the freight agents, after other shippers had completed their purchases for shipment, to send for Atkinson and offer him twenty to fifty-ton space at ten to twenty shillings per ton below shipping rates. This offer he generally accepted, and recalling the different parcels of goods he had seen, but not bought, would make the rounds again picking up at a reduction belated lots from the commis-

sion men who had missed the market and required money to remit to their clients the next day. These transactions always required night work, and often the day was dawning before the last truck load was receipted for by the receiving clerks at the dock.

"At that time the cheese trade was transacted almost exclusively in stores in Broad and Whitehall and those streets near the old Produce Exchange, which was situated where the government warehouses now stand. The butter business, and a little cheese business, was transacted in the neighborhood of Chambers, Barclay, and Greenwich Streets, though a large quantity of cheese was shipped directly from the cars at Park Freight Depot and from Albany via the People's Line Steamship Company.

"The bacon business was carried on largely on the west side by wholesale butchers who bought dressed hogs and cured them in their cellars. Bacon was bought at only one place, where the hogs were slaughtered and that was by the North River near 33rd Street. The hogs were cut warm, and in the summer time, all boned—long clears, and bellies. The only chilling was a piece of ice on the shoulder-end of the sides. The cellars were kept at a temperature of 45° to 50°. Foster was the inspector and had great trouble with the curers on account of the unsatisfactory flavor of the meat and many tricks resorted to to work off the boxes of rejected pieces with the boxes of good."[1]

"Much of the cheese handled by the firm was on consignment, between 1866-1870, but like all consignment business it became less and less satisfactory," until by

[1] T. D. F. 1868-1872.

the "summer of 1872 it entirely ceased and this branch of the business for which the firm had been famous for forty years, was given up."[1]

The butter business practically ceased from the States in 1868 and from Canada in 1870. To make up for the loss of business occasioned by the cessation of these lines, Atkinson entered upon the exportation of grain, flour, and linseed cake, which at one time assumed liberal proportion. Sailing vessels were chartered and freighted with the firm's goods. But in 1872 this wheat, flour, and linseed business was given up, not being understood by any member of the firm, for the growing and more profitable ventures in packing bacon and hams in the States and Canada and the refining of lard in the commodious premises in Birkenhead, England.

On May 1, 1872, Thomas Atkinson resigned after seventeen years of service. During this time the business had grown from an interior provision firm to one of some prominence in the British Isles, Canada, and the United States. It is to be regretted that Atkinson's severance from the firm was accompanied by a deep and painful experience, the sting of which never healed. This was soon followed by Humphrey Bell's resignation. Bell's service had made him most valuable to the business. He severed his relations with John Morrell & Co., Ltd. to go into business for himself at Canton, Illinois. The friendship and esteem of Foster and Bell for each other continued through the years. With the severance of these two men's relations with the business, Foster was made Manager of the Company's business and their chief representative in the United States. Foster's ap-

[1] T. D. F. 1868-1872.

pointment was an illustration of the sagacity as well as the sentiment in the character of John Morrell, expressed again and again in his appointments. Foster was his nephew, the son of his dearly beloved sister Mary. He had been brought up by God-fearing, church-going parents, and was not only well trained in the habit of regular attendance upon the services of the church, but in sympathy with its ordinances and teachings. He had also been trained in the business in his boyhood by familiar and useful association with his father in the shop, in slaughter and curing-plants at Castlecomer, in his trips with the hogbuyer over that part of Ireland, and in his years of acquaintance with Atkinson and Bell in Kilkenney, Liverpool, and New York. He had definite experience in the Liverpool office and on the wharf where he had acted as shipping clerk. In addition to this he had a pride in the family history and the business – its rigid adherence to sound moral principles, its established reputation for integrity and square dealing, its spirit of enterprise and progress.

Moreover, Foster believed in, loved, and respected John Morrell. Morrell loved the boy. He was not only his dear sister's son, but he was a capable, energetic, faithful, trustworthy, and enterprising red-headed youngster. It is probable no one other than Foster was ever thought of at this period to represent his chief in the development of the business in the United States.

These years were not only big with issues for the firm, but equally important in the changes taking place and the deposits being made in the personality and character of Foster. The principles of honesty, prudence, and industry were now firmly set in his heart and in his prac-

No. 3 Irishtown (Street) Kilkenney, Ireland

Retail Shop — About 1850,
John Morrell & Co., Castlecomer, Ireland

tice. The great religious crisis, which gave flavor and color to his personality, and ardor to his moral purpose – that carried him out of the proprieties of a formal church membership into the eager, active enlistment of stirring evangelicalism – also took place about this time, or soon after he came to Chicago.

The real distinction of Foster's life lies not in his commercial achievements primarily, but in his character achievements. He succeeded in business; but he, himself, was the most impressive fact in the process that led to success. He was the outstanding figure in a group of successful men. But the major emphasis in him was his sound integrity which was never broken, his love of his fellow men which strengthened with the passing years, and his love of God.

His habits were well established early in life. His diligence was unfailing. He breakfasted early and was at his desk regularly before seven o'clock. His employees were expected to begin their day at seven. It was not often that he left his desk before six o'clock in the evening, except to meet some engagements having to do with his civic or religious responsibilities.

"I have been connected with many firms and corporations," writes an intimate associate, "but I never saw a man in charge of a business give closer care to every detail and do everything in a more honest and upright way, setting a good example to all who worked for him."

His sagacity, diligence, and drive developed a business that ranks among the most successful of those established in this country of great achievements. But in building up the business he was looking beyond that

achievement for inspiration and sustaining motive. He had meat to eat that many men know not of. While he never published the conviction, as did William Carey when he hung his shingle at his shop door, "Cobbler, by the Grace of God," it was an underlying conviction of Foster that this was his status. He was what he was by the Grace of God.

In America and, quite possibly, in other countries as well, one meets occasionally the suggestion that "it would be well if more business got into religion." But, as though fearing this suggestion might carry a too broad implication, the opposite is urged by the same authorities in a caution against a too much mixing of religion and business. "Business is business" we are told, "a man must not allow his religion to interfere with his business."

Such reminders are not necessarily the mark of any trait in those making them other than prudence. Certainly, they are not the hall mark of an utter depravity of the times or ungodliness of the sources from which they issue. The utter separation and compartmentising of business and religion is unfortunate. But it is not inexplicable. It may be sometimes traced to the general teaching and practice of economic, educational, and religious institutions. If the opportunity of a country and the success of a nation in making money have been conspiring to make many rich, religious ideals may easily come to seem incompatible and unpractical. If the schools of a nation are dominated with the idea of equipping pupils primarily for financial returns and job getting, making a life will receive scant consideration. If the notion gets abroad that only ministers are called of God

to serve in this world, then "every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost," will probably express the idea for the rest of mankind.

If it seems to be inept to speak of the "Divine guidance" when presenting a successful business man, or if we hesitate to use words and phrases drawn from the vocabulary of distinct and unusual religious experience as applicable to such a man, it is a convincing indication that some such tendency toward departmentalising our religion and our business has been going on. But so far as Foster was concerned life was a sacred trust, for which a man will have to give an account to God as to the spirit in which he lives it and the exchange he effects with the talents God entrusts to him. Everyone who came in contact with him knew he was dealing with a business man of large caliber; but a business man who was dominated by a very definite, permanent, regnant religious experience.

The writer of these lines confesses to Foster's influence over him, his thought and attitude as these have to do with life and its religious interpretations in many directions. He was among those who believed that ministers are "called" to their work in contradistinction to other men and other vocations until about the time of his meeting and associating with Foster. He does not remember that he ever had any conversation with Foster on this subject; but in the occasions of frequent and somewhat intimate fellowship through a number of years the shell of this conventional concept was broken. During those years he discovered there are many fields of service into which God calls men. It was then he saw that "the man, who, in accordance with his history and circumstances

and talents chooses to serve God and his fellows as a farmer, a mechanic, an engineer, a doctor, a merchant, a chemist, [or a packer] chooses as honorably and (it may be) as religiously as the man who chooses to serve in the ministry.

"The main thing is to hear your call from the heights and to follow it – ever on the ascent as you go through the world, lifting up your fellows and carrying them to God with you."[1]

It was a conviction of Thomas D. Foster that his family antecedents, the concurring life associations from childhood to maturity, the conjunction of events with his preparation and talents for the business, constituted a definite responsibility for him – which "called" him to be in the business and in the place where he was, and for which "call" he must give an account. It was the Divine Plan for his life that he should be a packer. And there was nothing in such a view belittling, or circumscribing to him, or the business, or to God. Quite the contrary, in fact. Such a view was intelligently possible only to a generous mind and a broad outlook.

Those intimately associated with Foster who understood his attitude toward life and his business, or those who have read the letters which he wrote to intimate business associates, will recall occasions in which this conviction was expressed.

In his view, life reaches its nearest approximation to perfection for all men in service, in success, in happiness, in contentment, in peace and plenty, as men find what God wants them to be and do, and then in *being* and *doing* just that.

[1] *The Triumphant Ministry*

Ernest Manns, General Superintendent of the Ottumwa plant, who has been with the Company more than thirty consecutive years, tells this incident. In the early days of his employment in the lard department he became dissatisfied with his hours of labor and his pay, and decided to change from John Morrell & Co. to a competing house. After several conferences with Foster he made his way to his employer's office to announce his decision, and the following conversation took place:

"Ernest, are you sure this is the thing to do?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, Ernest, if, by this evening, you do not change your mind I will write —— company a letter that will get you a position."

He wrote the letter and Ernest got the position. He came to say goodbye to Mr. Foster, and as they shook hands Foster said, "Well, Ernest, I hope you are doing the right thing. If it is the Lord's will that you should be in Kansas City instead of Ottumwa, it IS the thing to do. You will be able to do a work there you can't do here."

Probably one of the most stabilizing convictions in the mind of Foster was expressed in just what he said to Manns. He held that God sustains a personal relationship with those who believe in Him and who surrender themselves to Him through Christ.

In a letter to one of his sons written on a Sunday morning, "one of the quietest hours of a week when in a hotel like this," he refers to the death of his brother Heber which took place in January, 1855, and to an incident of Divine care over him. "My life came near to its end. I had been to the druggist's at the time to get some mould

candles, we called them, and returning I was possessed to try the ice that was over one of the mill dams, really large reservoirs used for cooling the water that condensed the steam in their engines. They were very deep and the sides very steep. The ice broke, but I had hold of the coping of the wall. I was alone and it was almost dark. Providentially there were cracks in the wall that I could get my toes in and I managed after a struggle to clamber out and save the candles. Surely my Heavenly Father has watched over me. I have had so many escapes I certainly owe all that is in me to a dedicated use."

His intimate associate and brother-in-law, Mr. W. A. Thompson, recalls the occasion when he was leaving John Morrell & Co., Ltd. in Ottumwa, back in the '80's, at which time Foster spoke more directly concerning this sense of the Divine Presence. Thompson and Foster left the other members of a "farewell" dinner party, for a few heart to heart words with each other before they separated. The stars were shining and the unclouded moon shed a soft radiance upon the landscape. "We had quite a talk alone," says Mr. Thompson, "and I remember his saying, he felt he knew Jesus Christ so well that he talked with him, just as he was talking with me. He was so full of his belief and knew his Bible so well, he talked it and lived it everywhere."

It is certainly true that this conviction gripped Foster at the center of his being. From a certain period in his life he was no longer free to make any decision, hold any interest, conceive any plans, spend any money for himself and his business without subjecting the whole matter to this prior consideration of his identification with and allegiance to Christ. He belonged to God. So, also, did

his business. Both were to be a channel or an agent through which the will of God could be expressed and made effective in the world.

T. George McElroy, head of one of the departments of the business, recalled an incident in the early years of his association with the Company.

"Shortly after I was put in charge of the purchasing department of John Morrell & Co., Ltd., I was made the recipient of an increase in salary and some pleasing remarks by Mr. Foster on the progress I had made. I took the occasion to express the privilege I felt in being associated with a Company whose practice was fixed by such high standards. Mr. Foster, in his characteristic manner, remarked: 'George, I am in business with the Lord and if I had to do business as do some of my competitors, I would go out of it immediately.'"

When it came to his own interpretation of life, the "Grace of God" was frequently on his lips as he spoke intimately as friend to friend. This "grace" he saw in the events of his daily life, in his office, in the untoward events that would thwart his plans, delay his journey, compel cancellation of his engagements, as much as in events that forwarded his interests yielding unexpected profits in his business.

A man could not associate with Thomas D. Foster and miss this religious emphasis in his life. He invited you to pray with him in his office as pleasantly and naturally, as free from hesitancy or self-consciousness, as he arranged with you for the conference that brought you there.

BUSINESS
A GOD-GIVEN OPPORTUNITY
(CONTINUED)

BUSINESS

A GOD-GIVEN OPPORTUNITY

(CONTINUED)

THE best thing we can do for posterity is to leave it the heir to a better job than has fallen to our own day and generation. Let us, then, foster the arts and seek by all available means to bring them into a working partnership with the industries of the land, with the daily work of the people. There are more reasons than the economic for keeping up and improving the quality of our national manufactures. 'Seek the better first and the more will be added unto you'—not only more wealth, which is never the chief thing, though it may be a symbol of it, but more *men* of the right sort—more stout comrades, more good neighbors, more loyal friends, more faithful lovers, more gentlemen, in short—more of that kind and less of the other kind whom we wish out of the way, or possibly hanged, because we are too many."

—L. P. JACKS: *Constructive Citizenship*

Chapter III

BUSINESS

A GOD-GIVEN OPPORTUNITY

(CONTINUED)

I

WHEN Foster was appointed manager of the Company's business it marked a new departure in their affairs; bacon then received the greater attention, while all other lines were gradually dropped.

This was to be expected. It was in harmony with the fundamental qualities of Foster. He *knew* bacon. He was not a specialist on butter, cheese, flour, grain, or linseed. It was his policy to concentrate on what he knew and make good on that. Among his effects placed in convenient drawers in his desk with some newspaper clippings yellow with age, underscored with lead pencils that may be said to be indexes of his thought and purposes, were several articles. One of these is on "A Man's Own Business," and his underscoring is italicized.

"Stick to it; 1893 caught thousands of individuals, firms and corporations with too many irons in the fire. It swamped them. They dropped like rows of sticks. The majority of business men and manufacturers *can make money in the particular line in which they have been schooled.* The majority of men drop money when they

go *into side ventures.* This Country of ours is a country of ups and downs. We have been down for five years. We will now have several years of fairly prosperous times. But the day of panics is not over. *Panics will come again. Concentrate your capital in the business in which you are engaged. . . A great many men seem to take considerable pride in being connected with a variety of enterprises. Once* in a while those side enterprises pay. *Twice in a while they lose. . . Liabilities never shrink.* Stick to your own business and wipe them out. *If* you can make more money than your business requires, don't entangle yourself with new alliances, but spend the surplus money or give it to charity and enjoy life."

Foster was thoroughly in sympathy with the advice offered in this clipping. He concentrated his resources and did his best in a unification of his thought, energy, capital, and enterprise. Thus he projected himself and his policies through his organization with such force that the business went forward to assured prosperity and success. He was not led to the discovery and adoption of this principle through any process of college or university training. It was the natural gift of sound wisdom that directed him. It was always a great regret with him that his school days ended before the family's departure from Castlecomer when he was about sixteen years of age. He had been frequently employed in the business so that his opportunity for schooling, and reading, was restricted at the time when such advantages are to be most coveted and when habits of reading are formed.

His acquaintance with books, having been thus limited in early youth, his acquaintance with the world of literature and many other of the great fields of human

interest outside his vocation, remained restricted to the close of his life. He read little, except his Bible; and only for information pertaining to his immediate interests. This limitation, however, had its advantages, for it made him familiar with the best. He gained a good vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon words, developed his taste for the pure and best in literature and created a desire, not only to acquire, but always to express by word and deed that which describes the true, the beautiful, and the good. But he was a man of action. And because of what he considered his limitations, he never thought of himself as an educated man. When he was solicited to receive the honors colleges and universities wished to confer on him, he declined on the ground that he was not an educated man and could not carry such distinctions worthily. Nevertheless, one of the oldest colleges in the west bestowed on him the honorary degree of "Doctor of Laws."

He *was* an educated man, his own convictions to the contrary notwithstanding; but intensively rather than extensively, as a specialist and not as a scholar. No one would miss the correctness of his manners, the courtesy of his address, and the quality of his speech. He early discovered the secret of all mental achievement and learned how to focus his mind upon the subject in hand with patient, continuous application, until all the data was collected for the solution of his problem.

He came to be one of the best authorities on and most capable administrators in the packing industry. A packing house expert, having wide knowledge of operators in the United States, has declared, that, in his judgment, no man in all America was better equipped by ability

and experience than Foster. He could have directed the detailed work in any one of the four general divisions of a large packing industry. He could have handled successfully the Buying department, the Operating department, the department of Finance and General Management of the business, and the Sales department. In the judgment of this gentleman "Foster was the equal of any other packer in the business. His knowledge of each and every operation of the business, either domestic or export trade, was most unusual."

The secret of this thorough and exceptional equipment for exploiting his opportunities when he was made Manager was not a late acquirement. He had it when the day of opportunity dawned. "Concentrate all your power, all your resources, all your talents in your own business, in the one thing for which you are responsible," was his motto. This principle he maintained to the end of his career. In the succeeding years when he became a commanding figure of the packing business and one of the commanding figures in the citizenship of his State, he remained loyal to this principle. "While he was always ready to subscribe to the stock of a legitimate corporation which was being organized in his community, he usually let his interest stop there, and rarely, if ever, became an official or went on the Board of Directors."

Throughout his busy life he collected and formulated axioms for personal guidance such as the following:

"Rely upon your own energies, and do not wait for, or depend on other people.

"Cling with all your might to your own highest ideals, and do not be led astray by such vulgar aims as wealth, position, popularity. Be yourself.

"Your worth consists in what you are, and not in what you have. What you are will show in what you do.

"Never fret, repine, or envy. Do not make yourself unhappy by comparing your circumstances with those of more fortunate people, but make the most of the opportunities you have. Employ profitably every moment.

"Associate with the noblest people you can find, read the best books, live with the mighty. But learn to be happy alone.

"Do not believe that all greatness and heroism are in the past. Learn to discover princes, prophets, heroes, and saints among the people about you. Be assured they are there.

"Be on earth what good people hope to be in heaven.

"Cultivate ideal friendships, and gather into an intimate circle all your acquaintances who are hungering for truth and right. Remember that heaven itself can be nothing but the intimacy of pure and noble souls.

"Do not shrink from any useful or kindly act, however hard or repellent it may be. The worth of acts is measured by the spirit in which they are performed.

"If the world despise you because you do not follow its ways, pay no heed to it. But be sure your way is right.

"If a thousand plans fail, be not disheartened. As long as your purposes are right, you have not failed.

"Examine yourself every night, and see whether you have progressed in knowledge, sympathy, and helpfulness during the day. Count every day a loss in which no progress has been made.

"Seek enjoyment in energy, not in dalliance. Our worth is measured solely by what we do.

"Let not your goodness be professional; let it be the

simple, natural outcome of your character. Therefore cultivate character.

"If you do wrong, say so, and make what atonement you can. That is true nobleness. Have no moral debts.

"When in doubt how to act, ask yourself, 'What does nobility command?' Be on good terms with yourself.

"Look for no reward for goodness but goodness itself. Remember Heaven and Hell are utterly immoral institutions, if they are meant as reward and punishment.

"Give whatever countenance and help you can to every movement and institution that is working for good. Be not sectarian.

"Wear no placards, within or without. Be human fully.

"Never be satisfied until you have understood the meaning of the world, and the purpose of your own life, and have reduced your world to a rational cosmos.

"THOMAS D. FOSTER."

II

Events moved rapidly. Plans were made to maintain five plants: one in Toronto, three in London (Canada), and one in Chicago. Foster had been sent to Chicago in September, 1871, and was there when the great fire occurred, October 8 of that year, staying temporarily at the Briggs House on the corner of Wells and Randolph Streets. In a letter to his parents he writes a vivid description of that terrible disaster. Had not the very stones in the field been in league with the destiny of the city, that holocaust would have destroyed it forever. But out of the ashes, phenix-like, Chicago rose to become more gloriously enlisting and achieving. Foster had

rented a packing house from Alexander Bell, located at the corner of Archer Avenue and Quarry Street, previously operated by Armour & Company. The gentlemen referred to in the letter, Kenny and Ackroyd, are old friends and employees. The narrative of the fire's origin as well as the account of the fire itself is an important document. Foster writes with simplicity, clarity, and force. The account was first published in a brochure entitled *A Letter From the Fire*, privately printed and circulated in 1923.

In the introduction to that brochure, T. Henry Foster tells us:

"Exactly who was responsible for starting the fire is a matter of conjecture, but until about a dozen years ago it was generally believed that an obstreperous cow, belonging to a certain Mrs. O'Leary, was the culprit. Now cows in history, from the time of the Golden Calf, have oftener been infamous than otherwise, and Mrs. O'Leary's had been no exception until Michael Ahern, reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*, who had 'covered' the fire at the time and had known Mrs. O'Leary well, by publishing the real facts in 1921, removed the stigma of fifty years memory and restored her bovine ladyship to her rightful place in the annals of cowdom.

"To be sure, Mrs. O'Leary had a cow; in fact she had five of them. She was a truthful woman, and a few days after the fire while her movements on that memorable Sunday night were still fresh in her memory, she branded the cow story as a fabrication, and positively disproved it by the testimony of a neighbor who discovered the fire in Mrs. O'Leary's cowshed, after she and her family had retired. Ahern's story runs: 'There was a social gather-

ing in the neighborhood that night in honor of the arrival of a young man from Ireland. One of those present told me in after years that two women of the party went to the O'Leary shed to get some milk for punch. One woman held a lighted lamp while the other milked the cow. They thought they heard someone coming and in their haste to escape, the lamp was dropped, setting fire to the place. This, I believe, was the true cause of the fire.'"

With this explanation of the fire's origin, we present the letter which tells of its devastation:

"All Halloween,
October 31, 1871,
Chicago, Ill.

"My dear Father and Mother:

"I am ashamed to put you off any longer without a long letter. I have been waiting to get the office comfortable so that I could spend some evening in it, when it would be nice and warm, and give you a longer account of the fire. We are into the middle of another week, no desks, and no fire, so I muffle myself up, and collect my thoughts the best way I can. For a beginning, we should have been very busy today, with salt, but it is raining very hard, and is altogether a miserable day both out and inside, so cannot find anything better to do, although it is not pleasant work.

"To begin — on Saturday morning the 7th of this month, I saw Mr. Ackroyd off to Milwaukee, and came back with Mr. Kenny.

"The three of us were stopping at different hotels, therefore Mr. Kenny went to his, I to the Brigg's House,

and got my tea, then went to the Sherman House where Mr. Ackroyd had been stopping, to get his trunk and have it sent to my room at the Brigg's house. After that was done I took my usual Saturday evening stroll 'round the City, just ready to look at anything interesting. Nothing happened; but just as I was going into the hotel, at ten o'clock there was the glare of a fire in the sky. I did not feel like going to bed, so thought I might spend an hour looking at the flames. It was a big fire in my eyes then, a large wooden house near a row of splendid brick ones; the latter they were trying to save, and succeeded. I was in a splendid position for seeing without getting any of the water the firemen directed at the crowd every few minutes. It was nearly over, and I was just going to leave when someone shouted that there was a fire on the west side. I looked up, saw the sky all lurid, and started off to see the new one. It looked very awful, sweeping houses before it like chaff, until it got to a lumber yard. Then the efforts of the firemen appeared useless, twenty acres of buildings and wood were all ablaze; the sight thrilled me through, as I thought there would be no stopping it. I assisted people to carry things out of their houses, and did what I could to help them, until the fire appeared to be so far under way that there was no further danger. I hung 'round until two o'clock then went home, got into bed satisfied I had seen a tremendous calamity. The biggest of any I had ever seen, or hoped to see. But alas, how much I was disappointed! I could not sleep for a long time, and then only dozed off for a few minutes, but woke with a start, and looking out of the window, saw how the fire was progressing. Whilst awake I was thinking what a splendid account I could

write you. When anything of interest occurs it is my first thought—how nice that will do for my letter home. I always have you uppermost in my mind and wish you were with me to enjoy things when I am enjoying myself—but this is parting from my story.

"When I saw the fire fade, I fell asleep (it was about four-thirty) and did not wake until Mr. Kenny came to my door at ten. I had made an appointment to meet him at that hour, and kept it as you see—'in bed.' After he left I slept until twelve, then got up, dressed, went down, met Mr. Kenny again, and we both started off to Mr. Small's to dine. At five-twenty we left there and walked together to my hotel; we parted, and I did not see him again until twenty-six hours after, he thinking me burnt, and I thinking that he was burnt. We were very pleased to see each other again safe and sound.

"I got my tea, went to my room and read awhile, then went to Church; it happened to be a Universalist place that I got into, and did not enjoy it much. I went away kind of dissatisfied and got to the Briggs House at nine-fifteen, not feeling like sleeping. I made myself as comfortable as I could, lit my pipe, and commenced reading the book Mrs. Somerville made me a present of. I had been reading about half an hour when the fire bell tolled three-forty two times. I looked out and saw the sky red in the direction of the fire of the previous evening, but paying no attention to it, I turned 'round and read away. I looked again and saw it was increasing; I tried to read now but it was impossible. I put down the gas, and sat opposite the window watching it; the fire was more than two miles away, still I felt very uneasy and could not go

to bed. It was Sunday night and I did not like the idea of going on a rollicking expedition after a fire, but I could not make myself easy anywhere, and I concluded to go see it; so I took off my Sunday clothes, put on a pair of drawers (I felt chilly the night before, so took the precaution to make myself warm this night, and it was well for me I did as my story will show during its progression), an extra undershirt, and old warm coat and vest, and sallied out at ten-fifteen P.M. October eighth.

"It was blowing hard at the time but I got along well, having fit myself out for cold and dirt; having little interest in the city, no friends whose losing property could affect me much, and little property of my own to care for, I felt probably as free and easy as anyone who saw that fire.

"I got up to it at ten-forty-five, but could not get near on account of the heat. How the firemen stood it I don't know! A general alarm was sounded and thirty steam engines were on the spot soon after I arrived. It was a grand sight but hellish in the extreme; streets, houses, trees, and everything in one grand furnace. It was not a blaze like the night before, but a white melting heat; volumes of flames were cut off from the seat of the fire itself and carried over into other streets. In addition to this there was a perfect shower of sparks, all red and glowing. The fall of them was like a fall of golden snow, and as far as the eye could reach upward, the air was filled with them; not only sparks, but burning brands of wood from six inches to two feet long, and from one inch thick to six inches. This may seem incredible but is true. I saw them myself, saw them fall in the street, and worse

than that, on houses with wooden roofs, and on people's heads, almost knocking them down. The wind was blowing a fearful gale at this time and that accounts for it.

"At eleven-fifteen these brands set fire to the roof of a church about three hundred yards from the main fire. I went to see this before there was the sign of a blaze; (I adopted the plan of keeping before the fire, so that in case it spread I should not be cut off from my hotel) some men got on the roof and tried to put it out but they could not. So an engine came and dilly-dallied about for a few minutes, until a volume of thick black smoke rolled up from it and in two minutes it was in flames. The edifice was wood and it went like a matchbox; it was a Roman Catholic institution. Someone said it was on fire before any sign of a blaze came from it; an old Irish woman that had just come heard the remark and asked: 'Where is the foire?' They told her on the roof. 'Ah,' said she, 'God will put it out,' and she appeared quite composed about it. This is where the real trouble commenced.

"There were two immense fires now, and the fire brigade divided. This left the first fire almost to itself, and in a few minutes it joined the second one; the sight was now dreadful. It swept along, burning wood, bricks, stone, alike; I never saw the equal. The two latter materials gave out sooner than the wood; they melted down like wax, while wood burned so long as a stick remained. It flew from house to house almost as quick as one could walk, until it reached the river.

"I will stop about the fire now and tell you something of the inhabitants, a great many being burnt out, the fire having come a mile now, and half a mile wide. The peo-

ple were mostly looking at the fire, but as soon as they saw their homes in danger, a general packing up could be observed in all the houses, and soon after a regular exodus, everyone, old and young, carrying something. The men looked pale and callous as a rule; the women ran about in an excited manner, but none fainted. Children clung to parents, or old friends, too frightened to cry; infants alone made noise, as the mothers had not time to sit down and soothe them. Others of them slept peaceably in the mothers' arms, ignorant of all danger and care. Old women were carrying weights too heavy for men, and young women were dragging trunks (enough for a donkey to pull), no doubt containing their best clothes, or sat on them and wept quietly when they could not pull any longer, and had to leave them for the fire to lick up as a giant would swallow a midge.

"I was not an idle observer during all this. I carried boxes and bundles without number, placing them in nooks that the owners considered safe. Vain delusion. Everything I laid hands to save was eventually burnt. In one place there was a long train of empty railway cars. People thought the railway company would be sure to save their cars, so they would put in their goods. I worked as I never worked before, loading up the cars with all kinds of things, but before I had finished the train was on fire and it burnt up as would a train of gunpowder on the flags. This was my last act of kindness on the West Side; it being close to the river, I crossed over to what is called the South Side.

"To return to the fire account. After crossing the river, I stood and gazed on the burning mass. It was thought it could not cross eighty yards of water. The firemen made

a hard fight here to prevent its going any farther, and it looked somewhat as if they might succeed. At this point I left, a fire having broken out behind me about four hundred yards away. This was on the side of the river I was on, so there was no doubt that the fire had crossed. Of course this took away a lot of engines and left the old fire to do as it liked; it soon jumped the river too, and joined the new one. I went to see this new fire and found it to be among a nest of wooden shanties that went like tinder. Upon close observation I saw that it was within a few yards of the gas works, so thought it better to quit and plant myself at a reasonable distance from it. In going away I took the liberty of hammering people up, as the fire was spreading so rapidly it might reach them before all of them could get out. The streets were all quiet as I passed along, but soon were busy enough with people turning out. I was also busy enough assisting to put out little fires, such as linen awnings that sparks had ignited, and pieces of wooden sidewalks that were burning, until I got to the heart and best part of the City where all buildings were built of brick, stone, iron, or marble, and many of them without any wood except the office desks and furniture. I felt sure the fire would never go through these buildings; still to make my mind easy, I went to Brigg's House, and commenced packing. This was one o'clock, wind still blowing a gale, the fire within a quarter of a mile from the hotel, and just beginning to cross the street to the good part of the city. Although I was packing, I really did not believe the fire would reach the place where I was.

"I will give you an idea of how my packing arrangements were made. I first got my small valise with the

brass round the edges, put into it my best suit, album, and all the little presents that I value, then filled up with the best of my underclothing; after that I took off the old suit I had on, and put on my second best suit, so that if it came to the worst I could carry the valise in my hand, and have a good suit on my back. At this juncture, a waiter of the hotel came running up, saying the wind had changed and there was no danger. I paid little attention to it and went on packing my large trunk; certainly it made me more careless, for I left out a lot of small things I could have put in, thinking if the place should be threatened I could put them in. After I fastened all up, leaving out my large overcoat, I again walked out to see the progress of the fire. It had taken full possession of the fine buildings I before mentioned. It was surprising to see the way they tumbled; marble buildings cracked away for a time, then burst out in a volume of flame; the walls parted, and down came the whole fabrication a jumbled mass of smouldering ruins. This took but little time, but short as it was, before it was in ruins, other buildings were burning and tumbling in the same way. I was watching in one place, when a cry was raised that the City Hall was on fire. I never thought that this would burn, as it stands in a little park, and is built of stone. I ran round and there sure enough the cupola was burning, and very soon after, the edifice was a red seething mass sending up clouds of sparks, and dealing destruction with a deadly hand all 'round.

"I now thought it about time to move, and see after my things, so commenced lugging them downstairs; I had not time now to put anything else into the trunk so let the few things left take their chance. I had with me one

valise, one large portmanteau of my own, and one large trunk belonging to Mr. Ackroyd (had he left it at Sherman's House it was gone sure as I could never have saved it). When I had them down, I went to look for a carriage or an express man to take them away; they were asking fifty dollars for a carriage; as this would not do I went up the street a piece, met a man with a light wagon, asked what he would take me a mile away for. He said five dollars down. 'Done,' I said. He wanted to get the money in the street before he got the things; of course I would not do that but told him I would pay him the minute I got the things on board. After a good deal of talk he consented, came alongside, put the packages on and I paid him. Just as I was leaving the place took fire, and I heard people offering one hundred dollars, then one hundred and fifty dollars, for a carriage, but they could not get any. As I was going along several people applied to the expressman offering him three or four dollars for the conveyance of a trunk but ten dollars was now his charge. People refused to pay him that amount and I am sure they all lost their things, as we were about the last to cross the bridge. We took up one young man with a similar lot of traps to mine. He was a very decent fellow so we stuck together. The expressman put us down at his own house. We left our things inside and went to see how the fire was getting along.

"Before going further I will explain why I crossed the river again and what we did. To do this I must give you an idea of the place. I remember once before giving you a rough outline of Chicago. I will do so again.

"The bars across the river represent the turn bridges. 1 is where the fire commenced, 2 where I crossed the

river the first time, 3 where I crossed the second, 4 where I crossed the third, 5 where I finally drew up and left my clothes. The wind was blowing in the direction from 1 to 6, so I thought the fire would wear out at the lake, and not be able to cross the river to the North Side. In this I was mistaken for when I went to look at the fire after depositing our things at the expressman's house, as before stated, we found the bridge we had just crossed was on fire, and that the North Side was doomed unless the wind changed (this was three o'clock) so we turned back to move our traps again. Whilst walking up we met a man pulling a large trunk. We helped him along to where we were staying, hired a boy with a wagon who drove us over to the West Side crossing bridge at number 4. Here we considered ourselves safe, put down our luggage on the sidewalk, and sat on it 'till daylight. We asked a man to let us into his house but he refused. It was here that my warm underclothing and heavy overcoat stood to me. The wind was brisk and keen; had I been lightly clothed I might have taken a severe cold – fortunately I escaped. This place was partly on the prairie, so had a splendid view of the fire at large, although fully three miles from it. The smallest print could be read with ease, the light was so intense. As day dawned the light faded but daylight revealed the volumes of black smoke rolling up from the city, and the ruins of the previous night's destruction. The fire was now sweeping the North Side entirely unchecked, the waterworks being burnt and no water in the town. I felt very hungry by this time, and hailed with delight the taking down of the first shutter of a small grocery store. I got some dry biscuits and ate them with a relish – something

wonderful. As there was a dirty wagon passing, our last named friend and myself stopped it, put in our things, got on top of them, and requested the driver to take us to a place my friend knew.

"He accommodated us and drew up at a very good looking general store in a small settlement on the prairie, shown as number 5 on the map. It ought to be farther out, but the paper won't admit it. We gave our baggage in charge of the owners, and left them.

"In walking back to the city we met a gentleman who was acquainted with my fellow traveler. He wished us to call at his house and have breakfast. We did so and a good one it was; the house was all upset, getting their things packed up, little of which I am afraid was saved. Walking citywards, the road was crowded with all sorts of vehicles carrying furniture of every description; the road was littered with furniture, pianos, beds and so forth in indescribable confusion; drivers of wagons would engage to take it out some distance on the prairie, get their money first before they started, then would only go a little way, tumble it out on the road, return and repeat the operation on someone else.

"I now wanted to get to Mr. Small's house, to learn what I could about Mr. Kenny. When I got to the City I found all the bridges that I have starred, burnt up so had to make a long detour, going all around the burnt district. His house is on the South Side where I put a cross. I arrived there at eleven o'clock lost in dirt, blended with dust and smoke. Not a drop of water in the house to wash with. Mr. Small told me to consider it (his house) my home until I could find something else. I took a bucket, went to the lake and brought it back full

of water and felt better for it. This was eleven-thirty A.M. Up to this time nothing was heard of Mr. Kenny. I felt rather uneasy, as it was much easier for him to get there than for me, and I fully expected finding him there when I arrived. I was also astonished to find the South Side still burning; the fire was creeping up against the wind at the rate of a house every five minutes. At that calculation Small's house would be burnt at three o'clock. Of course he was very uneasy and sent his wife and baby away; if the wind changed in the opposite direction he would be cleared out much sooner.

"At two o'clock we walked down together and found the flames stopped by blowing up of several streets of houses. The North Side was swept out clear and clean, right into the country, burning up Lincoln Park and a Catholic Cemetery. Seventy-five thousand people resided on the North Side, and every house with one exception was burned to the ground, not even the walls standing. Altogether one hundred thousand people were rendered homeless, and had to camp out on the prairie without any covering for two days and two nights having little to eat and scarcely any water to drink. This is something awful to think of. Delicate people, young children of all classes, huddled together without any comforts; a great many people died, and no wonder. However, they are all pretty well provided for now, supplies are plentiful, the only fear is that the charity will be abused.

"The fire lasted thirty-six hours, during that time clearing everything before it for a distance of five and a half miles, commencing in a point, and finishing two miles in width; about fifty thousand tons of coal caught fire, which burned for a week quite bright, always keep-

ing the sky aglow with its light. It is still burning but no fire can be seen. I must add here that Mr. Kenny did not turn up the whole afternoon, and I began to fear the worst. However he made his appearance between seven and eight o'clock, all safe and sound and relieved my mind. Next day the City was put under martial law, General Sheridan commanding. I was made a patrol between twelve and four o'clock at night with Small; this was to prevent ruffians from firing other places. Several of them were caught and immediately shot, or hung up to some lamp post. The City was without water ten days and fourteen without gas, so it presented a miserable appearance.

"Mr. Kenny and myself went to the lake twice a day and brought as much water as supplied Mr. Small's family. This was the way we paid our board. People a long way from the lake suffered fearfully; all the watering carts were put to hauling water, but all they could draw was only a speck of what was needed.

"I have given you a pretty fair account of my experience during the fire, now I will give you a few incidents or curiosities. In the first place, I was greatly amused by the unlikely things that many people in their excitement tried to save the very first. On the West Side the rage appeared to be to save their stoves and crockery. As soon as a house was threatened, the first thing brought out was a stove, then a lot of tins and glassware; in other places I saw people open their windows upstairs, and throw out looking glasses, chairs, water pitchers and basins, all of which were broken and rendered useless the moment they touched the ground. In some streets the pavement was littered with debris of this kind; when the fire got

amongst the stores, cabmen, expressmen, and roughs in general were dressed up in much better style than usual. A large number of silk hats being particularly observable on the gents, showing plainly that some stores had suffered. A lot of prisoners locked up in the City Jail were let loose; the first thing they did was to run over to the jewelry stores and plunder them of all the valuables that were convenient. Many of the store owners saved what they could, then opened the doors and told the multitude to help themselves. One of the largest jewellers out of New York did this, and a few lives were sacrificed in his place; people being so venturesome that they went once too often, and got caught with a falling building. One piano store owner commenced pulling pianos out of a third story window. This was the worst piece of business that I saw for they were smashed into splinters when they struck the ground, and greatly endangered the lives of people around. Pistols were freely used, a great many ruffians were shot for trying to break into different places, and in return a few respectable men were shot by them, for preventing them carrying out their purpose. One expressman that we employed was going to drop our things out on the street after he got a few yards when one of my newly made acquaintances drew his revolver and told him he would blow his brains out if he did. He drove quietly on after that.

"A great many lives were lost, more than ever will be known. A lot of people congregated in the tunnel under the river (that I have described in a previous letter) and most of them were smothered or burned. There were two things that helped the fire along wonderfully. They were the wooden pavements and the

quantity of things thrown out of the houses and left there.

"This ends my account. All being well, I will continue my usual weekly letter from this out. I am very well and hope you are the same, with kindest love to yourselves, Annie, and Alfred, I remain your affectionate son,

"THOMAS.

"You may show this letter to anyone you think would be interested in it. I cannot begin to write another so minute as this."

III

The fire did not touch the packing house. It was not disturbed in its operations a single day. Patrick Kelley had come over from Waterford, Ireland, to commence the singeing of hogs to compete with singed Wilshire cuts of the Irish. A singeing equipment was built at their location, Archer Avenue and Quarry Street, which is believed to be the first erected in Chicago.

Kelley has given a description of his introduction to Mr. Foster and the definite impression made upon him by years of association: "Our first meeting was in the Chicago office. I had been engaged by the Company a few weeks previously, shortly after coming across the water. His handshake was warm and firm. His countenance beamed with delight. My surprise was great when he told me a few stories of the 'Old Dart,' as I had not known until then, that he had spent part of his boyhood days in Kilkenney. My relations with him for more than a quarter of a century were pleasant—remarkably so. During that time he never uttered a word or wrote a letter that hurt my feelings. It was a pleasure to receive his

letters. It was a greater pleasure, however, to meet him face to face. He was always cheerful and offering encouragement when such was necessary. He was always ready to impart honest, sincere and healthy advice. His methods I also admired. He had a few mottoes such as 'Be honest at all times;' 'If a mistake occurs, have it attended to at once. Mistakes allowed to grow may come to be losses and cause irritation;' 'Let no one suffer from your mistakes.' An employee needed never to fear that he would be told to do or say anything except that which was one hundred per cent right and proper."

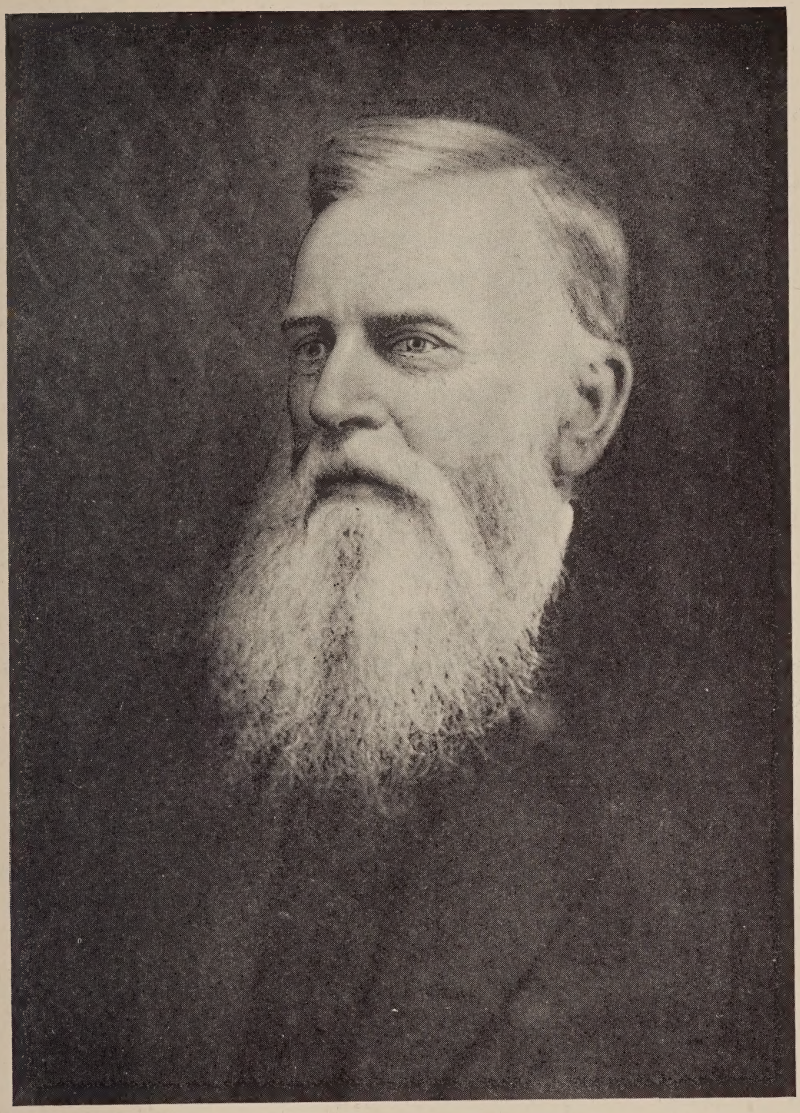
In the effort to understand the secret of Foster's success as a business man and administrator of a large and developing corporation, we come constantly upon witnesses who testify to the loyalty of the employees and of their respect and affection for their chief. This is true of the employees of the early days, some of whom are now on the pension list, and also of those in the present day organization who have had the privilege of knowing him. He seemed to radiate human sympathy and understanding in the office, in the house, and in the branch distributing agencies throughout the entire organization. He created an atmosphere in which men were able to do their best work. Such an employer knows not only the men, but their fitness for and accomplishment in the work. Every man knew that the principal of the business was intelligent as to every detail in his performance, sensitive to the spirit in which service was rendered, and generous in recognition of those who were worthy and faithful. It is the testimony of T. George McElroy, who has been with the Company thirty years, that "Mr. Foster held the greatest respect for men who

were honest in their work and their efforts to render acceptable service, but that he had no place for the man who was disloyal or disposed to shirk. My first position with John Morrell & Co.," he continues, "was a clerical one in the plant where I had opportunity to observe Mr. Foster in his contact with the laboring man in the business, and to see the attitude of the workman towards him. He was kind, but firm. There was no uncertainty as to his views or wishes. He positively impressed upon those in charge of men that men could not work and play at the same time. Whistling and singing, for example, were not to be put up with when a man was at his work." (In this he agreed with his notable contemporary, Gustavus Franklin Swift, "The Yankee of the Yards.")[1]

"I well recall an incident where a serious accident occurred in one of the departments. The head of the department was called into the private office to make a personal report with regard to the matter. This party afterwards told me that in response to Mr. Foster's question as to the cause of the trouble, he explained it was just one of the unexpected accidents which will occur around a business of this kind. Mr. Foster's forceful retort was, 'There is no such thing as an accident around a business of this kind, for an occurrence of that kind is the result of someone's carelessness or lack of proper knowledge of the thing with which he was working.' It was understood that a man responsible for certain work, must have sufficient knowledge and proper judgment for the requirement of the work so that there would be no 'accidents,' so called."

Foster was especially gifted in creating a vitalizing

[1] Louis F. Swift, *The Yankee of the Yards*



John Morrell 1811-1881

atmosphere for his workmen; an atmosphere in which every employee could do his best work. This gift coupled with his ability to select men fitted for the task to be performed, combined with the practice of checking up on the worker in his work, led to prosperity and growth in the business.

He was managing a great enterprise in three centers of responsibility: New York, Canada, and Chicago. He traveled from one of these points to the other, back and forth, and kept his hands on the various responsibilities; buying the raw products here and manufacturing them there; keeping tab on markets at home and abroad; shipping his merchandise to these markets with such promptness and discrimination that the business thrived in each place.

IV

As the population of the great corn belt increased and its producing acreage extended, the conviction grew with Foster that the Company should locate nearer to its center.

The subject was discussed with John Morrell, who was forward-looking now as ever, and Foster was instructed, at the earliest opportunity, to survey the field. On Tuesday, June 18, 1874, soon after his return from a trip to Ireland and England, on which his wife accompanied him, Foster left London, Canada, for this trip to the West. It was a venture in exploration. His diary makes a brief, minute record of his discoveries in each place visited; the packing houses already established; those that were for rent or sale; the number of hogs, cattle, and sheep slaughtered; the existing freight rates

to the great distributing centers and the distant markets; the prices demanded and secured for hogs and cattle delivered in these centers visited; and the general character of the social, religious, and economic life of the communities. His route passed through the following towns and cities in the order named: Detroit, Indianapolis, Chicago, Cedar Rapids, Burlington, Ottumwa, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis, Vincennes, Terre Haute, Decatur, thence back to Chicago and London.

He reached Ottumwa, Iowa, Wednesday, June 24, 1874, at "7:28 P.M."—ten days after leaving London—and went at once to the Ballingall Hotel. The next morning he called on Captain J. G. Hutchison, who drove him about the City.

"Looked through Ballingall's packing house situated on the Des Moines River. Country all wooded and hilly. Went to Mr. Moss' to tea and Mr. Palmer's croquet party—had a pleasant evening."

The next day he conferred with Messrs. Ballingall and Ladd, both of whom had packing houses in Ottumwa, and notes the price of hogs are from "fifty to seventy-five cents below Chicago—can get moderate selection—sometimes send drovers out—but generally can get hogs brought in—hogs are fed and watered here—freight over Chicago 10 cents to 20 cents average 15 through to Liverpool." He then left Ottumwa to complete his trip of investigation and, as recorded, returned to London, Tuesday, July 7.

The mention of Captain Hutchison as the first to be visited following the evening of his arrival, marks Foster's continuance of an acquaintance formed on one of

his trips between England and the United States, quite possibly the most recent one from which he had returned only a few weeks before. As intimated previously, in his boyhood days when assisting about the establishment at Castlecomer or Kilkenney, he opened a box of American bacon and noticed then that the shipment had come from Ottumwa, Iowa, U.S.A. He was fascinated with the name. Its suggestion piqued his curiosity. The lilt of it had lingered with him through the long years. Finding the name of a gentleman from this town on the passenger list of the boat on which he was crossing the Atlantic, he hunted him up, introduced himself, and made a friend. When they separated, the Ottumwa man extended an invitation to the young packer to visit his City. He had, as we see from the record, eagerly availed himself of the privilege, and called soon after his arrival in the place.

In making friends with Captain Hutchison, Foster was fortunate. The captain was a "gentleman of the old school," courtly in manner, solid and dependable in his citizenship, successful in merchandising, generally sincere and active in his religious duties. He and Foster were of like minds, and the visit confirmed their previous congenial relationships. Hutchison added to his previous propaganda in boosting Ottumwa, and acted as personal escort to the packing house proprietor. The courtesy and fellowship of his host made a definite and permanent impression upon the visitor, and sealed their friendship which continued until the close of the captain's honorable and useful life.

With this first visit to Ottumwa, a dream of his youthful days in Castlecomer was realized. He had not only visited the town but also the very factory from which

that box of bacon, with its enlisting advertisement, had come to Ireland! When his visit was ended we can easily imagine his thoughts would be of those youthful days and boyhood associations – the beginnings of his career, and the circumstances that had shaped his course to put him now in the land and the town of which he had dreamed. The impact of these accumulated associations made a permanent deposit in his mind favorable to his ultimate location in the place. He had learned much for serious thought regarding the future of his business.

The crucial day for decisions, however, did not arrive until three years later. In June, 1877, the question of a new site for a packing plant was considered and Foster again stepped off the train in Ottumwa.

"That this friendship was one of the factors in selecting Ottumwa as the location for the new plant was evident," as indicated in the *Fruits of One Hundred Years*.[1] "Other places were considered and the choice was not made lightly, but 'I chose Ottumwa,' Foster said, 'because of the railroad facilities, the abundant water supply, the proximity of the raw product, the natural beauty of the city, and the friendliness of the people. Men like Captain J. G. Hutchison, Captain S. H. Harper, Colonel P. G. Ballingall, Major Samuel Mahon, Major T. P. Spilman, Major A. H. Hamilton, J. H. Merrill, W. B. Bonnifield, J. W. Garner, W. R. Daum, and many others made me feel at home at once. This is the place,' I said, 'and I never regretted the choice.'"

There was also the attraction of the First Presbyterian Church and the friendly minister of that congregation,

[1] Memorial brochure celebrating the centenary of John Morrell & Co.'s organization.

the Reverend Hervey B. Knight, and his young wife, about whom he wrote to his wife. Later, they found them most congenial and steadfast friends.

When Foster summed it all up, the physical suitability of the place, the advantages for the purchase of live stock, the favorable shipping rates to Liverpool, the plants available for rent or purchase, made Ottumwa appear as a good business location. The warm outstretched hand of friendly citizens, the cordial, sincere friendship of the church, the conjunction of events that had put him in touch with this town, which had been in his mind from his childhood, seemed to indicate leadings of Providence that this was the place in which to locate.

He wrote his wife expressing this conviction and assurance, July 21, 1878:

"I got here yesterday forenoon. The trip was pleasant, not too hot, though hot enough. I got through with part of my business, that part which decides upon our locating here. So tomorrow hope to be able to look out for a house. Mr. Knight, the minister, is going to inquire. He might hear of something. I was at Church this morning. He preached a beautiful sermon as he always does. His text was from the 55th Chap. Isaiah, first part first verse. I was wishing you could hear it. This is a beautiful day. Quite a nice breeze blowing. Frank and I went for a walk into the woods. They are pretty nice and quite near. From the edge of them there is a most beautiful view all over the country. I hope, darling, you will like the place. Would not like you to be disappointed or dissatisfied, and think you won't when you see it. I am sorry to leave Chicago for many reasons, but think I can be contented

here and trust the change will be for the best. I have made it a matter of very earnest prayer and left it entirely to our Heavenly Father. I have not desired it against His wish, and from the way things have continually been occurring making it more favorable to our coming here, I cannot help but feel sure His hand is in it. As He has led me so well before, I can firmly trust Him now. Frank says the people of the Church are very nice.

"Have not met any of them socially, but should imagine them to be so judging by the minister.

"So far as I can see at present, think I shall be home by Wednesday morning."

V

In 1877 the business was organized as "John Morrell & Co., Ltd." The New York office was closed about 1874 and Chicago became the American headquarters of the Company.

With the decision to locate their manufacturing center in Ottumwa, and Foster's removal with his family there in August, 1878, some changes were made in the administration of the office in Chicago. George Morrell, grandson of the founder of the business, was transferred from Liverpool and made manager in Chicago. He was assisted by his eldest son, John H. His second son, Alfred, was connected with the Ottumwa organization.

In 1881 the sands of time ran out for the organizer and directing genius of the business. John Morrell, at the age of seventy, gave up the task and passed into the Great Beyond on the sixteenth day of June. He had devoted his time and attention to the business as a whole,

from Liverpool, having made only two brief visits to the United States.[1] In his will he left the control of the business to four nephews—Thomas, George and John Morrell, who were to be in charge of the business in Liverpool and Birkenhead, and Thomas D. Foster as General Manager in charge of the business in the United States.

In 1888, ten years after the location of the main plant in Ottumwa, it was decided that all slaughtering and packing should be done in that center and the Chicago plant was closed.

Foster was now assisted by John H. Morrell, son of his cousin George, as Assistant General Manager, and this distribution of responsibility was continued until 1893 when Foster was made official head of the entire business in England and America, which position he held until his death in July, 1915.

In this period of the business, the administrative resourcefulness of Foster was severely tested. The panic of 1893 proved to be the death of many business organizations in the United States, which were unable to secure sufficient loans to tide them over the difficult shoals of falling markets and mounting expenditures. By this time Foster had proved his ability as a financier as well as his expertness as a packer. He had formed connections with the best financial organizations in New York and Chicago. With them his credit was sufficiently well

[1]An impression is abroad contrary to this statement. In historical notes made by T. D. Foster is the following: "The principal (John Morrell) made two visits to the United States and Canada, the first one in the spring of 1866 when he was accompanied by his wife. He visited Cincinnati and Chicago but was compelled to hasten home on account of the failure of Averend Gurney and Co. of London which brought on a serious monetary panic in England."

established to enable him to secure funds when the Company's treasury needed the ready cash.

But with the panic came a disaster that well-nigh forced John Morrell & Co., Ltd. into bankruptcy. On the evening of July 12, 1893, a devastating fire almost entirely destroyed the Ottumwa plant. Through the carelessness of a clerk who failed to return the stock books to the safe that night, these, too, were destroyed. Thus the very records on which the Company's claims for insurance against loss could be based, were lost. It was a dark morning. Many men, going about amid the smoking ruins, shook their heads and uttered gloomy prophecies. "The Company would not be able to recover."

Not so Thomas D. Foster. "It looks pretty bad," he said, "but we are not busted yet,"—the echo of the motto on the Foster coat of arms must have been running through his mind, as he walked amid the ruins of his plant—*Si fractus fortis*, "If broken be brave." This was Foster in that hour. He announced that the plant would be immediately rebuilt. When the adjusters for the insurance companies appeared they all, with one exception, without hesitancy agreed the policies should be paid in full—a fine compliment to the integrity of the man and head of the firm with whom they had to deal.

There were other incidents in this period that put Foster's metal to the test.

About the middle of the decade, 1890 to 1900, a representative of the American Fine Art Company visited John Morrell & Co., Ltd., in Chicago and secured the confidence of the officials of the Company sufficiently to write some orders for advertising matter. Later, the representative of this firm, who was also the moving

spirit of his organization, returned and exhibited various designs for labels, prints, posters, cut-outs, etc., and asked that such of the display as were approved be "O.K.'d" this being "merely for the purpose of registration and identification in case [they] should need any of that work at some future time." Later he had officials of John Morrell & Co., Ltd. sign a contract which was apparently an agreement to examine designs, approve them, and if, later, they should order them these would be manufactured at prices stated in the contract. With this understanding Foster complied with this request, O.K.'d certain designs, and the agent of the American Fine Art Company took them back to Milwaukee. Later, these signatures, the agent claimed, were prima facie evidence that articles so designated had been ordered, and that the American Fine Art Company was entitled to payment for printing of the same in fulfillment of contract with John Morrell & Co., Ltd. A long and voluminous correspondence and repeated conferences followed in which John Morrell & Co., Ltd. maintained they had not so understood when placing the initials on the forms involved. However, inserted in the signed agreement was a clause which read: "When I have examined and approved and thus ordered the designs submitted," so skillfully drawn that the average layman was unable to appreciate its legal effect. Several large corporations whose goods were nationally known were caught by the trick. When once the signature was obtained the "contract" was filed and allowed to lie for a few years; then, the signatories were notified that a bill of goods from the American Fine Art Company was ready for shipment as per contract. The receipt of such

a notice about 1901 was the first intimation that John Morrell & Co., Ltd. had that they had signed a "contract" ordering said goods from them. Foster was greatly surprised and annoyed by such methods and began a correspondence with the American Fine Art Company that lasted about two years. They threatened suit but never actually began it. Foster, fearing they would delay it until after his death, when they would have far less difficulty in proving their case, turned it over to his boyhood friend, the Honorable Judge Michael Farrell of Boston. After thorough study of the case including some 500 letters that had passed between John Morrell & Co., Ltd. and the American Fine Art Company, a suit in equity was begun in the United States Court praying for cancellation of the alleged "contract," on the ground that it had been obtained through fraud. After this suit was started many other victims who had been similarly harrassed began like suits asking for cancellation of their contracts. In due time a decision was handed down by the United States Court granting the petition of John Morrell & Co., Ltd. The complaint in the suit was not that goods had been forced upon them they could not use and did not want; but that the signature to the contract had been obtained by fraud, a practice which Foster would have staked all he possessed to defeat. Since the activities of this company were wide-spread, he entered suit against it with desire to render a public service in the exposure and defeat of its wrongful, criminal procedure.

In this period an incident of national importance involved John Morrell & Co., Ltd. The Government of the United States was investigating the packing industry.

There had been violations of the laws regulating the freight rates for the shipment of packing house products. Certain packers were summoned to appear in Washington before the investigating committee. A belief was abroad that there had been a collusion among the packers to subvert the legislation governing these shipments. Those who were called before the committee were put under oath. The question was asked if the witness had ever received rebates. When it came to Foster he replied, "I have not." He then expanded his statement and emphasized his complete separation from such a practice in these words. "I have never at any time received one penny in rebates from any source or from any shipment."

When his testimony was finished, a prominent packer went up and congratulated him on his freedom to testify as he had before the commission and said: "Mr. Foster, what you have said here today, I would give $100,000 to be able to say."

About the time of this investigation of the Government, Foster was approached by a representative of a great railway corporation and informed that some $85,000 was being held in a certain city to his credit, and that as such funds would be delivered only on his own or his representative's appearance, he was asked to make such application and receive the funds. Foster declared he knew nothing about the situation thus presented to him and asked how it happened that such a sum of money was being held by the railway to his credit. Whereupon he was informed that rebates accumulated on his shipments amounted to the sum mentioned. To this Foster replied: "I have never made a shipment in

my life for which the legal published rate was not paid. No rebate was ever asked or expected. I shall never make application for the money you say has accumulated, neither shall any representative of mine be sent to receive it."

Following the death of John Morrell, the business in America continued to prosper and expand. In 1909 the demand for an enlarged output in manufactured products led to the establishing of a plant in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. A modern up-to-date plant was built with T. Henry Foster, second son of T. D. Foster, and J. C. Stentz in charge. They were succeeded by W. H. T. Foster, the eldest son, and George McClelland Foster, third son of T. D. Foster, and later John Morrell Foster, his youngest son.

The business of this plant has been successfully managed and its output has become almost equal to that of the Ottumwa plant. In that same year, also, a reorganization took place under the name of John Morrell & Co. as a co-partnership in America and John Morrell & Co., Ltd. continuing as the British company. Later in 1915 another reorganization took place and John Morrell & Co., an American corporation, was formed with an inter-related and interlocking directorate with John Morrell & Co., Ltd. in Liverpool.

The business reputation which John Morrell & Co. built up was for sound integrity and sterling quality in all their manufactured products. In the manufacturing and marketing of these products, the first requirement of the workman was to see to it that the content of the can, the carton, or the shipment was exactly as guaranteed by the label appearing on the package, or as repre-

sented in the correspondence of the office. J. Fred Farrell, attorney, son of Michael Farrell, gives an account of an occasion, when the test of this policy was made. Mr. Farrell considered thoroughness the chief characteristic of John Morrell & Co.–"qualities in part accounted for in the educational ideals and practices of the old country." "It was some twenty-five years ago when John Morrell & Co. put new canned goods on the market," says Mr. Farrell. "Mr. Foster's chief ambition was to put something out better than anything already on the market. When the State of Massachusetts began to legislate on pure food laws, and when packers were being investigated, Mr. Foster suggested that samples of canned meats be submitted to the State Health Department to see if these conformed to the law. I can recall," says Mr. Farrell, "that John Morrell & Co. was one of a few of the packers whose goods passed muster in our State Department. I recall that their goods ranked with two others whose goods were always high class."

The object always kept in view by the Company has been dependability and genuineness in the quality of its products. An incident in the plant at Ottumwa twenty-five or thirty years ago also illustrates this. Foster was going through the lard department when he noticed some empty cans with large labels on them–"PURE LEAF LARD." Going up to these cans he pushed one of them with his foot, and finding it empty, turned about to the man in charge, making an observation on the advertisement and closed with a straight look at the superintendent to whom he was speaking, and said: "Ernest, be sure the content of the can is exactly as it is declared to be in the advertisement." Fidelity to these principles

of honesty, dependableness, and quality in manufactured goods through all the years of its history, has built John Morrell & Co. upon a foundation that is broad enough and in a structure stable enough to bear the tests of time.

The equipment of Foster for great responsibilities was exceptional. He keenly observed the march of events. His authority in administration, his foresight and management of his organization developed cohesion and strength in every department. His anticipation of probable changes which such a business as his would have to face in the progress of invention and discovery are being verified today, fourteen years after his death. His sound judgment in trade, his probity and skill in finance established credit in financial centers of Chicago and New York; his anticipation of the readjustments his organization would have to make, or which would be found advantageous in years to come, through the march of progress, by invention and organization of commercial, economic, and industrial life, were those of the seer and prophet.

He had been frequently in demand as a speaker to business men throughout the Country. In 1900 he made an address to such a group in which is illustrated the breadth and insight of his understanding of the spirit of progress. His subject was "Four Inventions." With characteristic modesty he begins with a note of disavowal of wisdom. He spoke as follows:

"It does not require a very large amount of intelligence to recognize the fact that changes are taking place in the world and in our own Country, of such a character that many things are different from what they formerly

were. These have come about so quietly that few people stop to think what causes have worked them out.

"There are those before me who remember the time when the trains on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad (passing through Ottumwa), known as numbers 3 and 4, met at the old Union Depot, and the passengers took dinner together under the hospitable roof of the hotel owned and managed by Colonel Ballingall. There is now almost the length of a day between them. But even this is surpassed by the speed of two trains that enable a passenger to visit Chicago and return, between an early breakfast and a late supper. Trains have run between New York and Chicago daily, that left the former city at the close of banking hours one day, and placed their passengers in the latter by the time the banks opened next day, covering the space of 1000 miles in 19 hours and practically wasting none of a business man's time in transporting him from one city to another, with no loss of interest in the transmission of funds from the metropolis of the East to the metropolis of the West. Men's time, and interest on money and investments, are two of the most important items in the world's business. While this reduction has been taking place in the time consumed in carrying persons and funds from place to place on the railroads, no reduction has taken place in the charges. A passenger pays as much for a journey to Chicago or New York today as he did when the time occupied was double what it is today; but against this, there is no great outcry, for the greater speed saves him time. Time is money. He is given comforts and conveniences in his travels which send him forth from the train so

fresh, clean, well-fed and sprightly, that he at once enters upon the business of the day the same as if he were leaving his own home or hotel. The railroads have done nobly in this respect, and it is only the occasional traveler who begrudges them their fare. So much for the passenger service.

"Now what about the freight service, that tremendous business of handling and transporting the products of the farm, the mines, and the factories from one end of the land to the other? Well, it has not stood still during the progress that has been made in the safe speeding and comfortable conveyances of passengers and mails. In some respects indeed, it has gone ahead of the latter, especially in the matter of charges, for while it costs about as much to carry a passenger from Ottumwa to Chicago or New York as it did twenty-five or thirty years ago, the rate of freight has been cut in three. What these changes mean to this western country is impossible to estimate, for in commercial calculations, distance is not measured by miles, but by time and expense. In point of time Denver is no farther from New York than Chicago was thirty years ago. In point of freight rate, some point about one-third of the way across Nebraska, represents the rate from Chicago to New York. During rate wars Denver, again, represents the same distance from New York as Chicago, at the time before referred to. About the year 1870 our Company was in business at London, Canada, 500 miles from Montreal. The rate for our class of freight varied from sixty-five to seventy cents per one hundred pounds between the two points. Having a larger shipment than usual, I offered the Grand Trunk Road sixty cents per one hundred pounds, but this was

disdainfully declined, with the remark that it 'would not pay grease for the car.' Within a year, for a short time, we shipped the same class of freight from Ottumwa to Boston, almost 1400 miles for thirty cents! Who can estimate the hundreds of millions of dollars that have been added to the wealth of Illinois, and the states lying towards the setting sun? We pause for an answer, yet none comes. But, we naturally ask the question, why is this so? Some will say steam. Yes; but there was steam thirty years ago. Others will say larger locomotives. Yes; though many remember that immense Corliss engine in the exhibition of '76. The genius that conceived such a machine could have planned a larger locomotive; yet it was not done. Why? For the simple reason that an iron rail would not carry the weight. All the advancement referred to in this paper was only made possible when Bessemer invented the process for making steel, which brought its cost down to a figure that enabled railroad companies to adopt it for rails in place of iron. Those of you who are familiar with the construction of wrought iron, know that it is made up of thin layers. These layers under the pressure and pounding of locomotive and car wheels soon become segregated. The rail flattened and weakened, calling for such frequent renewals that it was absolutely necessary to keep the weight of the locomotive and cars at a minimum, or incur expenses for new rails, and labor of laying them that used up all the margin of profit. The invention by Bessemer of his process for making a steel exactly suited for railroad rails has made it possible to operate any locomotive that can be built, within the limits of a 4 foot $8\frac{1}{2}$ inch gauge track. And now we see the old train load

of twenty cars, loaded to a maximum of ten tons each, or 200 tons to a locomotive, replaced by a locomotive that has the record of pulling twenty-five cars of coal of forty tons each, equal to 1,000 tons, not including the extra weight of the cars. And in passing we may note that the 1,000 tons of freight are now carried with the same crew that operated the train with 200 tons on the iron rails. The steel rail has made this change possible, and goes to prove that *momentous* consequences may be the result of some simple discovery or invention.

"Thirty-two years ago I made my first trip across the Atlantic, in the steamer that was, at that time, the greyhound of the ocean. We landed in New York on the tenth day from Liverpool. The steamer carried 1,000 tons of freight, burned eighty tons of coal each day, and carried eighty cabin and 400 steerage passengers. I have made the trip across in recent years and landed on the sixth day from New York. The steamer carried 1,000 tons of freight, 500 cabin and 1,000 steerage passengers, and burned 350 tons of coal each day. Today there are steamers crossing the Atlantic burning 90 tons of coal each day, that make the passage inside ten days, that carry 15,000 tons of freight making the same time, on the same coal, as the steamer I first crossed in, yet carrying fifteen times the weight of freight. While this, of course, means much for the Atlantic trade, it means much more to the Pacific and the southern hemisphere, which, in times past, were only reached by sailing vessels after long and dangerous passages. Steamers could only carry coal for a fourteen days voyage and, in that time, would only cover about 3,000 miles, and in bad weather, it was no unusual occurrence for them to burn part of the cargo

in order to reach port. Bacon and lard, belonging to our Company, have found their way into the steamer's furnace more than once, and were, no doubt, instrumental in saving ship and lives. Such experiences are unknown in these days in well managed lines. Rather a peculiar coincidence exists in the effect that modern steamers have exercised upon passenger fares and freight rates, which goes to prove that human beings value time and comfort. The cost of passage today, by the first class steamers, is higher than it was thirty years ago; but old Atlantic travelers foot the bills, grumble a little, yet, always patronize the fast and comfortable vessels. Freight rates, however, on the ocean, like those on the land, have been so much reduced that there is scarcely any product, be it ever so common and cheap, but what can be shipped at some season of the year. I have seen the time when in New York, I have stood in line to secure some steamer room for shipments of freight to Liverpool at $17.00 per ton, and then only have been assigned half as much as required. And I have seen the time, within two years, when steamship agents have stood in line for freight and then could not get all they wanted at $1.00 per ton to Liverpool. It is wonderful how things even themselves up in this world in the course of a few years. Only be patient, just and diligent, and things will come our way sometime.

"Now, what caused this great change? There are no steel rails on the great deep, and steamships are but steamships, even now as then. Well, there is a cause, that is, the invention of the compound steam engine. Thirty-two years ago, the steam pressure in the boilers of a steamer was twenty pounds to the square inch. It is now

two hundred pounds and some have reached even three hundred pounds. Then, the steam was used but once. Now, no steamer, making any pretension to be modern, uses the steam less than three times, and in some special cases, as many as five times. So that what the steel rail has done for the land, the compound engine has done for the sea; and between them the world has been reduced in size by one-half. To supply a nation like Great Britain, with its population of 40,000,000 of people with eatables, is a problem that interests, not only Great Britain itself, but every country that raises more food products than it can consume, which of course, includes our own. There is not much use raising a surplus if it cannot be placed upon the market at the consumer's door, in a form sufficiently attractive to make it appetizing. To judge of the efficiency with which this work is being done, it is almost necessary to take a walk through Smithfield Market in London and see the thousands of carcasses of beeves, calves, lambs, hares, rabbits, etc., along with racks loaded with ducks, chickens, pigeons, etc.; or a walk through Covent Garden Market and see the fruits and vegetables that are grown in milder climes than England knows; or fruits that are out of season altogether in the northern hemisphere but which come out bright and fresh and smiling from the southern. The animal food products, before referred to, are drawn from Canada, our own country, Argentine, New Zealand and Australia. The food products of the vegetable kingdom, originate in Spain, Italy, the islands in the Atlantic to the west of Africa, and Tasmania, as well as from the countries supplying meats. So that distance by miles in the transferring of these products from

one point to another is almost annihilated. And while appearances, at first, would seem to indicate that this change is rather against this country than for it, the final outcome will be overwhelmingly in our favor. The growth of the consumption of fresh meats will be steady especially in thickly settled countries like China and Japan, as the habits of more civilized peoples spread amongst the better classes of those lands—which is sure to be the case. So that the loss in English trade through southern hemisphere competition, will be made up by the ever enlarging field in other directions. The economies now in practice for transferring and preserving perishables in hot climates are not confined to the world outside the United States. Our own country is making use of them, too. Abattoirs, for the slaughter of food animals, and for the curing of their products are in existence where an inch of ice is never known. And as time moves along, there will be more of them. So that the south will not always look to the north for all its meat supply. This may not look encouraging for the north; but as the south is able to supply its own wants, the north will push out to other lands, for there are some left yet, to conquer; and in the end, our Nation as a whole, will be the richer.

"There is a cause for this change and it has all come about within the memory of many of those present. What is it? Well, artificial refrigeration. Without this, such conditions as I have described would be impossible. No steamer could afford to carry natural ice to preserve a cargo of fresh meat from New York to Liverpool, let alone from Australia. No packing house could afford to conduct its operations in the south, had the natural ice

to be hauled down there to accomplish it. In fact, the operation of a plant like the Morrell's, in our City, would be problematical – seeing a consumption of almost 100,000 tons of ice annually would be necessary, and a capacity for storing about double that quantity to carry over years of failure in securing an ice crop. From the foregoing statement of facts, it is easy to see how the world's commerce has been started on lines never dreamed of before. The invention of the process for producing low temperatures at a cost that has brought it down to a commercial basis, has put within the reach of man in any one country, almost all the delicacies and substantials of all the countries in the world.

"The unused forces of nature are greater than man can compute. The wastage is out of all proportion to the atom we use. The horse-power of all the steam engines in the United States can be ascertained, approximately, yet the gentle winds that pass over the landscape on a summer evening, if concentrated and turned against the steam engines, would bring their combined power to a standstill, and send the wheels whirling at express speed in the other direction. The waterfalls in our rivers and streams would do the same, to say nothing of the rise and fall of the ocean tide. But how little has been done in all the ages past to utilize these forces! Scarcely anything. And the little that has been done, has taken place within the last twelve or fifteen years. Then again, think of the wastage of the power which has been artificially produced, and that at great cost: Large plants, with ten or twelve batteries of boilers, scattered about, great distances apart; a hundred steam pumps, all working at a maximum of cost; long lines of steam pipes condensing

steam; long lines of shafting with accompanying gears, pulleys and friction. Add to this the bosses necessary to take charge of each steam outfit, and the army of men to clean, oil and watch so many moving units, and we can, in a measure, form an idea of the cost of power compared with what is possible in a modern central power plant, working under minimum cost of production, everything in sight, one superintendent, two or three sub-bosses, a system for carrying power to the remotest corner of the works; no friction requiring power to overcome; no wearing parts to be oiled and kept in repair; no steam condensation! This is possible if a medium can be found through which a machine can be put in motion in a moment, that will do a man's work, two men's work, a horse-power, or a hundred horse-power, so making machinery do more and more of the toil that has been man's burden.

"All this is now an accomplished fact. The experimental stage has been passed. Such plants have been installed and more of them are going in. Right here, I desire to pay a tribute to the intelligence of the American workman, who never seems to resent the introduction of machinery of a labor saving character. The effect never seems to frighten them into a belief that machinery will some day drive them to starvation—which is almost universally felt by their English brethren, even to this day. The American workman comprehends the fact, that whatever cheapens production, enlarges the field. And that, while for a time, individual instances of hardships occur, the average shows a gain in their favor eventually.

"We are, however, only working around the fringe of

what is to be accomplished through the more general adoption of this power conveying medium. It not only revolutionizes the operation of large manufacturing plants, but it is applicable to the rural districts, for the reason that it is not necessary now to carry the work to the power, as was formerly the case, but the power can be carried to the work. Any farmer with hilly land, where there is a small quantity of running water, can establish a power plant. Any farmer on the plains can, with a windmill, establish a power plant and store some power against a still day (though this is not perfected yet). And it is within the possible, not to say the probable, that the time may come when farmers will unite in erecting central plants, distributing power that would prove useful for a variety of purposes not thought of today—from plowing the fields to turning the churn, and heating incubators for the hatching of chickens and other fowls. I think by this time you have formed a fairly clear idea of the medium referred to making these things possible and many others that will be the outgrowth of them, that is, electricity. This medium is the infant of the quartet of inventions which have been the subject of this paper. But for its age, it has outgrown them all in the economies effected and from present appearances has a future beyond our wildest dreams. Its usefulness is somewhat retarded on account of the arrangement for storing the power generated, it being too cumbersome and expensive. This will no doubt be remedied in time. There is no good reason why today every farmhouse should not be lighted by electricity, except the difficulty in securing repairs for machines out of order. But when this equipment becomes common,

there will be found, traveling electricians who will put small outfits in order; as there are now stove, tinware and umbrella mechanics traversing the country, ever ready to make the old as good as new. A windmill, a small generator, and a small storage battery can make country life a delight. The time will doubtless come, when the farmer will send his products to town during the night by trolley freight train and ride to town next day by trolley passenger to dispose of them. We must keep in mind that electricity is not a power, but merely a medium for the transmission of power; and that the invention is not that of electricity, but of the system whereby it can be used for conveying power over distances entirely impossible and impracticable in the past. It will be noticed that the four inventions named all tend towards the easement of the burdens of life; making the world a better place to live in than it has been in the days gone by. God in His love has provided all these things for us. And man, working with Him, has wrought them out. May we work with Him in spiritual things as well; and great will be the blessing that will come to us and all around."

VI

As a business man there were four definite impressions which the personal qualities of Foster made upon men.

First, his unusual capacity for details. He kept a few notes in a pocket memorandum, but these were so meager they would not have been of value to anyone else and were in no way indicative of the many items that the law of association enabled him to call up when he read them. Files, memoranda, daily "ticklers," calendars, cross in-

dexes, and other modern devices which are common office equipment today, were little used by him for his personal advantage. When we consider the magnitude of the business as he developed it, little progress had been made in the departmentalizing of his organization. There were comparatively few private records in his desk, or keeping, when he gave place to other men. Private and corporation correspondence was filed in the same drawer. But this did not concern him. His greatest concern was to know and remember the facts about his personnel. There was hardly a man or woman in his employ with whom he was not acquainted and whom he could not address by his or her Christian name; whose record as an employee he did not know; whose home life he had not learned about; with whose religious welfare he was not concerned; and whose habits he had not observed. Added to all these items, he kept at his finger tips the market reports far and near; the rates of exchange at home and abroad; and the legislation of State and Nation that would affect the business for good or for ill. And what was true of his business was also true of the interests and institutions with which he was connected or in which he was interested. His capacity for details was enormous.

In the second place, you were impressed with his buoyancy and social warmth. One would never meet a man more easy of approach or more generous in sympathy. Many a poor man has found a way to reach him when the rich or the man "higher up" could not. Business could not crowd the poor man out until he had been heard. Many a discouraged and disheartened workman, after a talk with him, has gone out to face the struggle

and the combat of life valiantly. He was accustomed to take the long look ahead and to promulgate the philosophy that things will be evened up in time. Patience will solve many a perplexity, if practiced. Justice will be vindicated in the process of the years, and righteousness will be established ultimately in the earth. It would have been difficult to find a better companion with whom to walk in a dark hour. He never lost confidence in the Divine Presence and direction. It was this spirit that made it possible for him to keep industrial and administrative strife out of his organization when disturbers worked desperately to stir it up.

His gift for sustained attention to the business in hand was a third impressive characteristic. He was a splendid listener. In years of association, and under circumstances severely testing the patience of trustees and directors sitting with him, when every one else was ready to explode with impatience or wrath, Foster sat quietly, giving his attention to the subject being presented, absolutely without perturbation, and with an enlistment he would have given to the most important concern of his private or business life. The long hours which described every day for him, the multiplied interests which engaged him and the success which attended him, witnessed to this gift. It was only by such power so much could have been accomplished. His capacity for work was unlimited. One of the first indications of his physical breakdown was the loss of this power, and an impatience with indirectness and sloth in performance on the part of others. When these began to appear it was evident that the giant's strength was departing.

His attitude on the expansion of his organization was

impressive. John Morrell & Co. could have been on a much larger scale had he desired it. His policy was one of restraint and limitation rather than expansion and enlargement. Two factors seem to be constantly at play in him to this end. First, his hesitancy to league with personalities whose fundamental principles and business practices were uncongenial. He would not connect with men whose moral convictions might be unacceptable and whose practices he could not approve. He avoided men whose acquisitive desire and purpose was of the Ben Jonson type,

"Get money, still get money, boy,
"No matter by what means."

"He wanted to make money; but he wanted to be sure not to barter his conscience, nor do violence to his fellows, when making it. In the second place he wanted to know each man associated with him, however humble the place in the business assigned to that man. The surging vitality and urge for expansion which was in the organization, and it was always there, he therefore restrained.

But the time ultimately came when he saw that this policy could no longer be enforced. As he saw the necessity of surrendering his leadership to others, he warned them against the dangers to which "big business" was liable, and counselled the preparation of safeguards against the dangers which he saw would inevitably accompany the enlargement of the coming days. Upon the death of Foster in 1915, his cousin, John H. Morrell, succeeded to the presidency. Morrell had been Assistant General Manager and intimate associate with Foster for

twenty-four years. His health was already much impaired when he succeeded to the headship of the business, and six years after the death of his kinsman, Mr. Morrell succumbed to the disease from which he had been suffering for some time.

The American business then passed to the management of the sons of Foster, each one of whom has been employed in the business from boyhood, excepting those months of every year when they were in college. T. Henry Foster became President and General Manager; W. H. T. Foster, Vice-President and Manager of the Sioux Falls plant; George M. Foster, Secretary and Assistant General Manager; J. Morrell Foster, Director, associated with W. H. T. Foster in the Sioux Falls establishment. Associated with them on the death of Mr. Morrell was Morgan T. McClelland, brother-in-law of Thomas D. Foster, who began his association with the business as mail boy for the office in the eighties. He was elected to the Board of Directors and appointed General Sales Manager. McClelland was a man of sterling character and sound judgment, gifted in administration. His capacity for detail and for continuous application to his task was exceptional and, inspired by his brother-in-law and chief, these excellencies were assiduously developed. But his health was not robust. His strength was not sufficient to cope with the exhaustion which diseases added to responsibility. In the latter part of June, 1927, he entered the hospital in Chicago for medical care and there on the 26th of July, 1927, he died.

Upon the death of Mr. McClelland, John C. Stentz, who has been with the Company for many years, was

elected to succeed him as Director of Sales. He, with the four sons named above, now constitute the executive officers of the business in the United States.

The solidity, breadth, and stability of the work of Thomas D. Foster, founder and developing genius of John Morrell & Co. for forty-seven years, are witnessed in the great expansion which the Directors and Executives have been able to make upon the foundations he laid. The Corporation has been repeatedly reorganized to meet the demands which vitality and opportunity have required. The last of these reorganizations occurred in November, 1928, when John Morrell & Co. ceased to be a private enterprise and became a public corporation. The announcement of this change and the financial assets of the Corporation thus organized and presented to the public, is a fitting appendix to this chapter and may properly conclude the history of Thomas D. Foster as a business man.

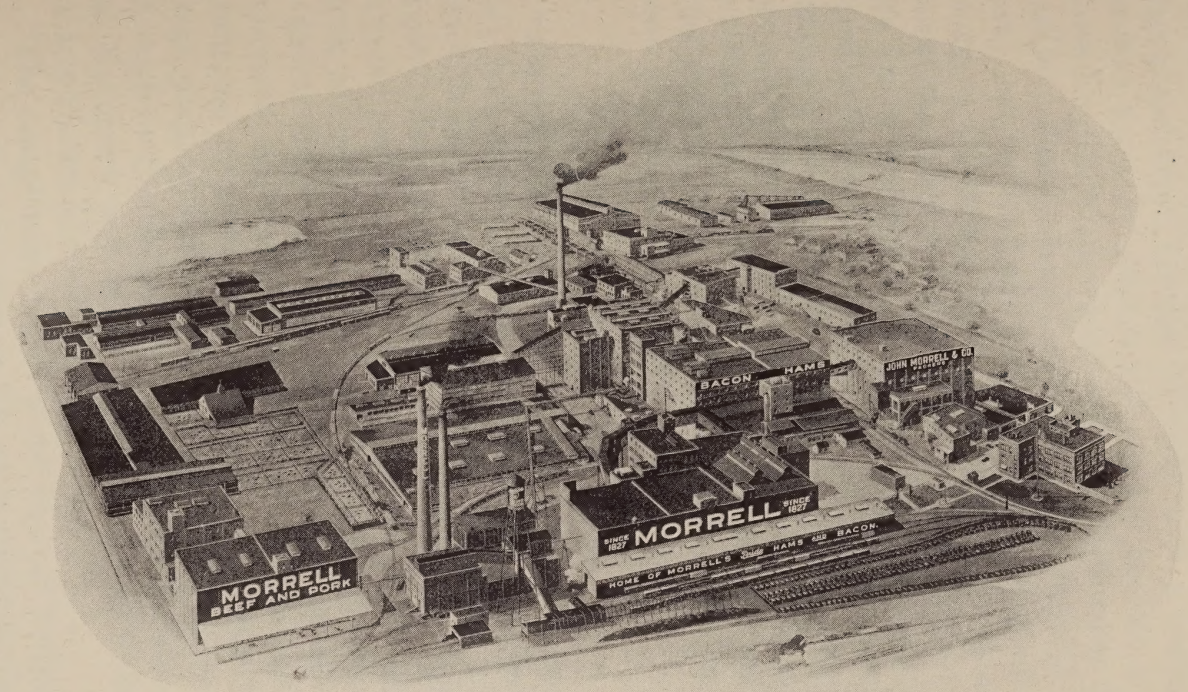
"Ottumwa, Iowa, November 28, 1928.

"Dear Sirs:

"In connection with your offering of 133,333 shares of Common Stock of John Morrell & Co., Inc., I take pleasure in giving you the following information:

"HISTORY

"John Morrell & Co., Inc., a Delaware corporation, has been organized to take over the entire meat and provision packing business associated with the name John Morrell & Co., a Maine corporation, by acquiring all of its outstanding capital stock and all the capital stock of the several affiliated corporations through which this business has heretofore been operated. The business was



Packing Plant — 1930, John Morrell & Co., Ottumwa, Iowa

established in England over a hundred years ago by my great-grandfather, George Morrell, with a capital of less than $300. By 1860 it had already become a well known English wholesale provision establishment. Four years later the first American branch was opened in New York, and in 1878 the principal packing plant was moved to Ottumwa, Iowa, which has ever since remained the American headquarters of the Morrell business. In 1911 a second comprehensive plant was completed in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The record of the business, particularly during the last twenty years, has been one of steady and continuous growth. The present combined net worth of $17,936,204 has been accumulated entirely from reinvested earnings after the payment of substantial cash dividends.

"BUSINESS

"The business now to be known as John Morrell & Co., Inc., constitutes one of the largest meat packing concerns in the United States and one of the leading organizations specializing in the packing and curing of branded pork products. In addition to slaughtering live stock and marketing pork, beef, and other meats, the organization produces and distributes a large variety of processed food articles, including dairy products, and numerous by-products more recently developed by the meat packing industry. Its products are distributed throughout the United States, Great Britain, Continental European and other foreign countries under the widely known *Morrell* brands.

"The conspicuous success of the Morrell business and its outstanding position in the meat products industry

result from the strategic location of its plants, the unusually high quality of its products, and the efficiency of its methods of distribution. The Company's plants are situated at the approximate geographical center of the Corn Belt where two thirds of the hogs and one fourth of the beef cattle of the country are raised. As the Company has for many years been a leading factor in the furthering of scientific live stock husbandry, many hog and cattle raisers in the Corn Belt look upon the Morrell plants as their permanent market for prime live stock. Over seventy-five percent of its live stock supply comes to the Company without solicitation and directly from the hog and cattle raisers. Being raised in the vicinity of the Morrell plants and therefore not subjected to long, injurious railway hauls, this live stock reaches the Company pens in the best possible condition. The exceptional supply of prime live stock and the precautions taken at every step to insure the maintenance of a uniformly high standard of quality and flavor in its processed articles have brought about a constantly increasing consumer demand for the products distributed under the *Morrell* brands. The Company, through subsidiaries and otherwise, maintains sales agencies in important cities in this country, and at many points in Great Britain, Continental European and other foreign countries. Although branch houses are maintained at fourteen important distributing centers, sixty-five percent of the domestic deliveries to retailers are handled by the route car method with resultant economies of time and expense.

"PLANTS

"Packing plants are owned and operated at Ottumwa,

Iowa, and Sioux Falls, South Dakota, covering approximately 150 acres of land and having an aggregate annual capacity of 2,500,000 hogs, cattle, and sheep. Both plants are thoroughly modern and fully equipped for efficient operation. Through a subsidiary, the Company owns 500 refrigerator and tank cars and leases 200 additional cars.

"CAPITALIZATION

"The entire authorized and outstanding capitalization of John Morrell & Co., Inc., consists of 400,000 shares of Common Stock, of no par value. *Neither the Company nor any of its subsidiaries has any funded debt or preferred stock outstanding in the hands of the public.* Having been purchased directly from individual stockholders, the 133,333 shares of Common Stock now being offered represent no new financing for the Company.

"BALANCE SHEET

"The consolidated balance sheet of John Morrell & Co., Inc., and its subsidiaries, as of September 29, 1928, after giving effect to recapitalization involving the withdrawal of cash and marketable securities in accordance with terms of agreement, has been certified by independent auditors as follows:

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS:		
Cash on hand and in banks		$ 982,244.43
Cash surrender value of life insurance policies		54,173.01
Notes and Accounts Receivable –		
Notes receivable	$ 36,000.00	
Customers' accounts	4,035,040.35	
Sundry debtors	124,706.39	
Advances to employees	10,829.75	
Together		$4,206,576.49

Less — Reserve for doubtful accounts	72,157.50	4,134,418.99	
Claims (Net)		7,777.77	
Inventories less reserves –			
Product, including consignments	7,921,245.45		
Raw materials — Livestock and Supplies	965,099.73	8,886,345.18	
TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS			$14,064,959.38
INVESTMENTS AND ADVANCES			28,272.40
CAPITAL ASSETS AT NET BOOK VALUES:			
Land, Buildings and fixed equipment		7,434,374.96	
Refrigerator and tank cars		936,429.10	
Tools, delivery equipment, furniture, etc.		542,669.02	
Construction in progress		23,780.30	8,937,253.38
DEFERRED CHARGES			104,806.47
			$23,135,291.63

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES:		
Drafts drawn against consignments	$ 87,231.25	
Accounts Payable	486,545.68	
Sundry deposit and loan accounts	3,714,431.99	
Accrued property taxes, wages, etc.	170,967.65	
Sales ex consignment, account sales not rendered	66,423.61	
Insurance fund	16,439.46	
Reserve for income taxes	657,047.66	
TOTAL CURRENT LIABILITIES		$ 5,199,087.30
RESERVES		297,000.00
CAPITAL AND INITIAL SURPLUS represented by — 400,000 shares of common stock of no par value		17,639,204.33
		$23,135,291.63

"On the basis of the above balance sheet, net tangible assets aggregate $17,831,397 or $44.58 per share of authorized and outstanding Common Stock. Net current assets amount to $8,865,872 or $22.16 per share. The book value of the Company's properties represents costs less depreciation charged out of earnings and is considerably below sound value as indicated by a recent independent appraisal.

"EARNINGS

"*The business has earned a substantial profit in each of the last fifteen years, including the post-war period of depression.*

"The consolidated net profits of the predecessor companies for the five and one-half years ended September 29, 1928, after all charges including depreciation and Federal income taxes and after giving effect to the adjustment of income in respect of cash and marketable securities withdrawn, have been certified by independent auditors as follows:

Years Ended March 31	Net Profits		Per Share
1924	$2,223,840		$5.56
1925	2,939,806		7.35
1926	1,336,733		3.34
1927	1,906,782		4.76
1928	1,591,488		3.98
6 Mos. Ended Sept. 29			
1928	1,745,894	(six months)	4.36
Average Per Year for 5½ years	2,135,371		5.34

"Inventory at September 29, 1928, was priced conservatively in anticipation of the seasonal market decline.

"DIVIDENDS

"It is the intention of the Company to place the Common Stock on an annual dividend basis of $3.60 per share by the declaration of an initial quarterly dividend of 90c per share, payable on or before March 15, 1929.

"GENERAL

"The public offering of this Common Stock involves no change in the management or control of the business.

The men who have been responsible for its successful operation over a long period of years, and who have for the most part grown up in the business, will continue in active management and will control, directly or indirectly, a majority of the Common Stock of John Morrell & Co., Inc.

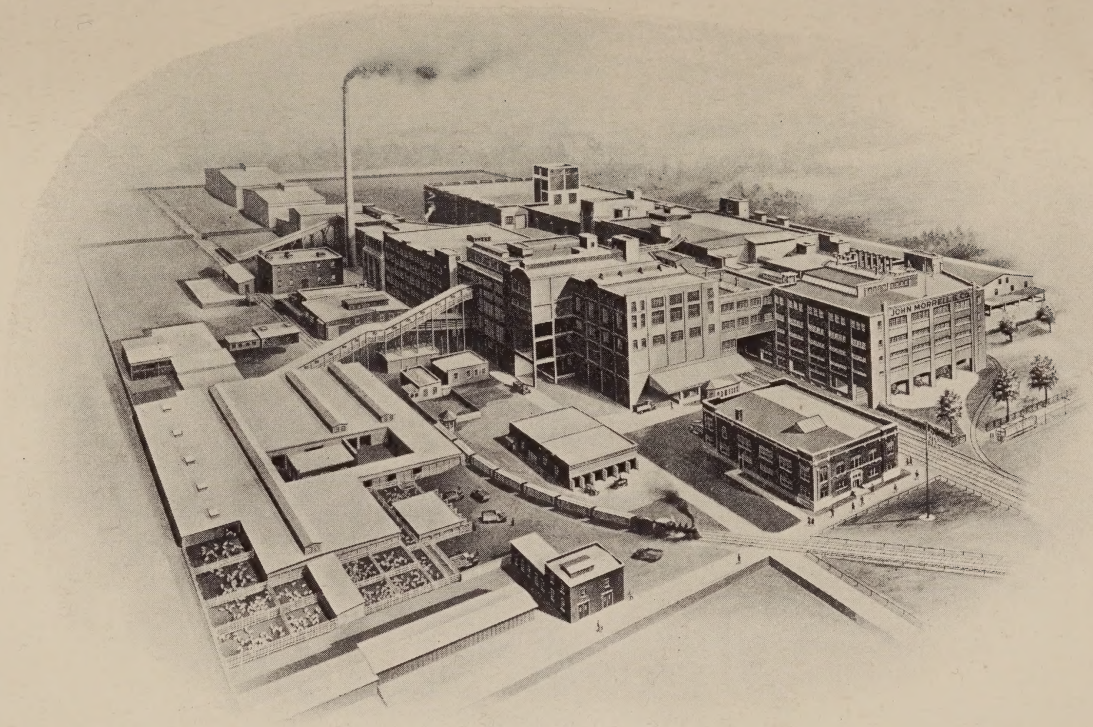
"Two representatives of the Bankers have been invited to become Directors of the Company.

"The Company has agreed to make application to list its Common Stock on The Chicago Stock Exchange and on the New York Stock Exchange.

"Yours very truly,

"T. HENRY FOSTER,

"President."



Packing Plant — 1930, John Morrell & Co., Sioux Falls, S. D.

DOMESTIC LIFE
A BLESSED FELLOWSHIP

DOMESTIC LIFE

A BLESSED FELLOWSHIP

THEY [the young] have to choose a career, and the choice seems to them narrow and difficult. They tend to follow the crowd; in other words to choose just those professions which at the moment are overcrowded. At one time the fashion at our Schools sets toward school-mastering, at another to the home civil service or India, at another to engineering, at another to what is vaguely called business, which they think means a large fortune, and which really means, for most of them, a stool in an office for life. They are troubled about religion, and no wonder, in the modern Babel of rival prophets. In politics they are apt to join any party which is the attacking side.

"Many older men think they would be glad to go back to the age of possibilities, when nothing has been irrevocably settled; but I do not think it is the happiest period of life.

"We turn to the same man, 'thirty years on'—the middle-aged citizen of fifty. If he is lucky he has found his work, or his work has found him. 'Blessed is he who has found his work,' says Carlyle; 'let him seek no other happiness.' 'A man who has work that suits him and a wife whom he loves,' says Hegel, 'has squared his accounts with life.'"

—DEAN WILLIAM RALPH INGE: *Labels and Libels*

Chapter IV

DOMESTIC LIFE

A BLESSED FELLOWSHIP

I

A YOUNG minister once wrote Foster asking him the secret of his success in business. His reply to this letter was brief and graphic—"Proverbs." This reply expressed much in a single word. It epitomized his philosophy of life, which was founded upon the Bible. He read this book daily, even when time was short and business pressing. He would not neglect his "morning watch." If something had to be omitted because of failure to awake at the usual morning hour, it would be something else than his devotions.

He also read his Bible for practical guidance, accepting the teaching or suggestion which might come to him while reading, or following his reading, for the solution of a given problem. Foster believed "the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord." This belief was established to his own satisfaction in his experience growing out of his adherence to suggestions gained in the morning Bible readings. He was not a man to be turned away from such convictions when once they had possessed him.

In the multiplicity of events which he might have cited in proof of his belief in special Providence none

was more decisive, in his judgment, and none certainly appears to those who knew him to more happily support his doctrine, than his choice of a wife. He was twice married. While many people might suggest the felicities of his choices of companions in marriage were due more to his good sense, purity of purpose, and lofty idealism than to special Divine guidance and favor, he would have firmly declared it was because the good hand of God was upon him. It is not required of us that we decide either for or against him on this point. The fact is there were many elements in the first instance that were paralleled by similar factors in the second. The skeptic on special Providence would find it easy to identify the natural bias, tendencies, dispositions, and susceptibilities of this man, active in the choice of his first wife, present and determining him in his choice of his second.

Both of these women who shared his life were brought up in a definitely religious environment, where the Church and the family altar were loyally maintained in the good old-fashioned way. Each of them had been well prepared for the responsibilities of life, and at the times when Foster first met them each was earning her own way in the teaching profession. Each of them was thrifty, prudent, and ambitious, capable of sustaining these traits by self-discipline and wise expenditures, with a gift for laborious and continuous effort. They understood the imperative claims business makes upon the time and attention, the energy and devotion, of a man who would succeed, and they were not jealous of the tribute that must be paid to business success. They were vitally and practically enlisted with him in all that he

was doing. When the labor was exhausting, or the rewards failed, or when the spirit of adventure and courage flagged, these companions of his life became vital with confidence, courage, and hope. Strong in the gift for comfort and inspiration, they gave to him of their best, sending him back to his desk in the morning resolute, sagacious, and masterful in the work of the day.

Five years before Foster sailed from Liverpool on the steamer *City of Paris* for New York in 1868, an Irishman with his family had preceded him. This man was William Sparrow Thompson, "a freeman of the city of Waterford." He was son-in-law to one Michael Ardagh of that county, whose daughter Elizabeth he had married. To Michael Ardagh two children were born, Elizabeth, and Robert, later known as Robert of Pouldrew. Robert of Pouldrew became a successful merchant and manufacturer of flour in the county of which Waterford is the county seat. He accumulated a considerable fortune, gave his support to the best interests of the community, and gathered for himself and his family treasures from the widest fields of learning and culture. Elizabeth died in 1854 leaving a large family of small children. Robert of Pouldrew died several years after the opening of this century, leaving two daughters, the Misses Ann and Mary Ardagh of Ballycar, Newtown, Waterford, worthy representatives of what is best in the Protestant family life of Ireland. Waterford, one of the chief cities in the south of Ireland, is the seat of much commercial activity. It is also the point of arrival and departure of many pleasure seekers at the holiday seasons enroute to Traymore, the sea side resort, a few miles away. A visitor noticed the unusual number of Roman Catholic

priests among those passing at the time of his visit and remarked on this to a table companion who, as the representative of a large merchandising business, visited the city regularly.

"I suppose," said the visitor, "the most of the wealth and the business of this city is in the hands of the Roman Catholics."

"No, no. You are quite mistaken. It is in the hands of Protestants—Quakers in fact. Indeed the city of Cork also is owned by the Quakers."

Whether this statement is correct, or not, we have not had opportunity to establish. But it should be kept in mind when thinking of the "best in the Protestant family life of Ireland" as that is no whit behind if, indeed, it is not in advance of Roman Catholic family life in that Country.

We visited Ballycar, the home of Mary Ardagh, niece to William Sparrow and Elizabeth Ardagh Thompson, and cousin, by marriage to the subject of this biography. Ballycar is one of the choice residences of the city of Waterford. Located in Newtown, a residential suburb, on one of the thoroughfares leading to Traymore, it is shut off from the publicity of this much traveled road by a high brick wall. There is a cozy lodge at the gate through which we entered, and following a winding road bordered by well kept shrubbery and splendid trees we came, presently, to the great house. While there is much of poverty in the old country to which we Americans are not accustomed, it is also true that for comfort, quietness, and the atmosphere of peace about the place, the homes that speak of wealth and plenty are in advance of what we in this new country have attained. At Bally-

car our ring was answered by a maid whose performance of duty indicated her long experience in the service of a well ordered family. Shown to a room opposite the entrance to the reception hall we accepted a chair near to a window at the far corner of the room. The prospect was enchanting. A beautiful garden sloped gracefully away from the house to the river, beyond which was a narrow valley cut by a line of railway belonging to one of the chief railway systems of Ireland. The landscape, carpeted in green pastures and fields of ripening grain, gradually lifted to the uplands, the crest of which formed the horizon of our vision. There were men working steadily in the gardens, and fishermen lazily drifting in their boats on the river, while the long trailing smoke and steam from a fast train scudding through the valley completed a picture not soon to be erased from our memory after we had left "this poor country," as Mary Ardagh spoke of it, and had crossed the sea to the United States, "the great land" of wealth and opportunity.

When the interview with our hostess was ended we took our departure with regret. The time of our visit was too short. But we departed with a sense of elevation and delight that always comes to one in the presence of generous, gracious, gifted personality, to whom the best in life has been bequeathed by generations of noble living, worthy traditions, and successful achievements. We felt that the Ardaghs were people of merit and that they must have been such people for generations past.

To William Sparrow Thompson and his wife Elizabeth Ardagh Thompson five children were born, four sons and one daughter. All lived to mature years except one, who died in infancy. William and Elizabeth were

believing Christians and strict adherents of the Episcopal Church. They trained their children in these beliefs, and all of them accepted their parents' convictions in which they were reared. The only remaining son, now living in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, observes on this succession of religious and ecclesiastical acceptations, that it might be more frequently the case "if we followed the injunction of Second Corinthians, six, fourteen. 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?'" The scripture cited not only supports Mr. Thompson's criticism of the too frequent happenings to present-day marital relations, but suggests also his permanent conviction, that he understands the reasons for the perpetuation of that religious faith and church attachment. It was in the unity of spirit that described his parents and united them in a common life.

The only daughter of this household of William Sparrow and Elizabeth Ardagh Thompson was Eliza Matilda. When Foster arrived in New York she had finished her education in the schools and was employed as governess in the family of Thomas Atkinson, principal representative of John Morrell & Co., Ltd., and the man with whom he was to work. Very soon after his arrival in the United States he met Miss Thompson and was strongly attracted to her. She was an attractive young woman. Her fresh, ruddy complexion, fine brown eyes and hair, regular and well molded features, her lithe figure, and her ardent enjoyment of all outdoor life caught Foster's attention from the first. In the succeeding months they were much in the Atkinson home to-

gether and the early attractions were strengthened. Her kind disposition toward members of the household and friends who fore-gathered there set her in the heart of all. She was jolly and full of fun, with a merry laugh and a generous enjoyment of all the pranks and jokes the young folks played, even when played on herself. In conversation she became more intriguing. Having received the liberal education which daughters of the best families enjoyed in those days in England and Ireland, she was able to converse in three languages other than English, was a good musician, possessed of a good voice, and an addition to be coveted by any circle of well-bred, cultivated, and worthy young folk.

Moreover, she was sincerely religious. She was not of the zealous, evangelistic, missionary type. She was thoughtful and prudent as might be expected of one brought up in faithful observance of all the forms of worship in the Episcopal Church, with a positive acceptance and conviction of the truths of the Christian faith. She believed that one's religion should find expression in the ordinary relations of family and business life, as well as in the worship of the Church and its organization.

She was just the type of woman Foster admired most: attractive in every way; beautiful in some; relating herself to the task assigned her, to the environment surrounding her, and to the people about her with grace and charm; and, withal, sanctified by a pure faith and a loyal devotion to her Church and her God. Foster was quite in love with her before many months had gone by, and soon let her know his mind and heart and pleaded for her acceptance. Her answer was not long delayed,

for in the brief record of his life which he wrote down, he says: "July 2, 1869 [lacking a few days of one year since he landed in New York] I was engaged to Eliza Matilda Thompson, who was the only daughter of William Sparrow Thompson, a freeman of the city of Waterford, Ireland, and Elizabeth Thompson, a daughter of Mr. (Michael) Ardagh and sister of Robert Ardagh of Pouldrew, County Waterford, Ireland. In October, 1872, we were married at the Church of our Saviour, Clinton Street, Brooklyn, and took up our residence at London, Canada, and until November, 1874, resided alternately at London, Brooklyn, and Chicago. At that time [1874] we rented and furnished our first house, corner of Prairie Avenue and Twenty-first Street" [Chicago].

During the residence in Brooklyn (Fourth Place, July 20, 1873), their first son was born, William Heber, to whom, following his mother's death in 1879, her family name was added. When William Heber Foster was sixteen months old the family residence was moved to Chicago at the place above indicated, where it was located until 1879. Shortly after their arrival in Chicago their second son, Thomas Henry, was born (January 31, 1875). That year a residence at the corner of Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-first Street was deemed more desirable and a transfer was made to it. Here their daughter Mary Elizabeth was born (1876). While she was still an infant the third residence in Chicago was taken, at Vernon Avenue, and their fourth child, a daughter, Annie Louisa Ardagh came to bless the circle (March 1, 1878).

Thomas D. Foster — About 1876

Eliza Matilda Thompson Foster
About 1876

Foster first arrived in Chicago as already recorded in 1871, about one month before the great fire, and by the time his permanent residence was located there he was no longer a stranger in its streets and markets. His business had prospered. Blessed with vigor of body and mind, he had labored assiduously for the establishment of his business on a sound basis, and to expand its production and security. Thoroughly master of its details, he had already become known to the trade as one of the most competent in the group of men who afterwards became famous as packers. The soundness of his organization, the competency of his staff, and the enterprise of the manager had compelled their recognition and respect. John Morrell & Co., Ltd. had to be reckoned with in the competition for place. Foster had become acquainted not only with the leaders of his group, P. D. Armour, G. F. Swift, Nelson Morris, but also with the principal bankers and others of the business world who were most responsible for the development of the growing and thriving metropolis of the central west.

In the community the Fosters soon found associates congenial to them, people of similar habits, like interests, with sympathetic tastes and convictions. They were Episcopalians, with preference for the "low" rather than the "high" church order. After becoming thoroughly acquainted with the city, its clergy and church, to which they were naturally attracted, they identified themselves with Bishop Cheney's congregation, the Reformed Episcopalian. Between the Bishop and the Fosters a bond of friendship was formed that was never broken except by death. And even though in after years

Foster went farther afield in evangelicalism, he never lost his affection for and sincere attachment to Bishop Cheney.

It was in this period that the most important religious changes occurred in the life of Foster. This will be referred to more particularly when we come to the record of his religious life. But in the period we are now considering, the quiet, patient influence of Eliza Matilda Foster was the stabilizing, inspiring, and sustaining influence in his life and character. She never allowed him to fall away from the Christian influences of his youth—the family altar and the regular attendance upon the worship of the church.

There were influences that might have alienated him from these church relationships had they been unopposed and unrestrained in their effects upon him. But he was saved from their blight. However, there were other great temptations. The competition and allurements of the business itself, in a direction opposite to the Church, were very strong. "It is well for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," says the good book. But sometimes yokes are very enslaving; moreover, they leave calloused places on the soul of a man if the load is too heavy and too continuously borne. Eliza Matilda Foster knew this and saw to it that the established habit of taking Saturday afternoon off was made a part of the schedule of her life as well as his. This time they jealously guarded and kept for themselves and for their children. On such days they went out together for excursions through the parks or for long drives about the town and for window-shopping in the streets, where the attractive and beautiful in merchandise was displayed. These excursions and asso-

ciations with occasional visits to places of entertainment, especially musical attractions, of which they were both fond, made life what Grover Cleveland described as "one grand, sweet song."[1]

Foster was always a buoyant, social, genuinely masculine type of man, in love with the outdoors and all outdoor sports, fond of the fellowship of strong men and, in those days, much addicted to his pipe. When he came from the old country he brought with him the habits of its hospitality, and always kept a bit of "the best brands" for the refreshment of his convivial friends. The decanter had its place on his sideboard and the cork was not sealed. But he also brought self control and an aversion to those who knew not "when to stop." There was no excess in his practice or indulgence even though he did not confine himself to the strict letter of Paul's instruction to young Timothy. He drank moderately, usually only at meal time or when a very intimate friend sat with him at his own table. He had been brought up to think of whisky as a good medicine to have in the home, as a cup of fellowship and not as a satisfaction to unguarded and vicious appetites. But his views on the subject were completely changed. An interesting incident is recorded of him when enroute from England to the United States with a kinsman who never broke off, long years after Foster put the stopper in his sideboard decanter never to come out. The kinsman had ordered his "night cap" at a late hour, but the ship's steward had, for some reason, delayed to fill the order for so long he went to bed and fell asleep. When the whisky came he refused to accept it and ordered it to be returned to the

[1] William Allen White, *Masks in a Pageant*

bar. Foster, being in the room and not feeling at his best, said to the servant, "You need not take the order back but leave it in the room and I will take care of it." Not having been accustomed to such indulgence for many years, he wakened the next morning with a headache and a very uncomfortable feeling which he believed was a result of his drink. While the two of them were preparing to go out on deck, Foster observed, "I believe there was something wrong with that whisky which I took last night." "No, Tom, there was nothing wrong with the whisky," said the kinsman, "it just got into the wrong man."

The years in Chicago from 1874 to 1878 were prosperous and happy times for Foster, his charming wife and growing boys and girls. When the instructions came from Liverpool for him to make another trip to the west and to hunt out a place most advantageous for the opening of a new plant, he went, knowing whither he was to go, straight to Ottumwa, Iowa. There he found what seemed to be the foundations of a business already laid, and after conference and proposals which were accepted, he wrote his wife that it seemed God's hand was in it all and that this hand beckoned them to leave the great and rapidly growing metropolis and to take up their residence in the farther middle-west. His letter to her we have already read. As indicated in it, Providence, as seen in the accompanying circumstance, while assuring, was not accepted without regrets and sacrifice. Friends who were comforting and delightful were bade adieu, and Foster and his family left Chicago August 1, 1878.

A house was found near Blake Street on East Second Street, and not far from the present high school build-

ing. Mrs. Foster took up her responsibilities in the new home town with her accustomed buoyancy and enlisting eagerness to help her husband make a good start. She was well received by the young minister's wife who showed her much kindness, and the Saturday afternoons which the husbands took from their business and profession the two couples often spent together. Mrs. Knight describes Mrs. Foster as "a young woman of very active movements, cordial and energetic—the best Christian woman, that is, the most consistent one, I have ever met. She was devoted to her children and extremely jealous lest any un-christian or evil influence might befall them. She would allow no association, nor employ any nurse or servant, who could not bring a guarantee against such happenings to her household."

They lived modestly and frugally, having all that was needful for their comfort and for the best care of their children; but with due respect to their circumstance and their measure of competency, which was still in the process of making. A kinswoman was in the home and served as governess. Mrs. Foster was an aristocrat, in carriage, tastes, and interests. She placed a high value on all that made for nobility, good-breeding, independence, and culture. Many times she would remark to her friend, "I wish you could meet my father. He is a real Irish gentleman." She had a stepmother who came once to Ottumwa, a "real" Irish lady, with gracious manners and carrying herself with distinction. Soon after they arrived in Ottumwa they visited the various churches and decided to connect themselves with the Presbyterian. The wife of the minister, Mrs. Hervey Knight, remembers well their first appearance and of Foster's approach

to her husband after the morning service. "I have come here," he said, "to go into business. I have a wife and young family. We have only been here a short time. My wife was an Episcopalian, my mother was a Methodist. We have visited all the churches here. I have been in your services several times. We want our family brought up in the Church. I find that you pay particular attention to young people. This made us want to have our children in this Church."

Such is the young minister's wife's account of the beginning of the Foster family's connection with a Church which continues to this day.

The business in Ottumwa was begun on a small scale in the old Ladd plant – the same from which the box of bacon was shipped between 1859 and 1865 to Castlecomer and which Foster opened in the old shop in that town which joined hard by the rectory. It was but thirteen years now since he had left the Irish village. The days of apprenticeship when he was learning the rudiments of the business had slipped by, and by the changes that come to every worthy enterprise and capable man he had been promoted from one position to another; from shipping clerk to office manager, from clerical work to organization director. Now he was laying the foundations of a manufacturing business that were to be the basis of a two-continent achievement. It was a long way for a man to have come in so short a time. The days were big with possibilities and the responsibilities were enough to make or break him. He faced the challenge at thirty-one years of age with all the zeal, the energy, and the vision of youth. Every day was a day of privilege and abounding hope. He entered into the life of the new

west and of the new enterprise as a buoyant, hopeful, conquering director. Happy in his home, devoted to his family, he came to this community and enlisted as a loyal citizen in all the public responsibilities of its civic life, as a man who was not only to gain a competence for himself but who was determined to make his particular enterprise a community institution. He had some hard digging to do in laying his foundation. There were those who are to be found in every community who blocked the wheels of his chariot and who halted the march of his progress. But early and late he labored. Doggedly and wisely he wrought. And each year he could mark the milestones of progress he had passed. Happiness and prosperity had blessed him and his heart was strong and rejoicing.

But a great shadow now fell across his way. In a little less than a year his wife was stricken, and on the second of August, one year and a day after their arrival in Ottumwa, she died leaving him the care of their four young children. It was about midnight when she began rapidly to fail. He sent for his minister and his wife. They arrived after the doctor had been in and informed them that the end would come within two hours. Her mind was clear. When the verdict was given to her she laughed and said, "No, no. He is entirely mistaken, Tom. I never felt so like living." "Nevertheless," said her husband, "knowing what the doctor has said, I thought you might want to say something to me and the children."

"Will you bring the children?" was her response. So they were brought. One by one she took them to her breast, kissed them lovingly, and expressed her desire

that they would remember she wanted them to be good and dutiful sons and daughters, gave some words of instruction to her husband about the care of each of them and then calmly awaited the end.

It was midway between midnight and the morning dawn when the great "Intruder" came and she obeyed his summons. It was a terrible blow. Foster was well-nigh overcome by it. For days and months and years he walked in the shadow of his bereavement. It was not only the loneliness, but the "Providence" that was hard to face. Had it not been for her own beautiful surrender and simple faith in the love and care of Him who cares for the motherless, and to whom she committed her dear children, Foster might have lost his way.

Long years after, a friend, a guest in the home, was browsing in the library and came upon a little book of poems on the margin of which were some pencilings too dim for strange eyes to read. Foster came in while this book was in the hands of his friend and noted the volume. He at once referred to the book and the poem on the open page and the comfort it had been and told how it had sustained his faith in that great sad hour. It was one of her favorite poems:

"Beloved, it is well!
God's ways are always right,
And perfect love is over all,
Though far above our sight.

"Beloved, it is well!
Though deep and sore the smart,
The hand that wounds knows how to bind
And heal the broken heart.

"Beloved, it is well!
Though sorrow clouds the way,
It will but make the joys more dear
That usher in the day.

"Beloved, it is well!
The path that Jesus trod
Though dark, and straight, and rough it be–
Leads home to heaven and God."

The responsibility which now fell upon him for his family was greater than all the rest he had to bear, not only because of the sorrow it brought, but the perplexities it involved. In this hour Foster conducted himself with great wisdom and discretion. The kinswoman who had been serving as governess continued on for a while. But she soon was succeeded by another who remained but a brief period, when she married, and he was again left without assistance. The years wore on. Foster, managing as best he could with the help he could obtain, was father and mother to his little family.

II

In the autumn of 1883 a young woman from Washington, Pennsylvania, came to teach in the public schools of Ottumwa. She was an active and faithful member of the United Presbyterian Church at home, and, therefore, naturally placed her membership with the First Presbyterian Church in Ottumwa, and accepted a class in the Sunday School. The first Sabbath she attended the services of the church she was introduced to Foster. It was an incident involving no particular interest for either of them, and especially so for her, since, in the language of

ardent youth, she had "hated red haired men." Early in the autumn regular teacher's meetings for the Sunday School were organized and held on Friday nights at the home of Mr. Foster during the winter. The acquaintance was, therefore, prospered and so the first year passed.

When the young school teacher returned to her task after the summer's vacation the next autumn, she found the Church leaders planning an active program for the winter, and among other items a reading contest was included. She was asked to enter and contest for the prize. Being persuaded she succeeded in winning. A favorite now, in such performances, at the Christmas entertainment she was again asked to appear in the program, and consented, selecting a reading to her own taste. Foster was present on this occasion and listened with rapt attention. She was thoroughly prepared and read with freedom, lifting her eyes frequently from the page to the eager faces of the listeners. In one of these glances she caught the eye of Foster. It was but for a second, but it was revealing for both.

However, too much was involved for unguarded and impetuous declarations, and he communed with his own heart for awhile. As his interest deepened he confided this new enlistment of his to a friend and asked him to enquire about the young woman—her education and training, her circumstance and family back in Pennsylvania. So a letter was forwarded to her pastor who in due time sent a most interesting reply. Her parents, George and Elizabeth McClelland, were from Ireland, County Monaghan, and had come over and settled near Washington, Pennsylvania, in 1864. They were earnest and devout people, who brought up their children in the

faith they professed. Their daughter had attended the young ladies seminary in Washington, and was most highly commended by all who knew her. Her loyalty to her Church and her filial faithfulness had signalized her life at home, and distinguished her conduct abroad. It was good news to Foster whose heart was now thoroughly won.

The position which both occupied in the community called for the exercise of prudence and discretion if the public was not to be apprised and set agog. Foster discreetly bided his time.

In the spring vacation she went to Cedar Rapids to visit her brother, and he wrote to tell her of his love. Several letters were exchanged between them before the close of the high school work in June. Miss McClelland then returned to Cedar Rapids and he followed by way of Chicago. They had one glorious day together. After two weeks she departed from Cedar Rapids for her home in Pennsylvania, and he again met her in Chicago. His father, an aged man in delicate health, having been informed of his son's new-found love, expressed the hope that he might come to England and bring his bride. So Foster, at this meeting in Chicago, pressed his claim successfully for an early wedding date. On August 19th they were married in Washington and sailed for England. After two months abroad they returned and took up their residence at Ottumwa, in October, 1885.

This marriage was a happy union of two lives. When a woman accepts the responsibilities of mothering children that have been orphaned and without the care and affection, the kindness and consideration, the firmness and direction which only a wise mother knows how to

give, she accepts the greatest hazards for misjudgment and failure. And it is quite possible Mrs. Foster did not miss these misjudgments altogether on the part of people of the community whose children she had taught. But there is a long catalogue of evidence that she did not fall short in the duties and responsibilities which she assumed when she became the wife of Thomas D. Foster and the mother of his four motherless children. Her advent was the beginning of a new happiness for that household. Characterized by moral earnestness, she lent herself devotedly to the care and training of the little family she inherited. She enlisted in the same spirit in the new relationship as wife of the leading manufacturer of the community. Through the death of John Morrell, head of the firm in England about the beginning of this period, she faced with her husband the opening of a new epoch in the business involving new demands and enlarged responsibilities. And with him she made the beginning of a long and continued history of splendid community service, and shared in wide philanthropies, religious awakenings, and business successes, in which the harmonies of their union continue to be expressed.

To them, three daughters and three sons were born: Ellen Morrell, George McClelland, Edith Marguerite, Robert Hubie, Florence Dove, and John Morrell. Robert Hubie died at fourteen years of age in 1905, the first of his ten children to be taken from him, the second death being that of the eldest daughter by his first wife, Mary Elizabeth (Mrs. Hormel), which occurred July 4, 1907. Foster was devoted to his family. While he held firmly to the old fashioned and traditional conviction that the husband and father is the head of the family,

that headship was chiefly expressed in his acceptance of full responsibility for the welfare of its members, their happiness and health, their preparation for and acceptance of the work that God has for each of us to do in the world in which he has placed us. In the process of the years, to those intimately associated with him Foster did express regret that, through the increasing pressure of ever multiplying demands upon his attention and time, he was not able to give as much of himself to the intimacies of fellowship which fathers might give to sons and daughters passing from childhood to youth and from youth to young manhood and womanhood. The poignancy of his regret only exhibited the depth of his affection for them and the sense of his personal loss which the excessive demands of business entailed.

He made an earnest effort to recover this loss. He rarely went to Church on Sunday evening. After supper the family gathered in the sitting room and all the old favorite hymns were sung while one of the group was at the piano. While the children were still small, after the singing the Dore "Bible Gallery" was brought out. Sitting in his arm chair with the book on his knee, the children grouped about him, he interpreted the pictures, and recounted the story of the heroes and heroines as recorded in the Scriptures. Each child had a chance to make a choice from the pictures, about which he or she wished to hear. He was an exceptional story teller and he made the Old Testament characters very real personalities to his children. The Dore book was literally worn to shreds.

The holiday and festal occasions, which served to bring the family together when the children were grown

up, were great opportunities for his enjoyment and for fellowship with his family. He entered with especial heartiness into the spirit of Christmas. Not one of the children would have dreamed of getting up on Christmas morning until the father had been around to each room singing lustily:

"Arise, arise and bake your pies,
'Tis Christmas day in the morning."

When Eliza Jane McClelland came into his life and entered his home to be the mother of his children, she found a well established orderly household in which religious observances and training were the rule. The family altar had already been set up there and the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise were regularly offered. Foster rose before six every morning and observing his "morning watch," reading definite portions of scripture and kneeling in prayer, he kept his tryst of communion with the Lord Jesus Christ before he left the privacy of his room. No meal was ever begun without a word of thanksgiving to God from Whom food and raiment, health and strength for the day's task were received with gratitude. Family prayers usually followed the evening meal but especially on the Sabbath Day, the morning and evening worship was observed with sacred fidelity and the children were there brought to familiar acquaintance with the fact that they had been included in a blessed and believing covenant which their father had made with God.

This conception of life for him and for his children, Eliza Jane McClelland Foster accepted for herself and her children most heartily, and sought diligently to

Eliza Jane McClelland Foster – About 1886

make it effective. This idea of the family in covenant relation with God was the core of the faith that glorified the Christian family life for her as well as for him.

She was by nature a disciplinarian. She had a capacity for industry, tinged with a passion for punctilious performance that held everyone to the mark. If something was to be done it must be done well. If it ought to be done no labor should be spared till it was accomplished. Her energy was seldom too spent to allow her to discontinue so long as one thing more might be done before the hour for retirement at the end of the day had come. So everyone was taught to work as well as to pray. Her husband honored her not only as the mother of his children but also as his co-partner in the business. Together they counseled when great openings appeared for the expansion of the business, or when new adventures were to be made that involved unusual financial expenditures, or when proposals were before them that would affect established policies—especially the moral and religious principles that had determined him in the building and conduct of the business. One day when on one of his trips across the Atlantic a certain proposition was made to Foster by well known persons in the packing industry of the United States, he said he would lay the matter before his wife and get her judgment on the proposal before giving his answer. When he had returned and laid the business before her, she said, "Tom, I don't believe *you* can do that, though it may appear to be right to other men." This was enough for "Tom." He would not put himself in business relationships where his Christian convictions could not be followed even though it cost him wealth and influence to decline the proposals. On

this point he had not been able to see clearly. He wanted her approval or disapproval before he made answer.

There is probably no test which parental competency has to face and which, through the eyes of the world, is more searching, than that which is presented in the character, practice, ideals, and accepted standards of our children. Can parents pass on their faith and practices to them? In the conveyance of faith and the establishment of those principles that determine character, material possessions are believed by many to be most potent factors in retarding, or expediting, the process. The tests of poverty are generally considered to be most severe. Fully persuaded that this is true, the great majority of parents seek earnestly to provide for their children in a way that will permit them to escape the limitations and hardships meager material resources compel them to face. Wealth is believed to supply a far better environment in which to "raise a family." However, as to the advantages and disadvantages of possessions and things that make up the external environment for character development, as much may be said, probably, for and against one side as the other. "Man differs little from man," says Thucydides, "except that he turns out best who is trained in the sharpest school."[1] This ancient authority expresses a judgment that may be interpreted in favor of poverty. It will doubtless be conceded that it is possible to develop some qualities of fortitude and endurance, of resistance and determination amidst the rigors and the hardships of such circumstances much more easily than in the comfort and softness of plenty. On the other hand, there is another ancient authority

[1] Alexander Robertson, *Victor Emmanuel III – King of Italy*

that declares supreme difficulties are identified with riches, for the man who would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. A man, therefore, who amasses wealth and who is dominated by a conviction that he ought to save his soul alive and lay up for himself treasures in heaven, and save his children's souls alive and have them seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, may have the severer test to meet. It is the easiest thing in the world for a man possessed by some religious fervor, or passion for social justice and economic welfare, but who never had any money and probably never could have any, to scorn the religious earnestness and sincerity, or the perplexities the man with money has to face in being true to his faith. But these perplexities and difficulties are very real. The dangers his success in business and his increasing wealth involved, not only for his own spiritual life but for the safety of the souls of his children, were clearly understood by Foster, and were the subject of his prayers and frequent warning to his children. His letters occasioned by the problems which business presented, when written to his sons, seldom closed without an expression from him upon what he considered to be the all important matter of their spiritual or religious alignment. As his children passed from youth to maturity, like many if not most parents whose children have been away at school or college in the process of preparation for life, Foster found it hard to appreciate the fact that they had broken the leading strings by which parents so often try to attach their children to them, and in the process of the years had quite grown up. He looked with some solicitude on their abilities to meet the severe tests the rough ways of the

world present. From early boyhood, he had been rather a bold and self-reliant leader. When he came to the work the hastening years imposed upon him, through natural disposition he somewhat Mussolinized the situation and held himself responsible for many departments of the business rather than commit them to others. There was not a department, as his old observing employee said, that Foster himself could not have filled, if emergency required it. His mind was so capable in comprehensive grasp of details he did not depend on records that have since become the commonplace of small and developing corporations, not to speak of large ones. No better illustration of his "weakness" in this respect—which exhibited his great energy and gift for detailed accomplishment—may be cited than his refusal to use in his own offices a stenographer and typist long after they were the usual instruments and employees elsewhere. He "could not bear to have some one else write what he wished to put in a letter." It seemed to de-personalize the communication too much. But this was not the real reason, though it seemed to him to be so. The real reason was that his energy and ability for comprehensive absorption of the details of his business and for expressing himself in all its responsibilities were so capacious he hesitated to commit to others things he himself could do. The time came when he became aware of his limitations and he at once faced the situation with practicality.

When his sons were coming on he doubtless tested them by the standards embodied in his own ability. He probably forgot that the day had gone by when such comprehensive achievements were required of men in

any line of commercial and business activity. Furthermore, he was introducing his sons, and other people's sons, to an enterprise which his own ample and vigorous abilities had built up and enlarged many-fold beyond what it was when he learned it. It was but natural for him, with such a history behind him, and such prophetic insight of the possibilities and opportunities ahead of them and the business, to be anxious about their equipment and talent for the enlarging developments. That his fears were groundless, concerning the future, the abilities, and the application of his children, as our parental fears so frequently are, the present state and prosperity of the John Morrell & Co. after fourteen years in the hands of his sons and their fellow directors, abundantly testify.

But Foster was not secretive with his sons. He gave them his full confidence when once they had taken their place in the business. His letters indicate this. Each one of them always carried information and affirmation of his dominant interests – the business and the Kingdom of God. When he wrote to them he talked of both in the naive and buoyant freedom of his genuine and sincere nature. The naturalness with which he mingled these two concerns of his life, without any hint of a jar or sense of incongruity in the process, is a testimony to the genuineness of his religion as well as to his business integrity. Thomas D. Foster had no shadows in his methods, his plans, or his deeds. He "walked in the light" and had fellowship, sweet and pure and clean, with all good men.

His eldest and his third sons had now been located at the new plant built at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He was deeply interested in the new enterprise and in their

success. He desired them to remember the civic interests involved in the establishment of their manufactories in the locality, and to endeavor to relate themselves and the business to the community. He reminded them of the established policy of the firm in respect to community life. John Morrell & Co. was never to be allowed to become an institution for mere selfish aggrandizement. It is a community institution for community service. This letter will indicate how important this consideration was to him:

"The establishing of a business is an undertaking that may mean years and a regular system will have to be followed; but it will pay in the end. If we do not move we shall never get anywhere. But it is a grand thing to have a problem to solve that is worth while. It is an inspiration and will bring out what is in those undertaking it. I just long to be in the place of you boys to make S.F. a credit to the firm. There is a stake ahead that has a prize in it worth striving for and God is always on the side of those who have his cause and glory at heart. The great feature is for you to be on the Lord's side – making the business one of His instruments to build up His cause – for which Christ gave up his life – and God gave his Son to the death on the Cross. Those who have his vision and work to it are very precious in God's sight.

"I am glad to hear of your attending a luncheon in behalf of the Baptist College, and especially to learn that the S.F. people are making a move to put it on its feet. When the movement starts and some of the S.F. people have declared what they will give, you may subscribe $1,000.00 for the Foster family. And do all you can to help it along.

"It will be a blessed thing to grow up with the Dakotas as a religious and moral influence. That is what Uncle Morrell told me he wanted his business to be and I have tried to make it that, not merely because he wanted it but because I have loved to do it. And God I am sure has blessed me in it.

"Thankful to say I have gained quite a little since keeping quiet. It remains to be seen how I get along when out in the world again."

The student of the life of Thomas D. Foster can not escape the impression, that the convictions which he held he was constantly concerned to get into the consciousness of his children. The fact is that no letters are in existence from his pen that are without evidence of this passionate hope. His letters addressed to them on the anniversaries of their births and marriages, those sent to them while away from his office discussing the business and the success or failure of his trip; those outlining to them the policies which had embodied his faith, and narrating the purpose of those from whom he had received this business as a great trust—all of them touch upon the faith and purpose and hope that these will be respected and continued in the institution after he is gone. In such matters, Foster was a zealous witness and a faithful advocate. What he held to be most precious, and upon which he believed the value and perpetuity, the happiness and worth of life rest, he tried unceasingly to inculcate in them. Not one of his sons or daughters missed this. They know, and there is no difference among them about it, what his controlling considerations were. The dominant note of his life regarding the business, its organization, continuance and functioning as an instru-

ment for the service of God and man, was single, sound, and harmonious. And call it faith, or superstition, or what you will, that note has found an echo in the lives of others. His faith has found a lodgment in many persons closely associated with him and is expressed in like purposes and deeds. The completeness of his union in his marriage with Eliza Jane McClelland is illustrated in this manner also. The quality and force of his personality carried on in the harmony and cohesion of that group of ten children, his household, who loved them both as parents. Having heard his testimony and seen his life they have honored him as a sincere, consistent, and valiant Christian in the home, in the Church, in the community, and in the business.

Foster was a man of deep and tender sentiments. As a lover he must have been, had he had time to become acquainted with the poets, their enthusiastic and constant reader – Burns and Browning, Wordsworth and Tennyson. King Arthur's claim would have found a noble champion in Foster, who was of the spirit, fibre, and conviction Arthur endeavored to put into his valiant Knights of the Round Table.

"To honor his own word as if his God's
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleaves to her
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her, for indeed I know
No more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts, and amiable words,

And courtliness, and desire for fame
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

While not of lofty stature, Foster was a commanding figure. He was one of those persons "of whom you were aware, even though he was around the corner of the room." Of medium height, he left the impression that his legs were a trifle short for the length of his body. His arms tapered off from thick set shoulders and a broad chest into rather heavy palms and well shaped fingers. His head was long and wide, set securely upon a short, stocky neck and, at sixty years of age, with but a fringe of auburn hair, that had been so depleted by the loss of passing years the lifted, well rounded dome was left entirely unprotected. The eyebrows had not suffered thus, however, and were abundant and projecting. Under them his keen small blue eyes looked out at you in a piercing, though kindly way, and with a merry twinkle when listening to or telling a good story—especially an Irish story. Every line in his face was one of power and quality. His nose was strongly set between his eyes and large enough to indicate character. His mouth was wide with rather full lips, which an abundant, bristling mustache did not conceal. His ears were large, expressing the generosity proverbially believed to be identified with such appendages. His conversation was pleasing; while he was a good listener, his contribution to the flow of soul in friendly conversation was always delightful and refreshing. He had a fund of good stories and told them well. It was worth a great deal to hear him tell about the Irishman who had a "paper skull," and who attended the Donneybrook fair. At the fair this Irish-

man got into a quarrel. In the fight that followed he was hit on the head and killed. The fact that he had a "paper skull" came out in the cross examination. When the culprit, who delivered the fatal blow, was arraigned before the court and asked what he had to say in his own defense, he acknowledged he was guilty of the deed charged against him, but begged the court to explain what right had a man with a paper skull to attend a Donneybrook fair!

His humor and affection made Foster a favorite among friends. His tenderness toward women and to little children was of that gentleness that makes men great. Between him and his daughters there was the most delightful comradeship. In writing to them he endeavored to convey to them, as to his sons, his dominant passion for the Christ and his abounding faith in his Heavenly Father. One or two birthday greetings are sufficient to indicate his thoughtfulness and tenderness. He wrote from Hot Springs, Arkansas, to a daughter, who was attending a school in the east:

"I will begin your birthday letter this bright Sunday morning while I am waiting to go to Church. Eighteen years have passed since our Heavenly Father sent you to us. The time has appeared much longer to you than to me, as time, like the falling stone, passes with an ever accelerating speed with its own passings. So that it is difficult to realize that you are a young woman and not a child anymore. I am thankful our Heavenly Father gave you to us, and I am sure both your mother and myself desire to be the example and counsel that will prepare you for the greatest usefulness to others and blessing to yourself.

"Many things have come into our home since you came, both of joy and sorrow; but the joy far outweighs the sorrow. Because with sorrow came the presence and comfort of our dear Heavenly Father to enable us to bear the grief. You were only three months old when the Packing House burned. I remember very well when in the early morning after seeing the fire had done its worst, I went home and you were lying on the bed cooing. I picked you up and kissed you and said what does it matter if the Packing House has burned so long as our dear little baby is left. And here you are with us yet. And God rebuilt the Packing House and has given us much prosperity; so that we are able to give you advantages as we never thought of in the past. And my prayer and desire is that we may all appreciate God's goodness and use what He has given us to advance His cause and Kingdom, and not in selfish pleasures that perish in the using. I know to young people this is hard – to do it cheerfully means a soul devoted to our Saviour and that for which He came into the world and gave His life. When it is done in that spirit the joy that Christ said He left with us when He returned to His Father is ours. And there is nothing like it on earth, for there is no regret or sting in it such as accompanies selfish pleasure.

"I am so thankful you see things in this light because it will lead you to the peace and work, where and which God has prepared for you and that is always the place of blessing. You have had a hard time at ——, but the experience will be sanctified to you and you will never forget or regret it. Will make the best arrangement we can for you when you are through there.

"(Monday, April 23). It is a long time since there has

been so much need for loyal devoted followers of Christ. So many people even those professing to be Christians, like Paul wrote about Demas, have left the self-sacrificing way, having loved the pleasures of the world more.

"There is great reward to those who when circumstances are against the true Christ way are ready to stand by it—come what may. God has a special love for such. He treats them as friends and confidants and to occupy that relationship to Him is far more blessed and pleasant than anything the world has to offer.

"Satan wins his followers by the offer of immediate rewards; while Christ wins by the offer of future reward much of it in this life; but the triumphant reward lies beyond Jordan. Paul lays great stress on patience, it is only those who wait on God, who see His dealings and understand His love. The impatient spoil all the places God has made for us.

"So many fail of true enjoyment by failing to consecrate the talent God has given us to His service. We so often use it to our own gratification. No matter what the talent is God can and does enlarge and multiply it when He sees how it is being used to His glory. He would not be a God if He did not do so. Keep close to God's word, and in prayer do the thing He opens up to you to do and your life will be a blessed and successful one. May God bless you my dear daughter and guide you in all your ways."

Three years later he remembered this anniversary again in a sweet and familiar vein with some account of his participation in a religious service in which, as always in such activities, he took much delight:

"This is late my dear to wish you many many happy

returns of the day. I thought of it on the day and intended writing that day but the rush and crowd drove out the thought. These are busy days – as usual I have all the time in the future, when quietness will be a tangible quantity and that keeps me going and cheerful. These sunshiny mornings as I drive down to the Packing House I sing a little ditty as follows:

"'The morning bright with rosy light has waked me
from my sleep
Father, I own Thy love alone, Thy little one doth
keep.
All through the day I humbly pray, be Thou my
Guard and Guide,
So let me live, that I may be forever by Thy side.'

"So opens the day like a trusting little child and I have been kept all these years by One who never sleeps. I led the Easter Sunday early morning service of the Y. P. S. C. E. and other young people's societies at the Y. W. C. A. and it was a helpful service – to me anyway.

"I am glad you had such a fine time in N. Y. . . .

"May God be with you through the year and to the end is the prayer of your loving father."

Two daughters married ministers. To one of them, soon after her marriage, he wrote expressing his affection and his parental interest in the work she and her husband were doing. His Christian zeal and eagerness as an evangelical Christian are breathed in every communication. He did not find time to write often. His repugnance to dictation persisted, so all his letters were laboriously penned. They were never typed. When these young people had departed on their wedding trip he

followed them at once with a short note explaining an omitted kindness which, in the confusion of saying good-bye to guests, he failed to extend to them.

"Your mother and I wish you a long life of happiness and usefulness together.

"May our Heavenly Father ever and always be a welcome guest in your home.

"Dedicate whatever comes into your home to God and use it to the advancement of His Kingdom. Walk humbly in the sight of Him who, though Divine said, 'I am meek and lowly in heart,' and may God's richest blessings abide with you to the end.

"It was my purpose to enclose a bank draft for your own use but it has been misplaced for the time being. It will follow you when found. . . ."

The next day:

"I hope this will find you both safely housed in Montreal after a pleasant trip. There appeared to be something lacking around the house this morning and we shall miss you greatly.

"The draft I had for you could not be found last night and it upset me very much. I wrote a note to hand you instead but forgot to hand you that, so enclose both now.

"With fond love . . ."

Many a father will find an echo in his heart when he reads of that loneliness referred to in this note when his daughter left the old home to go out into the world to make a new one – her own. Foster felt, however, that this was the greatest career a woman could choose and the God-ordained place for her to fill. The one anxiety that troubled him most was that she might make the right choice. He was concerned that the man thus chosen

should be an earnest and sincere Christian. This was, to him, the best guarantee for all other qualifications.

He wrote his sons-in-law occasionally, and in these communications there is always the note of affection and tenderness which a father has for a son:

"I am very glad to learn from various letters of the splendid results in connection with the work in your Church. It is a matter of great gratification and thankfulness that the Lord has blessed your efforts to such a large extent and my prayer is that it may continue and abide. Such news brings more joy and satisfaction to my heart than if you were in business and were having great success in it. . . .

"I begin to feel that I am really making a gain. I am not robust but I do not take cold as easily as formerly, and when taken it does not go so deep or hang on. While this place has not been all we could desire, by comparing weather reports at other southern places, feel, we made no mistake in coming here.

"There was such a jumble about Christmas time and we were on the train when the handsome gold watch was presented me (from all his children) that I did not understand clearly who took part in it but understand part of it came from your home and can assure you I appreciate it and apologize for my tardiness in acknowledging it.

"The presentation of a watch was against my wish and desire—seeing I have lost two, but now it has come I think a great deal of it and the love that prompted the gift. And especially that it is a Howard."

While his days were long and the Sabbath largely taken up in the work of his Church or in some one of the

many demands made upon him to address congregations in other places, there were hours he cherished with those of his own fireside. Being very fond of music, especially the old folk songs and certain great hymns, he would listen with pleasure to his daughter Ellen, as she played his favorite selections. Her playing was always a delight to him. His love of music was entirely natural as he had very little technical knowledge of it, and played only a very little himself. "He loved church music – good hymns and the chants, such as he had been familiar with in the Episcopal worship. As a boy he sang in the choir in the parish Church in Bradford, and used to join in with the choir in singing the 'Te Deum' or 'Magnificat' when attending Episcopal services. His favorite hymn was Whittier's 'Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.' He did not like 'Lead Kindly Light,' and often said he did not want that sung at his funeral as it was the cry of a lost soul groping for light. His favorite song was 'Loch Lomond,' and he never tired of it." In the evenings at home, following the dinner hour or before retirement, he had delightful hours of fellowship with this daughter at the piano playing his favorite selections. Music was very soothing and elevating to him. He would often go in and sit down at the piano when alone, and play over and over again, the old familiar hymns.

This daughter's most permanent recollections of these sacred hours with her father, however, were the opportunities they offered for him to reveal the ruling religious passion of his life. "It seems to me," she says, "that all who knew Father intimately would agree that the outstanding trait of his character was his unfaltering and almost childlike conception of the reality of God

THE THOMAS D. FOSTER HOME, OTTUMWA, IOWA, 1894-1915

and Jesus Christ. By childlike I do not mean childish. His faith in Divine guidance had the unquestioning and unswerving stability of a child's faith in his mother's love for him. I have never met it in any other person. No accident was too small for him to see in it a message for him. I recall that in May, 1907, he was preparing to go to England and I was going with him. Not more than four or five days before the date set for our departure, in going through the packing house he stepped into a hole, breaking a small bone in his foot. Our sailing could easily have been postponed a week, but Father was convinced that the hole in the floor was not there by accident – and that if he went to England he would be deliberately disregarding a warning. So the trip was abandoned altogether. And when six weeks later my sister Mary (Mrs. Hormel) passed away suddenly, Father immediately said, 'This is the reason – my Heavenly Father did not want me to go to England.' This is only one of hundreds of instances in which he was assured that his welfare was of personal concern to God."

There are very many aspects of Foster's life in which the simplicity, directness and genuineness of his religious faith were the dominating feature. There is no other source to which his undisturbed poise in the face of some of the most threatening agencies and equally somber circumstances that faced him can be referred so satisfactorily, as to this. Those who sat with him on boards dealing with the affairs of public and private institutions can never forget the calmness he displayed when others were excited, the quiet confidence he expressed that, in some way or other, openings would be made for escape from all calamities, and how unhurried he was when it seemed

every hour's delay was almost, if not quite fatal. Foster was the man who never surrendered to these threatenings. He never said so to anyone in such hours but every one felt there was about him something unusual that kept him poised, patient, and strong. Those laboring for public welfare, and who were measurably accountable to him or with him for the success of public enterprises, or for the preservation of public institutions, never lost heart. Foster never lost heart. Years ago some one wrote in a popular magazine to this effect: "A man is never defeated till the last shot is fired and he is not defeated then unless he has lost heart." Foster liked epigrammatic statements like this. But he would say, a man need never lose heart when he is on God's side.

Many weary servants of God and men have been refreshed and refurnished for their task in the leadership of great moral and spiritual causes by the opportunity that came to them to renew themselves at his fireside and table. Dwight L. Moody, to whose ministry Foster referred the beginning of his active religious life and his vitalization in Christian beliefs, spent one entire month at Ottumwa in the Foster home. Men such as he, and some of far less magnitude than that great "worker in souls," accepted the hospitality of that home and the members of that family group of which Foster was so gracious a head, with a feeling of domestic peace and partnership that is seldom enjoyed outside one's own family. The eager, generous cordiality with which he extended this hospitality can never be forgotten by those who received it. Here, a man could talk freely about the perplexities life presented; frankly acknowledge the mistakes into which he might have blundered; confess

the cowardice that sometimes beset him without fear that he would be misunderstood, discounted, or betrayed. He could be sure the counsel he would receive would be sincere and wise. And though it might suggest the hardest tests to be faced in reaching a solution of his problem, he could be sure of the friendship he had trusted, and could go forth renewed, equipped, and nerved for the struggle and the combat that was to follow. A certain young minister in great turmoil and perplexity of mind went to Foster and presented the difficulties he faced in his parish which arose in the presence of a small, but powerful, group opposed to his missionary policies for the church. When he had fully stated the case to his friend, Foster replied: "Until you get the courage to resign you will find no escape from these troubles." Within a short time the conditions seemed clearly to point the way to do as Foster had suggested. His officers were called together, his pastoral history reviewed before them, and notice was given, that, on the next anniversary of the beginning of his ministry, he would depart. He stated he would do this with great regret, but with the opposition to him so strong he felt continuance was futile. This announcement forced a crisis. The wiser men of the joint boards of his Church felt this would be a calamity. They met on a Sabbath afternoon without their minister and threshed out the situation thoroughly, with the result that the opposition resigned from the boards, new officers were elected in their place, and the young minister was retained, just as Foster believed would be the case when the differences were brought to an open issue.

With the election of the new officers harmony and

coöperation became the rule. During the next ten weeks nearly one hundred placed their memberships in that church, the budget for current expenses and the missionary work abroad was provided, and the pastorate was continued in prosperity for several years. Of all the factors entering into that situation making for success, none was more important and helpful to the minister than the sound advice, quiet encouragement, and generous, prayerful support of Thomas D. Foster.

CITIZENSHIP
A SACRED TRUST

CITIZENSHIP

A SACRED TRUST

CONSTRUCTIVE citizenship is marked throughout by the resolve to make the best of things as they are, by hopefulness, by self-confidence, by enterprise, by the pursuit of excellence in all human employments and vocations, and by its general perception of the fact that there is no limit to the real and abiding values that may be drawn from the universe by the coöperative efforts of men in society, inspired with ideal aims and conducted under business methods."

. . . .

"Valour is needed, valour on an immense scale, valour with a united front bound together in mutual loyalty, and so made world-deep as well as world-wide. The 'progress' of civilization does not consist, as some would have it, in gradual advance to the point of safety. It consists much rather in a growing perception of the common risk and the growing willingness to face it *together*. The unity of civilization is the unity of that high resolve."

—L. P. JACKS: *Constructive Citizenship*

CHAPTER V

CITIZENSHIP

I

FOSTER was twenty-one years of age, lacking a few months, when he arrived in the United States. When he took up his residence under the stars and stripes his principles of citizenship were already clearly defined and cordially accepted. He had been born and nurtured in the reign of one of the most loved and honored sovereigns of the world. Like many subjects of Queen Victoria, his loyalty to her was something like a personal attachment, so completely had she won the hearts of her people. She not only ruled them well, she also embodied in her personality the fundamental principles of religion and morality accepted by them, and gave character and distinction to those principles.

> "Her court was pure; her life serene;
> God gave her peace; her land reposed.
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."[1]

No nation has more successfully imbued its subjects with respect for the dignity, glory, and sanctity of citizenship than has Great Britain. This attitude, coupled with the world consciousness characteristic of the British, surpasses that of all other peoples and makes the

[1] Alfred Tennyson, "To the Queen," 1830

subjects of that Country at home in every country. It has made them acceptable immigrants to our shores. However disturbed this Country may have been by "foreign elements," the names of Britons have not often been found in the list. They do not have qualities the word foreigner usually connotes. In their pursuit and acquisition of wealth the citizens of Great Britain have not been associated in the mind of America with elements dangerous to the peace and prosperity of our people. They do not deny their obligations while enjoying the privileges of citizenship. They organize no violences against our property or people. They have been loyal to their inherited and acquired doctrines of the state and of citizenship, to all the duties thereof, regardless of their station or circumstance.

In the *Intimate Papers of Colonel E. M. House*, the Colonel, in a letter to President Wilson, dated January 20, 1917, sagely remarked: "With the English one may know where one is. They may be stubborn and they may be stupid, but they are reliable." No better guarantee for a stable government and a peaceful, happy community is to be found than in this quality of dependableness.

It is a matter for congratulation that our forefathers in America, who laid the foundations and erected the superstructure of our institutions – political, educational and religious – came from those Anglo-Saxon peoples who are imbued with the conviction that government and the orderly direction and control of people through organization has back of it the Divine sanction. Such a conviction is a good soil, not only for the production of a stable citizenship, but also for the growth and develop-

ment of true doctrines and courageous defences of society and government. Citizenship based on a belief in a Supreme Personality who is endowed with infinite intelligence, matchless love, and impeccable purpose, who is the author, governor, and judge of the world, makes for peace. It also makes for equity and justice to all men. If men, possessed by such convictions, organize society and set up institutions expressly to embody and practically perpetuate them in the corporate life of their people, they lay foundations that are as nearly indestructible as is possible to finite creations. In such structures they give form and substance to the mightiest forces for the maintenance of peace and strength, freedom and prosperity, liberty and hope. Our fathers were such men. They believed in order and government as ordained of God. They built under the spell of that belief.

Such a conviction, thus possessed, will hold men to their obligations as "trustees" of social and political institutions. It will inspire them to protect and honor, guarantee and perpetuate these institutions to all citizens. Such a conviction has led them to guard and defend the freedom that is the heritage of the humblest, in their enjoyment of the opportunity which this country presents for personal development and the acquisition of such resources as are necessary for that achievement. When, in the second century of their experiment in government in this country, our fathers declared, "All men are created free and equal," they were not blind to the facts of birth and circumstances which separate an Abe Lincoln and a William H. Seward from each other in their childhood and youth, and which differentiate

men in talents for achievement, capacity for enjoyment, and ability for service. They were keenly aware of all such differences. Their awareness only emphasized to their minds the importance of maintaining the conditions in which the opportunity would be apparent by the least alert, and the freedom to exploit such opportunity by the least capable. No American citizen, native-born or naturalized, ever accepted these convictions or defended them more loyally than the subject of this biography. With respect to them he had what Principal L. P. Jacks, in his *Constructive Citizenship* speaks of as "fiduciary" quality, that dependableness which elicits the confidence and trust of his fellow citizens. They believed if he was put to the test in respect to the basic principles of the nation's integrity and perpetuity, he would do what they had a right to expect he would do. In these things he never failed them.

II

Thomas D. Foster was a great citizen. He had been born and bred in the conviction that, as a business man and as a citizen, he was in a divine purpose, a divine order. While he looked upon his business as his personal and private affair, the development of which, to its largest possibilities for service and assets for himself, was his duty, he was keenly sensitive, also, to his *indebtedness to the community* in which he followed his vocation. "No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself." Foster believed this. He believed that he owed something to the community—to the men and women whose combined labor and loyalty made the community worth living in. The community was a patron of his in-

dustry to which he gave his time and attention. He was indebted to the patriotism and service which the humblest, as well as the most exalted, expressed when they strove to make that community safe and sure for his children and other peoples' children to grow up in and live for. Moreover, God was behind all this. Men must never forget that. Loyalty to Him was not only the first secret of success for a great industrial enterprise; but it was also the first obligation citizenship must recognize. When, therefore, the forces of violence arose against society, its institutions and individual safety, Foster was like a sentinel at an outpost, the first to see its approach and to sound the alarm. And when the siege was begun, he was a valiant soldier to serve or lead the hosts of citizens, who, for love of God and honor, rallied and fought the enemy back. As we have already seen, when he went into a community, Chicago, Ottumwa, or Sioux Falls, and set up his manufactories there, he at once identified himself with the social, religious, and educational institutions of the place and endeavored to secure the identification of all his household along with him. When in the judgment of his friends and neighbors his leadership was needed, or when those on whom responsibility for the maintenance and prosperity of these public institutions rested sought his support and coöperation, it was his habit to give their appeal his best attention, and after earnest consideration his direct answer. Calls to community and public service were many, and were seldom refused. When once he had given his word of acceptance, then all the resources at his command – personal attention, influence, and material support – were enlisted in that cause.

The sense of public responsibility, which he viewed as a God-given opportunity, was expressed in a letter to one of his sons dated July 18, 1914:

"Should you live to be my age, which I pray may be the case, and longer, you have twenty-five years before you of as great opportunities as the world has ever known in the line of the business in which your lot has fallen and in using your life through the business for advancing the Kingdom of God."

Here, as is consistently the case throughout his life for full forty years, the identification of his life and the lives of his children, and the business for which they were responsible, with the interests of the community and "the Kingdom" of God, is unconsciously revealed. At no time does anxiety for his personal interests, for the fortune involved, for the earning of profits, appear in excess of his concern for and interest in the Kingdom of God. His great concern was to be right, to be on God's side, and to be true to himself, to God, to the best interests of the community and the state.

The devotion he showed to the East End Presbyterian Church of Ottumwa clearly illustrated his community consciousness and his sense of obligation to that portion of the city with which he was most closely identified. His religious fervor accounted for his activity in large part, but his community consciousness was the larger factor in his identification with that congregation. Many reasons would have supported the practice of most of his fellow citizens who attended the churches in the heart of the city. The First Presbyterian Church was near to his residence. If he had been considering his preferences, his convenience, and the pleasurable associations congre-

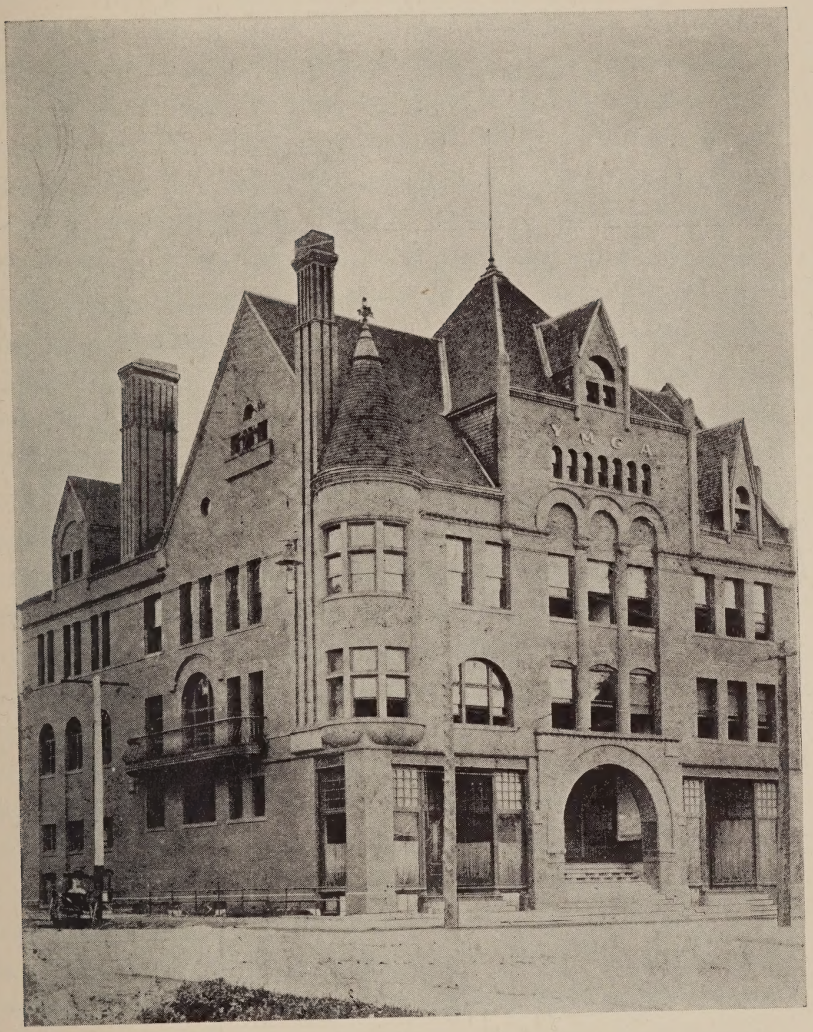
gated there, he, doubtless, would not have gone to the packing house district on the Sabbath day. But the completeness of his identification with his employees, the moral and spiritual welfare of his workmen, and the dominance of his democratic instincts were determining. The people down there had leagued with him in industrial labor. The success of his business and, therefore, his power and influence for the Kingdom of God in the world, was very much in their hands; and in so far as this was the case he was obligated to them. He could not have met this obligation without identifying himself as completely as possible with them in their worship and the education of their children, as well as in their daily work. In the measure of his fidelity to this obligation he was a worthy example to them all.

Foster's identification with every movement and institution for community welfare, the improvement of the public morals, and the education of its citizenship, supports this reference to the dominance of his social consciousness. For many years he had owned a tract of forty acres of land opposite to his summer home which is now Sunny Slope Sanitarium, in the vicinity of Ottumwa. Some years before his death he presented this to the City for a park. However, there was no improved road to it at that time and as it did not appear likely one would be built soon, some years later, through the activity of one of his sons, who regretted the lack of the accessibility of the tract, sale of it was effected and with the proceeds what was known as Franklin Park was purchased. This attractive site was then at the edge of the city limits in the east end. After this sale and purchase was consummated, John Morrell & Co. subscribed a sum of money

for the improvement of the new park and it was at once made available for the residents of the City. This the City named "Foster Park" in honor of the donor whose interest in community welfare had led him to donate the original tract.

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of Ottumwa are existing monuments today of his loyalty to community interests. From the early days of his coming to Iowa, Foster was identified with these institutions and one of the largest contributors to the annual budgets, the building and development campaigns. Of his religious activities in connection with these institutions, which were described by eager and valiant evangelicalism, we will speak later. His generous and loyal support of every movement to give them adequate equipment or suitable housing is one of the notable interests of his wide and constant benefactions.

Fortunately we have an account of the movement for the erection of the first building for the Y. M. C. A. In the autumn of 1889, the State Y. M. C. A. convention met in Ottumwa. Mr. Foster, Major Samuel Mahon, Captain J. G. Hutchison, and other directors, the outstanding men of the City, were enthusiastic coöperators in the preparations. The convention began Thursday morning and closed with a Union meeting on Sunday night. No delegate left for home on Sunday night in those days. Sunday was for rest and worship, not travel. Three things in the convention profoundly impressed Foster: (1) Dr. Wishard's Bible Study the first hour of each session; (2) the missionary addresses of Robert E. Speer; and (3) the necessity of a building for the Ottumwa Association.



Y. M. C. A. Building, Ottumwa, Iowa 1891

Robert E. Speer had graduated from Princeton in June of that year. He was visiting colleges as a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement. His winsome personality and brilliant presentation of the world's need of the Gospel captivated Foster and everyone who heard him. The necessity of a Y. M. C. A. building to provide for the four-fold program of the association was so presented that Foster made a proposition to the Y. M. C.A. directors and a group of business men, pledging five thousand dollars ($5,000.00) or more, on condition that clerks and wage earners manifested their interest by subscribing two thousand five hundred dollars ($2,500.00). Young men were called together and William Parsons, Assistant State Secretary at that time, to whom we are indebted for the history, was asked to meet with them on Monday night. Just twelve were present besides the local secretary. After the announcement of Foster's generous offer and some discussion the group voted to undertake the raising of twenty-five hundred dollars. It seemed like a tremendous sum. Nothing like it had been done in Iowa. After a period of earnest prayer it was suggested that those present should start the subscriptions at once. One young man said he would give one hundred dollars ($100.00). With this start, in a few days the twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500.00) was pledged and the movement for the third Y. M. C. A. building in Iowa was under way. Foster's gift to this enterprise is said to have been the largest made to any religious or philanthropic cause in Iowa up to that time.

It might be said to be the beginning of his activity in the work of this great religious-social institution that has done such splendid service in peace and war for the

young men of the world. Early enlisted in the state work, he later became identified with the work of the International Committee, was a member of the famous Committee of Twenty-one and other subsidiaries of the organization, and gave generous support to their work in the home field and to the foreign work. When the state organization began prospecting for a location for a permanent Boys' Camp, Foster was consulted and had part in deciding on the site at East Okoboji Lake. He made one of the largest gifts for purchasing the ground. Moreover, he gave days of his time, assisting the secretaries in their solicitation of funds for the expansion of the work. Secretary Parsons records his remembrance of a visit made to two brothers, and of a two hours' conference with them in which Foster revealed his philosophy of life. "He recounted his business and religious experience and made it clear to these men that he counted himself a steward, what he held was not his own – property, life, all belong to God – a wonderful testimony, directly, earnestly, and sincerely given." When the State camp for boys was opened on East Okoboji Lake it was dedicated as "Camp Foster" – not because of the generous gifts made by him to the enterprise, but so named "as a tribute to the high Christian character and godly life of the man."

While the Y. M. C. A made a strong appeal to Foster, the Church was his chief concern. The Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Hormel, former pastor of the East End Presbyterian Church of Ottumwa, has given an interesting account of his fidelity and interest in the work of that organization among the industrial workers of the City. The active relation which Foster sustained to these religious and

social agencies of the community was not accounted for in a religious fervor alone. He believed that in the solution of every community problem there is need for a congenial and healthful atmosphere, where invidious distinctions can be suppressed, where social enmities and industrial strifes will find it hard to flourish. Pure and undefiled religion is not only valuable because of the constant and generous ministry to the widow and the orphan it may give; but because these enable men to keep themselves unspotted from the world, kindly in their attitude toward each other, just and equitable in all their social and industrial contacts. Build up a strong Church, in which is maintained a valiant social consciousness, vitalized by the spirit of the Man of Galilee, and you have done the best that can be done to make the community a better place for everybody in which to live. So Foster gave himself ardently to the Church. His minister says: "For eleven years I had the great privilege of having him as senior elder in my Church session, and never was a minister more loyally supported and more ably counseled than I was by this humble spirited and rarely gifted elder. He had a way of making the most pressing business drop into the background when church duties called him. The day might be hot, or bitterly cold, the night be wild and dark, but his presence in the house of worship, the mid-week meeting, or at the business session could be depended upon. Knowing that he was one of the busiest of business men in the central west, I tried to save him from the detailed work of the Church and session; but he always demanded his share, whether it was visiting the sick or going to lead some soul to a decision for Christ."

His own community did not mark the limits of his benevolence and support. Among the many responsibilities for public service which Foster accepted was a place to membership on the State Board of Education, which has the various State educational institutions for higher learning under its control in the distribution of the State Budget for Education. Here he soon won the distinction of being one of the most astute servants of the State in handling the various problems and perplexities which that Board has to face.

While on this Board he became greatly interested in the work of the Sunday School Missionary for the State, the Reverend Dr. S. R. Ferguson, and the Reverend Dr. Purmort, Superintendent of Home Missions for the Synod of Iowa. These gentlemen, perceiving the strategic character of the student body resorting to the Agricultural College located at Ames, Iowa, proposed the erection of a Community Church, with a staff of workers who would be able to enlist the Presbyterian students in the work of the church, the tasks of organization, evangelization, and missionary enterprises to which their denomination was committed at home and abroad. Foster caught the glint of light on the surface of this high purpose and at once enrolled with a generous subscription, influencing others to give liberally to this state enterprise. Those responsible for this work have carried on now for years in the edifice that was built, located just at the edge of the campus, where thousands of students, not only from Iowa and the United States, but from many foreign countries and the far off margins of the world are assembled. "It was made possible," said

the Reverend Doctor Ferguson at the General Assembly meeting in Saint Paul in the spring of 1929, "by the generous gift of that wise and farseeing statesman, Thomas D. Foster, whose faith was the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen."

Of all the unselfish services rendered to other communities than the one in which he lived, Foster's interest in Christian Education, and Parsons College located at Fairfield, Iowa, in particular, was not the least. His name first appears on the records of the College in June, 1883, when he was elected to the Board of Trustees. His interest was first awakened while attending a commencement program, when he witnessed what was being done for the development of the youth of Iowa who came under the influence of the school. "His interest increased with his knowledge and personal touch, and he was unwearied in his labors for it. As his business prospered, his gifts to the College increased until he became the comfort and joy of the administrators. His generosity was characterized by an intelligent appreciation of the situation which added greatly to the real worth of his gifts. The fine science hall which bears his name is one of the many evidences of his practical helpfulness. From the time of his election as a trustee until his death in July, 1915, he was a staunch supporter of the College."[1]

While the money and administrative service which he gave to this institution were substantial, and witness to his interest in the building up of an educated citizenship, they were not his best service to the College. It cost him far more in anxiety, intercessory prayer, and

[1] Willis E. Parsons, *Fifty Years of Parsons College*

patient indulgence in the various situations into which his membership on the Board of Trustees called him to go. President Harry M. Gage of Coe College, a former professor in Parsons College, speaks of this cost to him: "Its affairs agonized his spirit. On several occasions I have gone with him from his office to lunch at home. After lunch, two or three hours were spent in his library in conference on the affairs of the College. Then on our knees in prayer. Only those who have been with him thus in prayer can revive the experience. Words can not describe it. Childlike simplicity and directness of petition, beautiful expressions of spiritual life, bold and unqualified affirmations of faith, humility, need, dependence, hope, and love. All these things were part of those experiences of prayer with him. And there was something more—much more. It was an exaltation, an exultation, an illumination—a feeling which I can not express because the feeling breaks the back of words which are too weak to bear the burden of meaning I would place upon them."

The clear and practical understanding which he had of the work to be done is recounted in the further narrative of the professor: "Once at dinner he served samples of meat cures. Turning to me he said, 'We'll get your judgment, too, although you don't know anything about it! You are not a difficult market to please. You are not an Epicure; not a real meat eater.' Then he talked about markets where taste is fastidious. At last he ended by saying, 'My business is like the ice cream soda business. My product must taste right to the ultimate consumers. Where I can cater to taste, price is not so vital a factor. The big fellows might get me on price, but the only way

to meet a good taste in bacon is to make a bacon that tastes better.'

"Then he moralized: 'You are in the business of education. What quality in education corresponds to the nutritive quality of bacon? What quality corresponds to the taste or flavor which makes a brand or flavor command a market? What in education is the product which must have fundamental nutritive quality and taste to make it marketable?'"

It would be difficult to estimate the value of his contribution to the work of Parsons College, for the erection of buildings, equipment, current expense budget deficits, student activities, and the many special excursions to distant cities made by himself or others in the prosecution of the work.

The breadth of his thinking on the subject of education is evident, when we contrast this devotion to an institution like a college with his proposal of a plan for the solution of the domestic servant problem. It was during the war that he observed the difficulty arising. "The 'girl problem' is growing acute. I am thinking it over very carefully. I believe there has to be a revolution in household female help. That solution may be, for those who can afford it, to employ young women who have had some training in domestic economy, or have graduated, and take them into the family; employing women by the day to wash and scrub. In order to do this, instruction should begin in the grades, teaching house work so they would have a certain preparation and refinement that would fit them to live in the family. That would put them socially above the shop girl and the factory girl; whereas, now, the shop girl and the factory

girl look down on the domestic. I believe the scale can be turned by families who can afford to pay for such help and are willing to have them in the family."

III

But the surface of life was not always calm for Foster in the community in which he lived and carried on his business. Very early in the first decade of the establishment of the business there were those who were either jealous of the success attained, or who desired to compel others to bear the weight of public improvements and development. When such men got into the City Council they expressed their animosities and endeavored to escape their own responsibilities by putting the burden on other shoulders. One of the most successful ways of covering up the political irregularities and corrupt practices of parties in power is to turn the public gaze in the opposite direction. This has often been done by the imposition of unjust taxes upon local corporations, which, when patient endurance ceases to be a virtue, are sure to protest. Then charges of disloyalty can be ascribed to such protestants and public scorn can easily be aroused against the oppressed. It was not frequently so in Ottumwa, but at two or three different periods it was threatened. At such times it looked as though it would be necessary to move John Morrell & Co. to another location. Such an occasion was staged by the politicians in power in the City Council in the spring of 1910. The seriousness of the situation and the answer which John Morrell & Co. made is succinctly expressed in an open letter sent to the employees of the business.

"Ottumwa, Iowa, May 4, 1910.

"To Our Employees:

"We think it due to you, as well as ourselves, that we should give you a statement of the principal causes which compel us to take a step which we greatly regret, on your account, as well as our own.

"Looked at in its true light, our interests are identical. Whatever tends to injure us must inevitably tend to your injury also, and hence this statement.

"Before stating the causes and circumstances which will compel us soon to close down our plant, we think it is due to ourselves and to you to give you a brief history of our plant:

"About thirty-three years ago, through the influence of certain citizens and business men of this City, we were induced to come here to look over the ground, as a location for a packing house, and, encouraged by the assurance of fair and liberal treatment at the hands of the public, we accepted these assurances and came. We asked no subsidy, no bonus, and received none. The establishment of such a plant in this part of Iowa to compete with the wealthy packing houses located in the great centers of population in the Middle West was an experiment, not without considerable risk and hazard. Before that time packing house ventures in Ottumwa had not been successful; in fact, had proved failures. Whether it would turn out well or ill with us, no one could tell; but, taking the risk wholly upon ourselves, and relying upon these assurances of fair and liberal treatment, we invested such means as we could command, and embarked in the enterprise.

"Since then the business has had its vicissitudes, its

'ups and downs,' and not infrequently for weeks at a time, and sometimes even months, we have continued to run at a severe loss to ourselves, rather than shut down until favorable conditions returned, and thus throw our employees out of employment.

"During these long years our relations with our employees have been friendly and mutually helpful. We have looked upon our interests as bound together.

"We have not looked upon you as mere workmen, but have felt and endeavored to manifest a sincere interest in the welfare of yourselves and families, along both material and moral lines.

"While with us, many of you have secured your own homes, a policy to which we have always lent our encouragement, and thereby, like ourselves, you have become fixtures in our City.

"It is a self-evident truth that whatever policy works an injury to us, must inevitably work injury to you, in diminished employment, low wages, and consequent diminished earnings.

"So much by way of history and past policy.

"Now as to the causes which have led up to the decision to close the plant down:

"Until within a little more than a year past, the policy of fair and liberal treatment by the City, promised to us when we came here, was carried out. Responding on our part to this policy and treatment, and as circumstances and conditions would permit, we have continued to increase our buildings and packing equipment from year to year, until they have grown to their present proportions – this, although we have had numbers of flattering and promising offers to establish plants elsewhere, and

have even been offered gifts of plants already built, and of bonuses. Under this liberal policy we have been able to give employment to more and more men, to bring and distribute in our midst increasing amounts of money, of which our employees, our merchants, and the farmers, along with ourselves, have reaped the benefit.

"Several of the growing cities of Iowa, in order to induce and encourage the establishment and growth of such plants, have adopted the policy of exempting them from taxation for a number of years, and others by imposing a very moderate tax. We never have asked for exemption, and have always willingly submitted to a fair and reasonable assessment, fully equal to, and even beyond, what other cities have imposed upon their packing plants, which compete with ours.

"The benefits of this policy, to our employees, ourselves, and the City, have been mutual, and we leave it to the candid judgment of the people of this city, who are in position to judge, whether the City at large has not reaped equal, and even greater benefits from our enterprise than we and our employees have.

"About a year ago this liberal policy was reversed, and an attitude hostile to us and our enterprise assumed in certain quarters, and in the City Council. Although we had voluntarily consented to a liberal increase in our assessment, the City Council then arbitrarily increased it to a sum which compels us to pay a tax more than double the relative amounts imposed upon our competitors in other Iowa cities, thus giving them an advantage over us, an advantage of which we have felt the effects.

"We believed, then, that in justice to ourselves, and in the long run to you (for your interests and ours cannot

be separated), we should shut down the plant, until a better and juster sentiment prevailed; but, at the urgent request of men deeply interested in the City, and hoping that when this year's assessment came to be made, justice would be done – we continued. When the time came, this year, we went before the City Council to have them reduce in our assessment the unjust assessment of last year, laid before them the facts as to what a tax our competitors in other cities were relatively paying, informed them of our greatly reduced product on hand, as compared with last year – facts which you all know exist – and petitioned for relief.

"The answer of the City Council to our appeal has been an increase in our assessment, and a consequent increase in our tax burden, by laying an assessment upon a new building constructed last year, while refusing to reduce our general assessment of last year, or to take into account our greatly reduced stock on hand.

"While the past sixty days, because of the high price of stock, we have been running the plant at a heavy daily loss, that we might give employment to as many of you as possible, hoping that matters would improve, and that in another year we might look to a diminished burden of taxation, but this hope the City Council has now destroyed.

"Whether this unfriendly policy towards us in this city is to continue in the future, we know not. If it does, there can be but one result for us and for you – a shrinkage of our business here in the future and its enlargement elsewhere, where we are now building – and less employment for you.

"If this hostile and unwise treatment continues, the prospect for you and for us here, is by no means bright.

"We regret, more than we can express, to take the step which has been forced upon us, and now advise you that slaughtering operations will cease on Friday, May 6th, and work in other departments will cease as soon thereafter as conditions will permit.

"John Morrell & Co."

But the better elements rallied and their influence and demands prevailed. The impositions were lifted. Three years earlier the civic loyalty of Foster had been expressed in a way unknown to anyone outside a small group identified with the institutions concerned. His service to the financial institutions of the city at that time had not been forgotten when the City Council sought to impress the unjust taxes in 1910. The circumstances were these: There was a severe tightening of the money market all over the country. This stringency has been called "the panic of 1907." It was in fact such in many localities. The banks in the large cities were not paying out currency or gold, but took advantage of an instrument called Clearing House checks. Such a procedure was talked of in Ottumwa; but Clearing House checks were not used during the emergency although the forms were struck off by the printers and were on hand if their use had been decided upon. Through the agency of Foster one of the banks in Ottumwa received fifty thousand dollars ($50,000.00) in gold, from a Chicago bank. This gold was obtained because John Morrell & Co. had made arrangements for it, by having that amount shipped to the Chicago bank from England. Because of

such loyalty and coöperation, unknown to all but a very few of the business leaders of the City, the public treasuries of the community were saved from the disaster that sometimes wrecks both institutions and men. Those who knew these things felt not only the injustice, but the insanity of politicians who had well nigh driven the strongest industrial asset out of the community by their folly.

IV

Probably the most violent assault ever made by corruption on decent business and clean citizenship in this country is recorded in the struggle of the temperance and prohibition forces with the liquor traffic. The present situation, connected with the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, presents some new factors. So far as the character of the forces opposing this legislation are concerned they are as violent as ever. So far as the creation and maintenance of a favorable public temperance sentiment throughout the Nation which is necessary to the enforcement of this legislation – that now is a much more difficult task. Our great metropolitan newspapers are largely dominated by the "wets." The situation in 1929 differs from previous eras chiefly in the fact that what lawlessness is chargeable to the liquor traffic is strongly supported by a variety of lawless types, and moral laxities, which are the aftermath of war, or the flower and fruit of new philosophies and unprecedented economic prosperity. Our new biology, chemistry, and physics have stunned us with their discoveries and progress and have, also, added greatly to our wealth. We have not been able, in ethical and social

readjustments, to keep pace with our material developments. Our inventive geniuses have enabled us to leap into comforts and movements for which we are not mentally, morally, or organically adapted. America is in the process of developing a new nervous organization which will fit her to live with poise and balance in the midst of opulence and comforts, supplied in unheard-of abundance, while moving at a rate of speed undreamed of in the youth of the passing generation.

In such circumstances history has taught us what to expect when moral questions are to be faced. Knowledge of the past saves us from the deception of the violent, who would frighten us into reversing the march of moral and spiritual progress. If we should hearken to the lamentation of the liquor traffic, their customers and their publicists, and reverse the march of the public forces toward sobriety;—if we should follow the social theorists who labor to devise a marital concept friendly to our lusts, turning us away from continence and self control;—if we should listen to those that tell us prosperity and success are to be measured in the amount of money a man can accumulate, regardless of the way he makes it, or the use he makes of it—what we are experiencing now of crime and lawlessness will be like a gentle zephyr on a summer night compared to the tornado of public spoliation, social prostitutions, and political corruptions that will follow. To recede from the ground already gained in outlawing the liquor traffic would be a disloyalty to the best which has been embodied in our citizenship of the past and in our institutions of the present. Wise, farseeing men, such as Thomas D. Foster, put their lives into this cause. To

retreat from what has been taken would be dishonoring to the spirit and sacrifice of Foster and others that have sanctified the democracy of which this Nation boasts as its most glorious heritage. Some men have died for community sobriety, decency, purity, and safety, as well as for freedom and the Union. If a man should stand up and sneer at the blood poured out on the Nation's battlefields at home or abroad, he would have to meet the scorn and contempt of all good citizens. If we are to keep the national spirit vital and potent we have jealously to honor those who have sacrificed for the works of peace and righteousness, as well as for political integrity and finance.

In Iowa the history of the temperance movement is replete with records of noble achievements, valiant citizenship, and sacrificial devotion. The writer, going to Iowa in 1909, had some part in the struggle. But he is indebted to Judge M. A. Roberts, one of the valiant group of Iowa citizens who waged the war with the liquor forces of those days, for the following historical sketch which so clearly describes the movement and the part Foster had in it. Interesting corroborative evidence of the truthfulness of Judge Roberts's record is supplied in *Brann's Iconoclast*, published in Chicago under date of February, 1913.

The writer of the article referred to was a man by the name of Windle. He therein records the part he had in the fight, and pours out his vituperation and vulgarity, which is not suitable for quotation in any records making claims to decency and truthfulness. But the statement indicates Windle had personal acquaintance with the situation and understood who was the most formid-

able opponent the liquor forces had to reckon with. The first two paragraphs of his article are as follows:

"This article is all about people who live in Ottumwa, Iowa, and the recent mulct petition fight in that City.

"Ottumwa has a population of 22,011 human beings and T. D. Foster, head of the John Morrell Packing Company."

Judge Roberts refers to Windle and the way he came to have part in the Ottumwa history.

"Prior to 1882, the State of Iowa, like most of the other States of the Union, permitted the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage by licensed saloon keepers. In the summer of 1882, Iowa adopted an Amendment to the State Constitution which prohibited the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage.

"Ottumwa at that time had one large, prosperous brewery, a number of supply houses, and a large number of licensed saloons, all of which were put out of business temporarily by the Amendment.

"In April, 1883, the Supreme Court of the State held that owing to certain irregularities that Amendment was not valid. That decision again opened up the State of Iowa to the liquor business.

"While the general sentiment of the State of Iowa was strongly against the saloon, the sentiment of the City of Ottumwa was strongly in its favor. The liquor business was generally considered by the business men of the City as among its leading industries. A large majority of the business men of the City were in favor of breweries and saloons because of the property owned, the rents paid, the number of people employed, and the big taxes paid by the liquor interests.

"After the Iowa prohibitory Amendment was declared invalid, conditions became worse than ever. In the hope of remedying the situation, the Legislature enacted what is known as the 'Mulct Law.' That law provided that in cities of 5,000 or more, if a majority of the voters who voted at the last general election would sign a petition in favor of operating saloons within the City, saloons could be lawfully operated therein, but that the right to so operate saloons could be terminated by a petition signed by a like number of the voters of such City.

"The controlling argument in favor of that law was that under it the saloon business would be confined to a few responsible, law-abiding parties, and that they would not only observe the law themselves, but would necessarily be interested in enforcing the law against the sale of liquor by others who were not licensed and who paid nothing for the privilege of selling it. Under that law more than thirty saloons were licensed to operate in Ottumwa.

"The argument in favor of that law, while very plausible, was found to be unsound. The writer was one of the judges of the Second Judicial District of Iowa, including Ottumwa, from January, 1895, to January, 1911. During that time there were hundreds of cases before me involving the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors, and in not one of all those cases did any man directly interested in the saloon business ever appear as a prosecutor or voluntary witness against anybody charged with the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors.

"The conditions of the City under the 'Mulct Law' became deplorable. A number of saloons were on each

of the principal business streets of the City. In and around them were gathered, as usual, practically all classes of criminals. They had such an influence in the City that for many years crimes caused by the liquor business in the City and gambling and prostitution were practically ignored by the City Police. Conditions became such that reputable women did not dare appear on some of the principal streets of the City in the evening or night time without a male escort. The marauders from some of the worst of the liquor quarters would prowl over the City and rob men on the public streets, burglarize the homes of the citizens and the stores of the business men, insult good women, and on one occasion one such character, only shortly released from the State Prison, after hanging around one of the City's low dives for several days, started out early one evening prowling in the residence district, overtook one good Christian young woman on her way to attend a choir meeting and murdered her in cold blood.

"During all those times there had been a goodly number of earnest, determined temperance men and women doing what they could to enforce the law against the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquors and to protect the City against the influences of the saloon and its attendant evils. As the conditions in the City became worse, the earnestness and determination of those men and their number increased.

"The liquor interests felt that it was so strongly supported by the business interests of the City, and politically, that it could practically ignore the law, and frequently and openly made the claim that the only persons trying to enforce the law against them were cranks and

persons of no business or financial standing in the community. To meet that contention, the temperance people, who acted through a committee generally, let it be known that the committee felt that if a number of the leading business men of the City, without regard to party affiliations, would permit their names to be used as plaintiffs in actions brought at the instance of the committee against persons charged with the violation of the intoxicating liquor law, that it would materially aid the cause.

"Among the first men to volunteer for that service in favor of the temperance cause was T. D. Foster, President of John Morrell & Co., the leading business concern in the City. The records of the County will show that his name appears as plaintiff on a large number of the cases brought during the last few years preceding the closing of the saloons in the City. He not only gave his name and influence, but he gave his financial support and whatever time was necessary to prosecute said cases.

"The writer knows that in order to protect the good name of the City and counteract the things that were tending to make it known as dominated by the liquor interests several years before the saloons closed in Ottumwa, Mr. T. D. Foster and Mr. W. B. Bonnifield entered into negotiations with the Anheuser Busch Brewing Company of St. Louis to purchase their building, (which they had so contemptuously erected right opposite the Union Station and printed on the front in large, conspicuous letters the name of the concern where everybody reaching the City through that station would see that among the first signs), if the Company would place a reasonable value on the same, but

the Company contemptuously refused to consider the proposition.

"The interest became such that the Ministerial Association of the City enlisted in the contest, and a large number of the leading laymen in practically all of the Protestant Churches became greatly aroused.

"As a result, and largely for the purpose of educating and converting the people in favor of prohibition, arrangements were made with Billy Sunday to come to Ottumwa and put on one of his religious and temperance campaigns. He came the latter part of 1908. His meetings lasted about five weeks. His big tabernacle was crowded at every meeting. He attacked the saloon and its influences directly without any bitterness toward the saloon-keeper, but he missed no opportunity to denounce the saloon as an abominable evil. At the end of that campaign it was apparent that public sentiment in Ottumwa had become so changed that a majority of the voters were opposed to a continuance of the saloon within the City. No layman – in fact, no one except Billy Sunday – exerted a greater influence in that Sunday meeting and Sunday campaign than did T. D. Foster.

"Immediately following the Sunday meetings, the temperance forces circulated a petition to close the saloons in the City, received a majority of the voters' names to the petition, filed the same, and put the saloons out of business so far as operating lawfully was concerned. The result was that since that time no person has had authority to operate a saloon or a brewery in the City of Ottumwa, and none have been operated with the sanction of the law.

"The liquor interests, as usual, kept up the fight for

Foster was at the head of that Committee and the leading contributor. Under his leadership the full amount was donated and $15,000.00 turned over to the City for said purpose.

"The writer was closely associated with Mr. Foster during all of said campaigns and has always felt that he was honored by such association."

That this conflict not only called for valiant service, but involved families in great anxieties, is indicated in a letter which Foster wrote to his daughter who was in a distant state attending college. In the customary birthday greetings which passed between him and his children she had made reference to the fight that was being made and expressed her hope for the success of the temperance forces. He replied:

"Your sweet and sympathetic letter reached me on my birthday as you had planned. It came as a warm breeze on a cold day and was truly enjoyed, and I thank you for it. As you say these are strenuous days for me when usually men begin to take things more leisurely; but our Heavenly Father has planned it differently and I know it is best so am full of joy and hope. My health is good. I stand it all without a weariness that pulls me down. I am often tired but the night's sleep sends me out again refreshed and ready for the day's work. I know the prayers of our dear children are accepted and answered, they must be or I could not do what I am doing. It surely must be our Heavenly Father will give us the victory again. Such blasphemy is not often heard in a Christian land as this liquor man Windle is guilty of. It shows the love and patience of God or He would bring a plague upon him. But we do not have to worry about the harm

he can do us. God will take care of that and handle him in the way that is best. They claim to have enough signers, but I cannot figure out where they are getting them. So many people who signed last time won't sign now. It will be a great victory if we win, and we will help other cities and towns very much."

The victory in that fight for sobriety and public welfare by the forces of good citizenship is a matter of history. The education of the citizenship in the principles of sound government was greatly advanced. The spirit of patriotism and loyalty in democracy was purified and enriched. The standards of community life were raised to a higher level. The devotion of the whole people to their public institutions was strengthened. And the example of such men as Thomas D. Foster, who gave unstintedly of their time, and money, and of their personal strength and influence against violence and avarice was inspiring to the youth of the Nation who must take up the torch of loving devotion to the community, the State and the Nation, that has been flung to them.

V

Mr. William McNett was, for many years, attorney for John Morrell & Co. In October, 1927, he was appointed by the Chamber of Commerce in the City of Ottumwa, to present a bronze tablet in commemoration of fifty years of the John Morrell & Co.'s history in the city, and the one hundredth anniversary of its founding in England. He spoke with warm appreciation, not only of the development of the organization and its subsidiary companies, but with "fond remembrance" of his personal relation and acquaintance with Foster.

"From the very beginning of his residence among us," said McNett, "he took an active interest in whatever made for the betterment and moral elevation of the community, not limiting his activities alone to Ottumwa, but extending them as well to other fields."

The measure of a man may be determined, not only by the character and number of his interests but also by the scope of his activities. His ability to participate in the affairs of the Nation, as well as of his own community – his comprehension of the problems of national statesmanship and international diplomacy, his understanding of the course of events at home and abroad – all these make up the man and determine the proportions of his personality.

The inauguration of the World War was not a surprise to Foster. He was not among those, who, at the beginning of the twentieth century were so confident of the ubiquity, wisdom, and grace of modern culture, or of its elevating and humanizing effects, as to believe war had been made impossible among the nations. He knew too well "what was in man" to be blind to his tendency to revert to his primitive instincts of tooth and claw when provoked. His religious conviction, that it was necessary for a man to be rejuvenated by the Spirit of God, had never been modified by the preachments of the social gospel of those times. He knew too well, how, in every land, business and religion, education and commerce were saturated with the spirit of selfish aggrandizement. His intimate and frequent contacts with Europe kept him informed of the undercurrent of tendencies which multitudes never saw. He was not, therefore, taken wholly unaware when the Great War came.

Neither was he blindly, unqualifiedly, and uncritically a supporter of the nations he loved. He was deeply grieved. From the opening of that sad and terrible conflict he felt there were evidences of God's displeasure with the nations and that in it there were impending judgments. "I don't like the action of Germany shelling a defenseless coast," he says; "I could have much sympathy for them, as I am sure there is a good deal in what Mr. —— [John Morrell & Co.'s agent in Germany] says, but for their cruelty. Anyway England has dark days ahead." To meet this situation he wrote a month later (January 5, 1915): "I suppose the report that packers would cease shipments to England if she did not allow continental shipments is all buncombe. Anyway, we must be in shape to give Liverpool all they want. If you come out even, run full, even if you sink some overhead expense." He foresaw that the war in Europe was going to create a demand for the packers' products. Later events proved that his ideas were correct and, as he intimated, the reports that the big packers in Chicago would shut off shipments to England, if England interferred with their shipments to the continent, proved to be "buncombe." A few days later: "I see the German raiders are after King George. This war will turn into the most relentless brutal thing on the part of the Germans since Attila, or Attila's day. The brutality has only just begun."

This was at a period when Germany had not yet inaugurated her submarine policy. Says Professor Seymour in the *Intimate Papers of Colonel House* (Vol. I, page 366): "Taking as a pretext the British restrictions upon the entrance of food stuffs into Germany, a new

departure which the Germans regarded as worthy retaliations, they proclaimed a 'war zone' around the British Isles to take effect upon February 18, 1915. After that date, they threatened, German submarines would destroy any enemy merchant ship in this zone, without regard for the safety of the passengers or crews of the vessels attacked. They warned neutral shipping of the peril that would attend entrance into the war zone, since mistakes might occur, especially if belligerent ships continued the practice of raising neutral flags." So it happened, as all students of the history of that period now know, that there was inaugurated one of the most terrible and brutal war policies the world has seen. With the prescience of wisdom gained through intimate acquaintance with world movements and possessed of a sound judgment of the meaning of events, more than a month before the inauguration of this policy, Foster foresaw and prepared his co-laborers for the coming devastation. Again on January 30, 1915, he wrote from the South to which he had gone for his health, "Keep Liverpool supplied, Germany will practically stop bacon from Denmark and Holland." This intimate and lively interest in international affairs was natural and to be expected, not only because of his English connections and background, but because of his keen interest in all public situations that enlist a lively and loyal sense of public responsibility in worthy citizens. While Foster was not disposed to take much interest in politics, he kept in touch with its tendencies. He also kept informed about its leaders and especially with those statesmen who directed political machinery and who formed the legislative program.

His sympathies were most frequently with the Democratic party, because of its maintenance of the doctrine of free trade. Nevertheless, he admired and followed with ardor certain champions of the doctrine of a high protective tariff. Among the statesmen and political leaders in the Republican party, whom he admired was President William McKinley. President McKinley was elected in 1896 by a popular vote of 7,035,638, taking office March 4, 1897. He was elected for a second term four years later, November, 1900, by a still larger popular vote, and was again inaugurated the following March. The following September, while holding a reception at the Pan-American Exposition in the City of Buffalo, New York, he was shot by a fanatic, Leon Czolgosz, and died eight days later. The whole Country was shocked and popular feeling was greatly aroused. The beautiful, Christ-like spirit which the wounded president displayed toward his assailant enlisted the heart of the Nation. Foster was greatly moved by the tragedy. Public meetings were held throughout the United States at which patriotic citizens expressed their grief in their bereavement and their devotion and esteem for their martyred president. When the memorial service was held in Ottumwa, Foster was asked to give the address. From the depths of his own feelings, he expressed the heart of the community in the following well chosen words:

"It is fitting that a service of this character should be held, that an opportunity may be afforded to the people of our City, of showing our respect to the memory of our departed Chief. It is the only way many of us have of giving expression to our feelings of love and esteem for

the man and our abhorrence of the causes that led up to the awful crime which deprived our Country of its leader. The sad duty has been assigned the speaker to talk briefly about our late President as a statesman. The task would not be difficult for one having better powers of expression than he possesses, for the material is abundant and the quality is fine; yet, what may be said at this time proceeds from a genuine admiration of the man by one who once held materially different opinions on some things but who found himself gradually nearing the ideal of him who was twice called to steer the Ship of State, and we never were nearer each other than the hour wherein the assassin (who represents lawlessness in its condensed form) took away his life.

"William McKinley, the statesman, the choice of a Nation of seventy millions, breathes no more, his natural heart has ceased its beating. That large well balanced head will not do any more thinking, that hand will do no more guiding, nor will it ever extend again in warmth and confidence to brother citizens. What the finite creature sees of William McKinley is cold, lifeless and still and the Nation bows in inexpressible grief, fully realizing that the pilot of the Government has, as it were, dropped the tiller without a moment's warning and lies as dust on the deck. Through intricate channels of diplomacy, roaring seas of commercial and possibly bloody strife, which may be experienced in the hidden future, that heart, that head, that steady hand, will not be there. A new pilot there is and doubtless true. Yet, oh! how the millions of hearts yearn for him, who was not only true, but tried; for him who has endured a strain and directed affairs delicate and difficult beyond those falling to the lot

of any of our chiefs, since our beloved Lincoln who gave the first martyr's blood for his Country's weal. How well he has guided it. Blunders? There were none; mistakes have been few. The Nation has been exalted by his statesmanship. Countries across the seas respect us as never before in our history. Policies have been laid down and carried out in a masterly manner. Yet, with a justice and moderation that put other governments to shame and inwardly provoked an envy that sometimes is but ill concealed. Oh, when we think of it who will act for us now? Who will stand for us, in whom the nations have confidence as being just and reliable and kind, steadfast and balanced?

"William McKinleys are not an every day production. They are precious and, for that reason, sorrow hath filled our hearts and tears our eyes that one such is taken from our midst and we prostrate ourselves before Almighty God, saying, in the dying words of our martyred chief, 'Thy will be done.' Our God, to whom can we turn in this dark hour but to Thee? Thou hast been our rock in times past. We have clung to Thee and, though angry waves rolled over our heads, Thy hand held us and we were saved and relying upon Thy promises. We sorrow not as those who have no hope.

"But statesmanship is not confined to diplomatic relations with foreign powers. The highest type is frequently required and displayed in domestic affairs and our lamented leader was not wanting here. His wisdom and tact secured the adoption of the most important reform and changes promised in the platform which gave him the victory when before his fellow countrymen for the highest office in their gift. All fair minded opponents

must admire the skill he employed in the management of affairs in connection with congress that led up to the declaration of war with Spain. Our people have many reasons for being proud of the selection they made when they cast their ballots for rulers in recent campaigns.

"William McKinley was a true statesman. The true statesman is ever on the alert, looking for dangers that may possibly injure the interests of the people he is seeking to benefit and bearing the blow if it falls. He is watching for opportunities to advance their material and social condition, constantly planning for the future, that, as a well managed business, the Nation may be in a state of preparation to move when the tide is at the flood. He cultivates the friendship of other governments which promise benefits for his own, and his habit of life is to place the welfare of his Country in advance of his personal affairs. He filled the requirements of a free and enlightened people. The management of government affairs seemed to come to him naturally. He carried on with ease and promptness that indicated his mastery of the art with a quickness of comprehension and a consciousness of power all so essential in attaining success.

"The real statesman cannot be made out of cast iron, neither can he be made out of dough, and our President was neither of these. His public utterances and acts prove that conclusively. His eyes were open and he used them circumspectly. His ears were unstopped and he kept them to the ground. William McKinley who framed the tariff bill carrying his name was not the William McKinley who gave the Nation a message at Buffalo, just before the fatal event, which message if the voters do not heed, sorrow is in store for our Country.

Every citizen ought to read and digest it. The principles of it should be taught in our public schools and in the political economy classes of our colleges. William McKinley was not dough when he told the Chinese ambassador at Washington, 'A message from our minister in Pekin must be in our hands stating that violence has ceased in so many hours or diplomatic relations will cease.' This action was taken when every government in Europe was paralyzed and helpless. It brought the arch fiends to their senses and unquestionably had much to do with saving the lives of all the imprisoned Europeans. William McKinley was not perfect, he made mistakes, like other men, but he was honest and ready to give up his opinions when convinced of error. No more noble trait of character exists in the human heart than a willingness to 'right the wrong.' His tariff bill was a mistake; but his Buffalo speech was practically an apology for and a withdrawal of it.

"We mourn the departure of a great and righteous man. But he is not dead. We have him with us still. His words and acts are written on the Nation's heart and sealed with his blood. The impressions are made and time even cannot efface them. Rather, they are better compared with the knife slits in the bark of the sapling which ever widen and deepen as the tree grows. The true statesman never dies. Tricksters and pigglers, who pose as statesmen, die, for which mercy God be thanked.

"It is not an accident that has removed our much loved statesman from amongst us. There is a deep purpose and lesson in it all and they should not go unheeded. Dear friends and brother citizens, let us all leave this house tonight with a firm purpose in our hearts that we

will draw nearer to our God than we have ever done, asking earnestly and honestly that He will reveal to us the meaning of this dispensation. Also, let us have a determined purpose in our hearts, that, when this meaning is revealed, we will as earnestly and honestly begin to remove the perpetrator of such deeds, that our dear Country with its freedom and equality and democratic spirit may be preserved. If the events of the past week lead us to commit ourselves more sincerely to God, the speaker believes that, could our departed President speak to us, his message would be, 'I am glad my blood has been shed for it has raised my beloved land nearer my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.'"

The convictions expressed in this address were the utterance of one who discovered and acknowledged true worth of personality whenever it appeared and with whatever group of citizens and statesmen it might be identified. In the face of such untoward events as befell America in the death of McKinley, Foster was not among those who saw only the blackness of calamity and judgment. The light always broke through for him. By this light on the darkness he read a call to deeper consecration to the Divine Will and to renewed effort to establish righteousness in the Nation. To this higher consecration he called his fellow townsmen in the hour of their grief. Such a devotion was the abiding temper of his life. He lived for the establishment of righteousness in the earth.

RELIGION
THE LOVE AND COMPANIONSHIP OF GOD

THE LOVE AND COMPANIONSHIP OF GOD

SURELY we may end as we began, with the insistence that God is the one supreme universal need of all humanity, and that that need was never more pronounced than in America today. Not long ago a brilliant and popular author, who could certainly never be associated with evangelistic propaganda, wrote me in regard to a review of one of his books: 'What I really want to thank you for is your perception that I am interested in nothing else in the world, seriously, except speculations and wonderings about God. . . I suppose, if we would all admit it, none of us is really interested in anything else.'"

—GAMALIEL BRADFORD'S *D. L. Moody, a Worker in Souls*

CHAPTER VI

RELIGION

THE LOVE AND COMPANIONSHIP OF GOD

I

IN his *A Preface to Morals*, Walter Lippman has two paragraphs in his opening chapter, "The Problem of Unbelief," in which he contrasts the religious man of the previous generations and the man in whom the "acids of modernity" have been at work: "It is possible to drift along not too discontentedly, somewhat nervously, somewhat anxiously, somewhat confusedly, hoping for the best, and believing in nothing very much. It is possible to be a passable citizen. But it is not possible to be wholly at peace. For serenity of soul requires some better organization of life than a man can attain by pursuing his casual ambitions, satisfying his hungers, and for the rest accepting destiny as an idiot's tale in which one dumb sensation succeeds another to no known end. And it is not possible for him to be wholly alive. For that depends upon his sense of being completely engaged with the world, with all his passions and all his faculties being in rich harmony with one another, and in deep rhythm with the nature of things.

"These are the gifts of a vital religion which can bring the whole of a man into adjustment with the whole of his relevant experience. Our forefathers had such a re-

ligion. They quarreled a good deal about the details, but they had no doubt that there was an order in the universe which justified their lives, because they were a part of it. The acids of modernity have dissolved that order for many of us, and there are some in consequence who think that the needs which religion fulfilled have also been dissolved. But however self-sufficient the eugenic and perfectly educated man of the future may be, our present experience is that the needs remain. In failing to meet them, it is plain that we have succeeded only in substituting trivial illusions for majestic faiths. For while the modern emancipated (?) man may wonder how anyone ever believed that in this universe of stars and atoms and multitudinous life, there is a drama in progress of which the principal event was enacted in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, it is not really a stranger fable than many which he so readily accepts. He does not believe the words of the Gospel but he believes the best advertised notion. The older fable may be incredible today, but when it was credible it bound together the whole of experience upon a stately and dignified theme."

These words and the words of Gamaliel Bradford, quoting a correspondent, which stand as a foreword to this chapter, are among the best acknowledgments which unevangelicals have made of the inadequacy of their own positions and of the ends to which their religious quests have led them, and which offer, also, a contrast to the assurance and cohesion of character and life descriptive of Foster who accepted the evangelical faith.

II

Brought up in a Christian home, trained in the doc-

trines and practices of the Church, with a measure of interest in all the teachings of orthodox religion, and deferential toward its devices for the maintenance of the established order, he had continued from his youth a due respect for and regular attendance upon the stated worship of the faith in which he had been brought up. In an old diary recording the events of a business trip made into Canada, he says: "Sunday Aug. 30, 1868. Went to church twice. *Liked* the minister very much indeed." Two days later, Tuesday, September 1, he again records: "Went to church, then to laying of corner stone of another. The Bishop of London spoke. Also the Dean and several other clergymen. Everyone thoroughly sound in their principles and enjoyed the proceedings exceedingly well. Great stir in the town. Ingersoll men won a silver ball from Woodstock at baseball."

The serious turn of his mind is indicated in his notes on the soundness of the clergy; also, in the record of his attending church while the town was excited over a ball game played by rival teams for a valuable trophy. It would not have been surprising if the record had been chiefly concerned with the account of attendance upon the baseball game and the comments on the merits of the members of the team. A lad of twenty-one might have been excused if he had said nothing about the merits of the clergy's performance.

The regularity of his religious attitude did not, however, make any particular impact upon his practical relationship to business. His uprightness of character, sound principles of procedure, and correct notions of integrity were, at this time, not consciously related to his religious experience. These were the products of an

environment, accounted for on the basis of family traditions of honor, sound merchandising, and social respectability.

This formal, religious regularity continued for a few years and neither disturbed nor affected his personal habits. He kept the decanter on the sideboard. The bar opposite the Board of Trade building received him daily. His large meerschaum pipe, with its long stem, was his constant companion. The responsibility that weighed heaviest on his mind was to make good at his business, bring up his family in comfort and respectability, and to take the place in the community which men of character and achievement ought to take. He had moved to Chicago because of the enlarged and easily accessible opportunity for the development and expansion of his business. Things were going well with him and the business had prospered.

About this time John B. Gough, the famous temperance lecturer, came to Chicago on one of his lecture tours, appearing in the Moody and Sankey tabernacle. He was the sensation of the hour. Friends called one evening and invited the Fosters to go with them to hear the notable lecturer. Foster hesitated. He was not in agreement with the propaganda. He did not approve of the speaker as reported by the newspapers and the common gossip of the street. But, finally, his opposition was overcome by the representations and pleadings of his friends, and they prepared to put off to the tabernacle. But before departing, playfully and banteringly, with a gesture of defiance, Foster stepped to the sideboard in the dining room, pulled the cork from the decanter, and

laying it beside the bottle said: "It will be all ready for us to take a drink when we get home."

Gough, in his marvelous way, held his audience spell-bound for two hours, moving them first to laughter and then to tears; but in the end persuading many to break with King Alcohol and sign the pledge to drink no more. Foster made no public intimation at the meeting of how the message had affected him. But when they returned to their home he went straight to the sideboard and taking the cork, which he had removed from the bottle on his departure for the meeting, he put it back, saying to his wife: "Lizzie, as far as I am concerned it will not come out." And it never did from that time on.

It was in these early years of his life in the west that he came in touch with the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, and through his ministry a religious awakening came that changed the man, and his whole outlook on life. Moody had come to Chicago to clerk in a shoe store. His intense religious fervor had led him into an aggressive activity for the boys and young men of Chicago. He went out and found lads upon the street, and persuaded them to come with him to his church, and to a class in the Sunday School which he taught. By the time Foster arrived, Moody had so far advanced in the field of Christian evangelism that he was not only a mighty force in Chicago, but had become known throughout the whole country. Foster attended his meetings and was tremendously shaken in his smug orthodoxy. To use his own word he was "converted." "To get converted," says Bernard Iddings Bell,[1] "is not to stand

[1] *Beyond Agnosticism*

up and say, 'I accept Jesus as my Saviour,' without knowing what the words really mean; it is not to hit a trail and shake some fiery evangelist by the hand; it is not merely to say, 'I wish to turn over a new leaf and be a more decent sort from now on.' It is far, far more than that. It is to awake to the amazing realization that Reality is not far off, unknown and unknowable; that Jesus is not some vaguely recognized abstraction which may be acknowledged and then put out of one's mind, like gravitation and the ether: but that God is Jesus, walking still among us men, hearing us pray, blessing us in sacraments, our compassionate friend, touched with every feeling of our infirmities, but at the same time God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God." Something like this happened to Foster as the result of his contact with Moody. He was always deeply grateful to God for those contacts, because through them far greater blessings flowed down upon him, which had the quality of Reality. Immediately, certain great convictions gripped him and gave a new accent and direction to his personality. God became a vital, personal, blessed, regulative fact. This relationship was intimate, determining, imperial, and comforting. Jesus Christ was no longer an historical figure identified with Palestine and the people contemporaneous with Him from A.D. 1 to A.D. 33. Jesus Christ was now a personality contemporaneous with Thomas D. Foster, his Friend, Counselor, Teacher, Advocate, and ever present, though unseen, Partner in life, in business, in all social relationships. Henceforth Foster counted himself the "bond slave" to his newly found Lord and Saviour, and as Joseph Parker said of the Apostle, his family ties, his time, his talents, his pos-

sessions, his life were all brought to the Altar of Christ and offered in loving sacrifice, while "he counted the sacrifice a gain."

The first waking hour of the day he set aside and kept with rare and singular devotion for communion with his Master. The Bible was the Word of this new faith, and when Foster opened it in his morning watch, at whatever place the selected passage was found, he seemed to hear God talking through it with him. His season of prayer was one of sweet and refreshing communion with his Heavenly Father, and Jesus Christ his Elder Brother and Saviour. His enlarging acquaintance with the Gospels, to him a record increasingly precious as the years went by, confirmed his conviction of Christ's unutterable love for sinning men – especially Thomas D. Foster, whom He had redeemed. The phrase that was most frequently on his tongue and which made a definite impression on one of the men who now heads a department of John Morrell & Co. in Ottumwa was, "Our Father in Heaven and His beloved Son, who gave His life to save others."

His whole business life was now considered through this new relation with God. It was God's business. He was only His agent, whom God had honored in calling to its management. He frequently expressed the opinion, that when God has a work to be done He knows where to find the man to do it. If that man is capable of making and controlling money for the advancement of God's Kingdom, God will permit him to have what he can wisely and safely handle. When he now faced his responsibilities, he was sensitive to the way money was to be made, careful as to how it was to be used, and as

jealously faithful in considering the probable productiveness of what he gave away as of what he put back in the business. When any man wished to present a cause that was for the advancement of Christ's interests in the world, either in the spread of evangelical truth or the amelioration of human suffering or the winning of the unconverted to Jesus Christ, he could be quite sure of access to Foster and a patient hearing of all that was to be said for the cause with which the solicitor was connected. Doctor John A. Marquis, General Secretary of The National Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, who had met Foster but once, was impressed with this eager interest and attitude of an investor in causes that most men dealt with as mendicants. It was at a meeting of the state representatives of this great denomination. They discussed many things that had to do with the making of America, and especially the great Middle West. "The thing that impressed me so deeply," said Doctor Marquis, "that I have never forgotten it, despite the lapse of more than fifteen years, was his attitude toward opportunities for the service of his Master. Again and again when he mentioned some Christian enterprise which he was supporting he would use the phrase: 'When I heard of that work I felt it was an opportunity that I could not afford to miss and I must have a share in it.' It was exceedingly refreshing to see his eagerness to learn all about institutions that needed his help. He met human need more than half way." But when the cause had been presented, if Foster gave his support to it, the solicitor must be prepared to give an explicit account of what he did with the money contributed. If he could do this, he could be quite sure, Fos-

ter would continue his support as long as the money was wisely and prudently expended and as long as he was persuaded the Kingdom of Christ was advanced through that agency. If he lost confidence in the management his support was either withdrawn or the management was changed.

His personal enlistment was not confined to his financial gifts to the cause of humanity or evangelization. He worked as hard, directly and personally, as the most ardent and responsible of "personal" workers. In the Union Evangelical meetings carried on by the denominations of his city, Foster was not only ready to take the platform but to work in the least conspicuous and humble places. He would be seen quietly and unostentatiously moving about, speaking to persons who had not yet publicly avowed their faith. On a certain Sabbath night a meeting was held at the opera house in Ottumwa in the autumn of 1910. The preacher for the evening had made a clear and forceful presentation of what Christ did for the salvation of men, and followed it with a most earnest appeal. Then he announced a hymn, and extended an invitation to all who would make a decision for Christ, to come forward to certain seats. Foster was seated in one of the boxes to the right of the preacher. As soon as the hymn was announced, he began to speak to individuals about him and in the other boxes. When he learned they were not confessed followers he urged them to decide for Christ at once. This earnestness was no occasional and spasmodic performance, resulting from high emotional excitement. It was the continuous and practical expression of his loyalty to Jesus Christ, in remembrance of His love and sacrifice for him. He

wanted all men to know the reality of this mystery. And many are the homes of humble people, among his own employees and others, in which, in times of sickness or discouragement, he has gone to bring a word of sympathy or lift his voice in prayer to his Ever Present Help in trouble. God was to him a real and accessible Friend to all who call upon Him, who call upon Him in Truth.

III

Foster believed in the public proclamation of the Gospel as a divinely ordained method for the winning of men to Christ. The minister whose life is consecrated to this task he considered one of the mightiest agents known to man for the safeguarding of society against insidious foes, for the building up of a strong and resilient community life, and for the maintenance of ideals and convictions, of purposes and visions, without which the people perish. Ministers were his co-laborers, his comrades in the struggle for a sound and righteous citizenship, and a stable democracy; but they were even more—they were vicarious representatives for Christ, and for him, in bringing the unsaved into this glorious fellowship. It would be a very exceptional minister indeed who would not feel the quickening of this sympathetic fellowship upon meeting Foster.

He therefore seized upon every occasion available, not only to witness himself, but to align John Morrell & Co. in the same position. After the great fire in 1893, which so nearly wrecked the business, (Foster having to put up his personal life insurance policies as collateral in meeting his financial obligations) he introduced the Thanksgiving service and secured the assistance of

1907

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

IN THE PACKING HOUSE DINING HALL, AT 10:30 A. M.

The Reverend Father Foley, Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church will preach the Sermon.

SINGING

A CORDIAL INVITATION IS EXTENDED TO EVERYONE TO ATTEND THIS SERVICE.

All work ceases at the Packing House to give the employees an opportunity to show a grateful spirit for blessings received.

We have much to thank God for; even if some sorrows have come across our path during the past year and if there are clouds overhanging our Country; all the more reason for coming together that we may pray to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift" that these may be removed and His favor restored to us again.

Then with gladness and reverence let us worship God in this service.

BOXES WILL BE PLACED AT THE DOOR AS USUAL TO RECEIVE YOUR OFFERINGS FOR THE POOR AND NEEDY.

OTTUMWA, November 28, 1907.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT DISTRIBUTED TO MORRELL EMPLOYEES

clergymen of the various denominations, Protestant and Catholic, in the program. Thanksgiving day was then a holiday for the employees on full pay. Days before this date he would have dodgers printed and distributed, announcing the services and inviting everyone to attend. These meetings were held in the packing house dining room where the employees on other days were accustomed to eat their noonday meal. Copy of one of these announcements presented on a preceding page, selected from the files where these have been kept from the date of the first meeting to the last, will indicate how free from prejudice or sectarian control they were; and how sincere was the effort on Foster's part to bring a conviction to every one, that God is in His world – a personal vital factor in every man's life and work, and the One from Whom come the blessings that crowd our days. These Thanksgiving notices announce ministers taking part who were at the extreme opposites of the religious world – from a Missionary Baptist to a Roman Catholic – all of whom worship God, without Whose blessing and favor, companionship and love, Foster felt he could not live, nor his business succeed.

Coupled with this public commitment of the business to witnessing for God, as a living vital reality, to Whom men should, at least once a year, make due acknowledgment in thanksgiving and praise, was the long established policy of no work on Sunday. This policy has been given publicity in two continents because of its early infrequency in the history of corporations throughout the world and the loyalty of John Morrell & Co. to the practice. In its issue of December 22, 1927, the *Manufacturers Record*, a publication with more than na-

tional patronage, gave an account of correspondence between T. Henry Foster, President of John Morrell & Co., and Edward T. Fenwick, an attorney of Washington, D.C. Learning of this correspondence the *Manufacturers Record* wrote for verification of the facts. In replying to this inquiry the President of the Company said: "A great deal of our success, I attribute to the high standard of living maintained by the founders of our business and the importance they attached to spiritual values and made use of in their relation with their employees, their competitors and the public. This has had its influence on the business down through the years and long after all of them have passed away.

"You will realize that we operate a highly perishable business, dealing as we do in live stock and fresh meats. Nevertheless, we have found it not only possible, but also entirely practical, to fully observe the Sabbath as a day of rest."

Ernest Manns, superintendent of the Ottumwa plant, gives an account of two occasions many years ago, when the machinery broke down, at which time was revealed the watchfulness of Foster that this policy of no work on Sunday be observed. The break came on Saturday and the work of repair was going on long after closing hours, when the Chief came to the Superintendent and said, "Ernest, you can work at this until midnight. Then it must stop. I want you to remember, as long as you work for John Morrell & Co., there must be no work on the Sabbath. John Morrell & Co. does not stand for Sabbath desecration." Again in the winter, ice had to be gathered. Cold weather had come. By Saturday night the ice was in splendid condition. The question

arose whether they should go to cutting ice at once. They did and worked until midnight. "Sunday morning before Sunday School time Foster called me," said Manns, "and asked, 'Ernest, what are you doing on the ice this morning?' Nothing. 'All right,' and with that hung up the phone. At Sunday School that morning he talked about Sabbath desecration, and told the story of his conversation with the Superintendent of the plant, and of his satisfaction that the Superintendent had obeyed instructions and was not cutting ice that day, much as they wished to store it while the ice was good."

Along with this zeal and fidelity to the letter of the law, and the institutions of the Christian faith, which described his personal observances and the policy of his business, was his activity in promulgating his convictions of God's personal relationship to the whole of human life. Honesty, truthfulness, righteousness are not to be observed simply because that is good and safe business practice. They are to be guarded, observed, and incorporated into the conduct of life, because they are realities that find their ultimate location in the being and character of God. They are not subject to variableness, according to the concept and standard of a time. They are not mere names we give to qualities that vary with the current practice, or the prevailing habits of a clique, a community, or a nation. They are qualities that belong to God, with Whom there is no variableness neither shadow in turning. No doubt a primitive race would be judged according to its light. But a civilization, a corporation, an individual that attempts to vindicate itself in licentious social relations, practical injustices in political policies, or selfish greed in industrial

settlements will find these are things God does not wink at. Foster's God was not afar off. He is in His world. He was in Foster's world – the world of toil, of human relationship, where wages and salaries have to be earned, and paid; in the industrial world, where dirt and grease and sweat fall from the faces of men, and where the breath of life is choked and poisoned. God is there. And He takes account of the way men live there. Foster wanted men to know this. A man's religious professions and his practice must square with each other. "Business is business." "No," he would say, "it is real business only when conducted with reference to the fact and the presence of God. Otherwise it is liable to be brutality incarnate – base and inhuman. The weight and the balance are items of which God takes account. In fidelity to God's account men must weigh and measure." "Can a man be a Christian and still be in business?" The question expresses an unfavorable presumption. In answer Foster would have said, "A man can not only be in business and be a Christian, but, if he is to do business in a way to meet with real success, and build for the community welfare, he must be a follower of Christ." He accepted every occasion presented to him to witness to this conviction, which his schedule of engagements and his strength would permit.

On one such occasion he spoke on the subject, "Wist ye not I must be about my Father's business?" The first third of the address expresses his conviction that business is a provision God has made for practical service; in which, God, by His coöperation and partnership exalts the vocation. God has a business, a world enterprise, namely, to win all men unto Himself. This re-

quires sacrifice, diligence, loyalty, and unceasing fidelity to the task. In all these Christ never halted and never failed. He finished the work God gave Him to do. His method of procedure was practical. It was the way best fitted to the achievement of his purpose, which was not only to save men from destruction, but, also, to develop them in character. This is witnessed to in every age. God hazarded the success of His ultimate purpose by laying the responsibility upon some men who were weak, and prone to fail, that he might develop them. It is the responsibilities, not the enjoyments, that make men of us, the discipline and not the comforts that bring us to the perfect stature. This responsibility to do great things for God and with God is laid upon nations as well as individuals. The great migratory movements from Europe and Great Britain, by which America was settled, were God's enterprise. The movement was a great oportunity for the Church of God. It also laid a great responsibility upon the Nation that was begotten of this movement.

"Through all these trials God has prepared our Nation in a marvelous way... Are we not safe in making the statement that our position is determined by our relationship to God? If so, where do we stand as compared with those who made our present condition possible? Are we as rich in our sacrifices and service for and to God as they were, or as the early Christians were? There is no way of judging our love to a person or to God, but by the sacrifices we are making for their happiness and the advancement of their interests. . .

"I am now coming to the subject assigned me, 'Business Men in the Church.' The statement has been made

in this paper that God turned this land over to the business man. This was said advisedly, and without any reflection on the farmer and the workman. It is a matter of common observation, that what the farmer and the workman produce in a large measure derives its value through the manner in which it is handled by those who gather it, change it, manufacture it, convey it, and distribute it in this and foreign lands. Therefore, the character, morals and religion of the Country depend to a large degree upon the men in business.

"What does it mean to amalgamate our business with God's – to go into partnership with Him? Is it a possible and tangible transaction? It is. But it is necessary to believe –

"1st. That man without God is lost.

"2nd. That there is only one way of salvation and that through the shed blood of Christ, the Son of God.

"3rd. That God is longing with more than an earthly father's love to win sinners back to Himself.

"4th. That God is able to save every soul that comes to Him through Christ.

"5th. That God has a great blessing for those who loyally enter into organic union with him for the purpose of saving the lost.

"Having these five conditions determined upon, the course to take is to say 'Here Lord take me and what I have and use me and them as Thou wilt.' This, no doubt, looks like a cutting loose from things we may have regarded as firmly fixed, and we cannot do it without faith in God that while we cut our own moorings and swing out into the stream, He holds our craft by an invisible cable and will guide us into a life of greater blessing and

usefulness than if we keep on our own selfish way. Happiness, to reach its highest pinnacle in our lives, does not depend upon the size of our material possessions; but upon our relationship to God. To enter upon such a partnership may not mean an increase in our wealth, or it may, according to God's judgment as to which will most advance his cause and add to our joy.

"In a large majority of such acts of self abandonment to His cause the result will be an increase in material wealth. He knows that His work cannot be carried on without it, and it is one of the main channels provided whereby love, faithfulness and loyalty to His business may be expressed. But to enter into partnership for the special purpose of adding to our worldly store will prove to be a sad disappointment. Such a transaction would be an offense and would not bring a blessing. Only that offering can bring a blessing that is given out of pure love—without grudging or necessity—for God loves a cheerful giver. May it not then be, that, there are such large accumulations of wealth in comparatively few families, because there are so few business men in true partnership with God with whom He can divide the increase? Can it be possible, that it is part of God's plan in distributing wealth that His work has to drag or suffer, and that those in charge of it have to knock at the door of the unbelieving rich, and beg for help from wealth accumulated by methods in absolute violation of His commands and the teachings of Christ? It is not possible—it was never intended to be so—the poverty in God's business is brought about by those who profess to be and probably are his followers, being in business for themselves and not in partnership with Him.

"Those who handle God's finances know full well why the treasury is so continuously empty and that it will continue so until we professed Christians change our attitude towards Him. Is it not a fact that many of us, perhaps a majority of people who call themselves Christians, gave fifty dollars a year to the Lord when our income was five hundred dollars, and only give fifty or one hundred when our income is five thousand? We treat God worse than we treat our Government—sending men to Congress to work for an income tax the basis of which is a percentage of our income graded up according to our increase. How can God look down from Heaven and bless and prosper people of that kind who bear the name of His Son? God is not going to spoil us by giving us prosperity that we show no capacity to use aright. Therefore He gives the vineyard to others and the treasury that ought to be full goes empty. If there is no joy in giving on the part of professed Christians there is something wrong with the one who professes. It is to be feared that a majority of such do not enjoy meeting the man who is working to raise the church budget, or support a Christian College, or send out more missionaries when heathen lands are begging for an increased number of messengers of the cross to tell them the story of salvation. Such professors know nothing of the joy that belongs to those who are in partnership with the Father. The partners share the joy of Christ who said, 'that My joy may be in you and that your joy may be made full.'

"I wish to dwell upon the importance of partnership, it is such a great privilege and is not understood as it should be. We all know what it is to be in partnership in

the world's business. All the partners are interested in the profits so that when they are honest with each other the more they put in of thought and toil the greater the success. It is a great privilege and pleasure for a company of men to be associated together who are loyal, all doing their best, no loafers or those seeking to give the others the worst of it. That is as near Heaven as the earth has to offer. But it cannot compare with the experience of a partnership where God is a partner. Does this seem too unreal for some? It may be, but why should it? If a man dedicates his business to God, to use it as an influence for righteousness, does it seem too much to expect that God will watch over it in a way different to that which he will bestow upon the business that is dedicated to self or pleasure? Do we think such things are too small for God to be interested in; that is belittling Him, making Him too common? Christ said, 'he that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' The Father sent His Son to show to man the kind of being He is. We remember then, when Christ took the twelve to the Temple at the time of the sacrifice, when the people were passing into worship and making their contribution, in order to teach the disciples a lesson in the importance of little things – how He called their attention to the widow who cast in two mites. He took the twelve there at that hour for the express purpose of teaching them that lesson and they remembered it and made it a matter of record for all time. If, then, He noticed the widow and the two mites, will He not notice and be interested in a business that is being conducted for the prime purpose of advancing His cause and Kingdom? God can and does make some very good business men out of very ordi-

nary material – when that material is consecrated He can lead the subconscious minds of men to make good trades. He can lead the subconscious minds of purchasers to buy his goods. If he places his business in partnership with God many of the hard places will be smoothed out. What God longs for is more men with the spirit of the cobbler who said his business was to glorify God and that he mended shoes for a living. John Bunyan mended kettles and pans for a living when he was not in jail. But he lived to glorify God and we have the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"The man who puts his business into partnership with God will endeavor to run it as he would expect his partner to have it run – honest weight and measure – truthful statements about the goods – courteous treatment of the customers whether dressed in silks or fustian – that all might know that the Christian is more to be depended on than the average man of the world and so glorify God.

"The world will call a man a fool who takes such a step. Satan will throw everything in his way that he can. God proved Abraham and He proves His followers today. Here is where so many who take the step breakdown. When the day of testing comes, they say 'That is what I feared' or 'what I expected'; and for the lack of faith, or patience, or both they go back to the old way and God's plan for them is spoiled. If Abraham, Job or David had failed in the proving, we should never have known that such men lived. It is the man who can say from his inner soul, 'Though He slay me yet will I trust Him,' who has his name written (not always in Westminster Abbey) but in the 'Honor Roll of Heaven.'

"While this message is delivered ostensibly for the Business Men of the Church, it belongs to the farmer, the workman and the professional man alike. May God add His blessing to it, and if it is the means of opening the eyes of but one person to the reality and blessedness of a partnership with God I shall be amply repaid."

IV

In the eighties when the Y. M. C. A. came to Iowa, Foster was one of the first to enlist in the work of this world-wide institution. He knew its history and was deeply interested in its origin. Identified as it was with his native land, he, no doubt, had some sentimental interest in its continuing work. But its grip upon him was in three distinct appeals: First, its inter-denominational character. Foster was born of a Methodist mother. His father was an Episcopalian. After his contact with Moody, who was a Congregationalist, denominational lines were largely erased or covered over with a garment of evangelical fervor for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, and the principles of His teaching and fellowship amongst young men. He liked the associations the Y. M. C. A. afforded him. He found the best of men in all communions identified with the movement. It was particularly so in his home town. There was Major Samuel Mahon of the Episcopal Church, Captain S. H. Harper of the Presbyterian Church, Chris Haw and Major T. P. Spilman of the Methodist Church, and Dr. E. T. Edgerly of the Baptist Church, William McNett of the Congregational Church, and scores of others, through the more than thirty years of his connection with the institution, in coöperation with whom for the

moral and spiritual welfare of the community he had great delight.

When in due time he became identified with the enterprises and acquainted with the personnel of the National Committee of the Association, the scope of his acquaintance and the joy of his fellowship were greatly enlarged.

The second appeal of the Y. M. C. A. was its distinct and specific purpose to serve and save the young manhood of the world. Foster believed in young men. He had five sons of his own. Youth and masculine strength were the hope of the world. He believed that Christ had staked the success of His mission to save the world upon its manhood. He did not belittle, in any measure, the place and work of women in this great task of world evangelization. But Christ chose twelve men to "take up the world and carry it to God." While the allurements to quit the task were tremendous, he believed, through this institution, youth and young men might be caught and enlisted in a fellowship and service that would not only save them from the snares to which they were liable in the great cities, but they might also be captured for definite service in the proclamation of the truth which Christ brought. Here was a man's organization maintained and patronized, supported and upheld, visited and served by the biggest men the community possessed. What could be more splendid than this?

His acquaintance with the then young men of its organizing and administrative staff, John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer (who was so frequently identified with its evangelistic and missionary movements, though never of its employed staff), Fred B. Smith, "Dad" Elliot,

William Parsons of the state work, and B. C. Wade, the local secretary, and scores of others now living, though many have been mustered out with him – all these were men he loved, believed in, and supported for their work's sake. It was his great joy to work with such men for the young men of the world.

Then the "Y" made a tremendous appeal to his convictions on stewardship. As his acquaintance with its purpose, its personnel in the secretaryship, its method and policy of operation, enlarged, he felt confident it was well-nigh unequalled in its efficiency. Money, time, and talent given to the Y. M. C. A. were wisely and properly distributed, and applied to the purposes for which they were requested and for which they were given. From the very first he observed a technique in administration that seemed to have drifted down from high places, which was easily caught and embodied in the personnel of the local staff, that eliminated contention and criticism and obstructionist spirits of every sort. From the fountain head men were taught how to counsel and collaborate. Wherever plans and policies came from, they always seemed to have a universal character that belonged to the "Y," and yet to have originated in the local situation. Men in the "Y" found it easy to work together. Foster knew this meant efficiency and consecration at the top. Its enterprises, local, national, and world wide, were enlisting and sufficiently worthy to merit the most generous support. When an appeal was made for funds it was clear, specific, and ardent – for a cause that directly affected human welfare. Men were to be kept from evil associations by positive Christian associations. They were taught evangelical truth through

a worthy medium – a manly man working solely for men, who knew how to face life and to tell the other fellow how to face it. When they approached Foster for his support, he was ready to invest the funds of which God had made him steward.

Prior to 1906, the Religious Work Department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of North America proposed the raising of an endowment fund of $100,000.00, the income from which was to be used for the extension of Bible study, evangelistic work, and other specific features of the religious work of the Association.

To this fund Foster subscribed a generous sum payable in five annual installments. Some years later he was asked to assume responsibility for the salary of a "Y" man in China. In 1913 writing to Mr. Colton relative to the proposed visit of Mr. R. B. Wear, who was then on his way to China to enter Association work, he closes with the following:

"I enclose check for $1,000 promised in Cincinnati. I will make this annual if I can, but cannot promise to do so definitely at this time."

But apparently he was able to carry out this plan for in 1914, a year later, he acknowledged receipt of the report of Mr. Wear's work in Fuhkien "which is certainly most encouraging." His further comment indicates the interest he took in the report for he says, "One remark, made by one of the leading Chinese, is worthy of most serious consideration, and it shows that there is a fund of common sense in the Chinamen's brain, [a "fund" greatly appreciated by Foster]. I refer to the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs who made the state-

From a drawing by Charles E. Chambers

OLD ADELPHI HOTEL, BRADFORD, ENGLAND

THE FIFTH HOUSE TO THE LEFT OF THIS HOTEL WAS THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS D. FOSTER

ment, 'What is going to be the outcome of all these meetings, simply talk? If so, do not come for my support; but if there will be an effort made to actually draw men into service to clean up this city and to clean the lives of the men of the city, then I am heart and soul with you.'" This was the kind of talk Foster liked to hear. So he continues: "I sincerely hope the Association will not spread itself over too large a territory for them to look after, but arrange to do well that which is done, then the work will abide. But men like the Commissioner referred to will soon lose interest if they find the work is only froth and nothing solid at the bottom of it."

The high esteem in which he was held by the international, national, and local secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. is expressed in a letter written by John R. Mott, a month before Foster's death.

"MY DEAR MR. FOSTER:

"I have recently learned that you have been in poor health, and wish to assure you of my sympathetic and prayerful interest, and to express the hope that you may soon be restored to your customary strength. What do we not owe to your interest and faithful ministry through all the years and to your Christ-like example? I can not express to you what a help that letter of yours has been to me during the past year. It has had highly multiplying power.

"Very sincerely yours,
"JOHN R. MOTT."

The measure of Foster's interest in the work of salvaging the young manhood of the Country and its organization and enrollment in the Christian life, the Church

and all evangelical enterprises, made him an acceptable and often sought for speaker before local and state organizations. One such occasion was the launching of a Y. M. C. A. building campaign in Mason City, Iowa, when Foster delivered the principal address. He took as his subject "Our Young Men and the Church." In this address he takes the side of the young men, as he usually did, and boldly faces the criticism of the Church.

His loyalty to the Church is undoubted. His fearless consideration of her faults and proposals for her improvement are therefore, the more valuable.

"I am very glad to be with you tonight in response to your kind invitation to speak to you regarding a matter that is near to your heart and mine.

"As years pile up and responsibilities increase my inclinations seem to be to turn in the direction of quietness rather than activity and to become a listener rather than a talker; but when the welfare of the young men of our State and Country is involved, the cause pulls so strongly at my heartstrings that it gives me pleasure to set aside selfish inclinations and enter the arena to assist as best I may in solving the great problem of how to save our young men for Christ and His cause. It requires no argument to prove to you that a very serious leak exists between Sunday School and the Church through which a large proportion of our youth sifts; so that it is the cry of pastors and Sunday School Superintendents that when the boys reach the age of fourteen to sixteen years a majority of them loosen the ropes that have held them to the gospel ship and either sail away or are towed to what seems to them fairer scenes than they think they

will ever reach if they embark in the good old ship (the Church) which exists for them and is so desirous to have them both for safety and service. Then there are multitudes of young men who have not even enjoyed the privileges of the Sunday School, and they are as precious in God's sight as the others and are entitled to the best effort of the Church for their salvation.

"These facts admitted, it is incumbent upon the Church to discover the cause and apply the remedy; for I take it the Church is the responsible party. In times past a larger percentage of our youth and young men yielded themselves to the invitation of the gospel as made through the Church than is the case today, therefore, there must be a cause for this deflection, and it is probably brought about by some change in one or more of five conditions; viz.,

"1st. That God has changed his attitude towards young men; or

"2nd. That the Church is not presenting the beautiful, loving character of God in a manner that makes it attractive to young men; or

"3rd. That parents are not giving the time and care to the religious instruction of their children, formerly practiced; or

"4th. That young men have a changed nature, so that they are not touched nor acted upon by the influence that moved them in the past; or

"5th. That the world (or to be more definite) the people outside the Church having made a study of the minds and requirements of the young men as they exist today, in view of modern and liberal education, have

discovered the secret of presenting their interests so as to be more attractive to young men than God is, as presented by the Church.

"Looking into the probable causes above set forth, we will likely all agree upon two of them, the first and fourth; viz., That God has not changed, but has a love for young men as great today as the day Christ loved the one who loved his gold more than the good Master; for does not St. Paul tell us that Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever? Does not our observation tell us that the nature of young men has not changed; do we not find them having a love for Country, for home, for friends? Are they not in these days susceptible to the influence of the beautiful, the pure, the loving, and the sincere when presented by the true and sincere? I think we can truthfully bear witness that all these traits exist, even now. But modern education has made young men more analytical of all subjects presented to them; they do not accept with blind faith all that the Church or parents tell them; and they are very liable to reject most excellent instruction and counsel offered by a society or an individual, because they so often do not see in the manners and life of the instructor or counselor a practical demonstration of that which they recommend to others. So they turn to the world which makes a loud profession of generosity, sincerity and manliness; (but covertly makes insinuations regarding the sincerity of the Church) which appeals to the minds of young men already somewhat jarred by their own observations.

"Let us consider the second proposition. There are probably differences of opinion about the attitude of the Church towards young men. Some may say the same

gospel is being preached that was preached in the past and that the young men are to blame and not the Church if they do not accept the invitation. Now, there is sufficient truth in this view of existing conditions to satisfy a great many members of the Church, and it might rest at this, if the world were not progressing; but happily it is moving forward, and even the Church, God's own chosen channel for irrigating the world with his salvation and spirit, will lose its power and influence by merely standing still while the world presses on. It is within the memory of many of those present when, to attack the Church, or seriously criticise it was a kind of sacrilege, and those in the ordinary walks of life who dared to do so were considered to be wicked and their families were very likely ashamed of them, notwithstanding the fact that such criticism was entirely just and merited by the conditions then existing. While such sentiments were inculcated and fostered it is easy to see how a large proportion of the youth would reverently accept the situation and yield themselves to it, and become a quiet and respectable every-day kind of Christian people. But there are not a few Christian people who bemoan the passing of the good old days and are really sorry to see the independent bearing of the present day youth towards things sacred, as they consider them. But these feelings do not alter conditions. The world will not stand still, much less move back. Our youth are being taught to look for truth and reject error wherever found, even in things that we have been taught to believe, and have believed to be impossible of error; and they are finding flaws, and if the Church is not prejudiced it must admit them. Although the criticisms are unjust,

and some of the independence of thought is almost insulting in its expression, yet the Church cannot afford to ignore them. There must be searchings and investigations and the error cast out before it can command the respect and allegiance of the honest thinker.

"It is necessary to state some of the criticisms made by those outside the Church which the Christian worker meets with. One of them is that the minister is in it for a living, meaning thereby that he has chosen it because he can make more money at it than anything else. Personally, my respect for the minister is very deep, great worldly sacrifices are being made by many, my estimate of them sets the pulpit much higher than the pew; but honestly, as we run our minds back over the ministers we have known, we have had a lurking suspicion that one or more of them perhaps really did attach more importance to money than the salvation of souls, or that they gave it preference over such a consecrated life, as would put God and His cause before the world in the most attractive light.

"Another criticism is, that ministers are in the pay of the rich and are not in sympathy with the poor. As a general charge this is absolutely false. But again call upon memory and has not a thought had a place in your hearts that a certain minister did seem to spare the moneyed side of the congregation a little too much or waited more upon the wealthy than the poor? Excuses may be made by the Church for weaknesses of the kind just referred to; but the world is weighing the Church by such examples and we cannot get away from it. God and His cause are damaged by preaching faith and practicing sight. The Church must not think that because the

world does not read the Bible as much as it ought, that it is ignorant of the value of consistency or is unable to define it.

"It is charged by many that there are hypocrites in the Church and they wish to avoid being taken for such or to mingle with them. This objection is generally met by the question, where can you go to avoid hypocrites? You will find them anywhere on earth, and they are certainly in hell in large numbers. There is only one place where there are none, and that is heaven. How discouraging this kind of work is in the presence of hypocrites those only know who have been engaged in it. Is the young man entirely wrong in his diagnosis of the case? No. There may be those present who have used the same argument, but are now seeking to win the lost ones; if so, they will recall the past, and believe they were honest at that time, because they knew one or more Church members who had done something or were doing something that they, who made no profession, would not soil their hands with? Young men of good principles admire consistency often even when it is in a bad cause; and this is a condition the Church cannot ignore and render acceptable service to its great Head. The highest profession a human being can make is that of declaring to the world by public confession that it is a follower of the Saviour, and it is by that profession the world judges, and by flaws in it the enemy of souls obtains his most destructive ammunition.

"Others complain of the Church being too narrow, also of the different sects and the bad feeling often existing between them. No doubt there was in the past just ground for this complaint; for there were many harsh

and bitter outbreaks, displaying anything but the spirit of the Master Whose cause they professed to advocate and represent. But happily a better feeling exists all around in this day; yet frequently too much selfishness creeps in in a quiet way which does not pass unobserved by either the young men in or outside the Church. Some pastors and some churches object to their members working in any field or under any auspices, unless the results are to lead directly to the increase of the membership and power of their own congregation, and no other. Little scenes are not infrequent at union meetings (that cannot but displease Him for Whom the work is ostensibly done) which are brought about by the engineering and scheming of some pastor or Church member to secure the young converts for their particular Church and sometimes against the choice of the converts themselves. These occurrences are anything but encouraging to those outside, and are used as arguments against the Church and not without effect.

"There is one other charge made against the Church – and almost exclusively by young men – which is, that religion is long-faced, that it stunts manliness (may be all right for women and old people), that it interferes with a young man's chances of getting on in the world, that it calls for denial and has nothing to give in return but a pass into heaven when one dies, and the value of this is minimized by a belief in the minds of many that the Church has not a monopoly on the pass business, so that apparently there is very little left to recommend it to young men. This is a broad and severe arraignment and would be fearful to contemplate if absolutely true. But happily this is one of the criticisms where the pen-

dulum swings beyond the perpendicular line, as many examples can be cited and witnesses brought forward to refute these charges. But like the others, they cannot be entirely denied, as there is often a severity and gloominess that is not of God. The Churches are open but a few hours each week and when open, the cordial welcome to the stranger or occasional attendant is often conspicuous by its absence. There are altogether too many men who are professed Christians, commonly known as church members, who, while with the mouth speak well of God, by their actions in every-day life say God is not to be trusted, that every man must look out for himself, that if they are to succeed they must do as others do, though the practice is in opposition to the plain teaching of God's word. Such men say to young men, employees and others, that it is impossible to take the Bible for your guide and succeed in business.

"The young men the Church desires to reach and who are an influence wherever they are, are confronted with conditions in the Church somewhat of the character herein set forth. Some places and some churches better and worse than the picture drawn. Can we wonder then if they hesitate about casting in their lot with us?

"Referring to the fourth possible reason for the leakage, viz., That parents may not be giving the time and care to the religious training of their children, as formerly, most of us can probably tell something of the change in our own homes, when we compare them with the homes in which we were raised. Do we have family prayers? Do we gather around the table to read the sacred Book and talk of God's wonderful dealings with His people? Do we get our children together and pre-

pare the Sunday School lesson? Do we take them to the prayer meeting? Do we teach them the catechism? If not, are we starting our boys out as well equipped as we were, or as likely to be drawn towards God and His House? Let our own hearts answer these questions honestly. If we are as faithful as our parents God be praised! But let us try to be even better. If we are not as faithful, may not that be one cause for some of the deflection?

"The remaining possible cause is in short, that the world, i. e., those outside the Church, has discovered the way to the hearts of young men and captured them. Well, let us look around. Where do we find the young men? In the gambling room, in the saloon, in the billiard hall, in the bowling alley, in the lodge room and in the club. These are the places that attract. Now what are some of the attractions offered? Most of them provide society composed entirely of men, the larger portion young men. Most of them are open all the time. Visitors to the places where they pay for what they get at the time they get it, and members of the different societies and clubs, are sure of a welcome and companionship. In some they are sure of assistance in sickness; in some the use of current magazines; in some physical exercises and culture; in nearly all, bright comfortable, cheery places to meet in. These are statements for the young men's side which come pretty close to the truth. There is, however, a possibility that they consist of something other than the truth. But suppose the first view only is correct. It would seem as if there is sufficient cause for the Church to stir itself and set in motion some effort, or actively foster and support some effort already in operation, by which it can set itself right before the world

and so represent God that His loving and attractive attributes may be seen and read of all men. For if they are shown, the enemies of God and His Church will have to exclaim with the Pharisees of old, 'Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the world is gone after Him.'

"The views as presented to you in this address may appear as bearing very hard on the Church, and there may be a disposition to defend it against such an arraignment; but this is not necessary. The Church of Christ is precious to me beyond every institution that I know of, and I surely and sincerely believe that through it and it alone the world has to be won over to righteousness. But we cannot do the Church a greater injustice than to close our eyes to an existing fault though an Ingersoll points it out.

"If the probable causes for the loss of young men to the Church as already stated are fairly close to the truth, is there not a large sympathy due the young men? We make great outlays of money to give them a liberal education, thus creating a dissatisfaction with old things. We, who are heads of families, in our own rush, have not been equally diligent in training and educating the religious side of their lives. But the world has been active in supplying their craving, therefore can we wonder they are leaving the old paths and finding those that are new and apparently more attractive? We cannot win them back by scolding or blaming. That course only hardens and drives them further away; but they can be won, and the way to do it is to show them that the old path is more beautiful than the new. That will draw them almost without fail. There is nothing more beautiful on

earth than the life that is truly and unreservedly placed in the hands of its Creator, Father, Saviour, Friend. None of the pleasures this world offers can be compared with it, and wherever found it makes deep and lasting impressions which cannot easily be shaken off, it haunts the soul that desires to be right and will capture it at last. It is the mongrel life consisting much of self and little of Christ, (but which is called Christian) that lacks the winning element; and while the person having it may be charming as a human being, its influence is to drive those who come within its reach farther from God. Comparing such a life with the entirely worldly life in which Christ is not recognized at all and which allows phases of pleasure not openly allowed by the other, the latter presents by far the most attractive form because there are no ties and restraints, whereas the mongrel life has the ties and restraints with the compensating benefits of companionship and communion with God, and the knowledge that its affairs are in His hands, and that He will cause all things to work together for its good because it loves Him supremely. God will cause the truly consecrated life to prosper in spiritual things, wonderfully, and in temporal things to the extent that it will have all this world's goods it can use to His glory, no more, no less. A church full of business men with lives dedicated to God along these lines and ready to make sacrifices rather than cast a doubt on God's faithfulness to fulfill His promises, would learn the lesson that it is not necessary to set aside God's Word in order to prosper. Instead it would learn that in the Word are to be found the only directions that will enable it to acquire the exact amount of temporal possessions suited to its

talents and ability, and that such a congregation of business men would do more to draw the world to Christ than a majority of the messages delivered from our pulpits. This may sound strange, but it ought not to sound so. It is only what others have done from Christ's own sacrifice down to the sacrifice made by our missionaries in China. We, however, are not asked to give up our lives; but in order that the reign of righteousness may take place, we are asked at least to make our temporal gain secondary to the triumph of God's cause. There was no holding back of lives or treasure to save our country or free Cuba, and the sacrifice accomplished the desired end. The same spirit and sacrifice laid upon God's altar will have no less result; and if we sincerely desire the triumph of God's cause we have only to pay the price, the end will be attained, and we shall have the experience that Christ had, 'Who for joy that was set before Him endured the cross despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of God.'

"In view of all these conditions what ought the Church to do, that our young men may be set right and enabled to see God as He is?

"There is one institution in our Country that comes nearer fulfilling the desired conditions for saving our young men than any other and this is the Young Men's Christian Association. Some speak against the Young Men's Christian Association claiming it is another sect or denomination, and as they believe there are sufficient sects to supply all the requirements, they hold aloof from giving it the support they would be willing to give it, if they understood its work and objects better. In no sense is the Association a Church or sect, but instead, it is

a part of all the churches represented in it by the various members, and it is doing what most churches would do themselves could they afford it, and the Church not represented in such a work must certainly be the loser eventually. The Association provides for the young men all that the world provides (with the dangerous elements omitted) – good society, watched over by Christian men, physical exercise and training, mental education and instruction in God's Word, all being employed with the object in view of winning young men to the Saviour. In the Association the facts are shown that young men may be Christians and yet manly, that religion is not necessarily gloomy, but when properly understood fills the life with joy and brightness, and above all it affords young men who desire to do good, an opportunity to assist others in many ways, not possible in the Church or out of it.

"The benefits derived through the Association are not confined to the young men who enjoy its privileges. Those who assist in its construction and operation receive their share of blessing. It gives them an opportunity of showing the young men of their community that they are seeking their welfare and are making sacrifice in doing so. This will particularly be the case, if the money is given cheerfully and willingly and not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

"The Association provides a common meeting place for employee and employer, they can get closer together there than in the office, and it is the place for developing friendships that are often very precious and helpful. The pastor can make the Association a place for getting in touch with those whom he cannot reach in any other

way, and in a natural manner impress upon them the fact, that though ministers, they are men like unto themselves, thus tending to remove from the minds of many young men the feeling of prejudice that exists against the ministry.

"The responsibility for the Association rests with the Church. Its object and purpose as stated by the founder at its conception, is to promote the spiritual welfare of young men, and so long as this is the cardinal point around which all efforts revolve the work is sure to succeed; if on the other hand, the carnal features are given the greater prominence, failure will surely follow. While the Church is the responsible party, the operations of a well managed Association are so practical, common sense and business-like, that they recommend themselves to the practical, common sense business man of every community, whether they are professed Christians or not, and a large share of the funds both for the building and its maintenance will come from them, as they are quick to discover those things that make for the good of the young men about them.

"No city of the size and importance of Mason City has done its duty towards its young men until it has provided a Young Men's Christian Association building and keeps it equipped in an up-to-date manner.

"Modern education, methods of business and social life, have taken much from young men that they formerly enjoyed. While they have given them much of another kind that they did not possess under the old order of things, there is a gap between the two where the young men suffer. Fill up that gap and make it good to them with the love of God and the knowledge of God's true

character, so that they choose the old path of their own free will, because their reason tells them it is better than the new and we have them far superior in every way as Christians and citizens, to those who accepted the teachings of religion from the Church or their parents, just because it was the proper and reverential thing to do. In that way society will have taken a long stride forward, and nearer to God. It is not claimed the Young Men's Christian Association is the entire solution of the problem; but it enables a community to take a decided step in the right direction and forms a base that is above the ordinary level and upon which it can stand to reach a still higher life, enlarging the horizon, and having a clearer atmosphere, causing the objective point to come into plainer view.

"In undertaking this work you are on the Lord's side, prosecute it with faith and vigor and He will prosper you in it and will give you favor in the sight of all people, and your hearts will be gladdened in the years to come as you see the precious fruit gathered in the garner of the Lord as the result of consecrated effort."

V

Next to the Church, the Y. M. C. A., and next to the Y. M. C. A. the Christian college engaged the interest and stewardship of Foster. The meager opportunity for an education which had been allowed him in his youth and young manhood he had always regretted. He was educated in the school of hard knocks—a good school, within the range of its curriculum—but, with rather expensive tuition, as it seems sometimes. When Foster attended a commencement of a Christian College back

in the eighties and saw the work of that institution he became an enthusiastic supporter of the denominational college. In his *John Wesley* Arnold Lunn says: "The vital importance of conversion is the keystone of Methodist doctrine, or at least, of Methodist doctrine as preached in the days of Tyerman." Mr. Lunn goes on to say that "conversion is only impressive against a background of a lurid past," which he points out, required Tyerman, and certain others, to make the pre-conversion period of John Wesley's life as dark as possible. If Lunn is right, Foster's life after conversion would have a rather drab and colorless emphasis, because the quality of his pre-conversion period did not partake at all of the "lurid." Nevertheless, the change in that event was radically transforming and lifted up standards of life and measurements of value that bore the color and distinction of the vital change through which Foster passed when he was converted. The Bible at that point became a new book, with the quality of inerrancy and the note of authority. The presence of God and the companionship of Christ as present, practical realities, gave atmosphere and quality to his character and deportment henceforth from that conversion hour. The object of living, and the subject of thought and conversation was lifted and a new tone and accent described his association with men. The experience introduced a new, distinct, magnetic quality in his life, by which he not only drew men to him, but by which he also recognized the conversion experience in others as he was drawn toward them. These qualities of the converted life he was eager to incorporate in the personnel of educational leadership, and also to include in college curricula the spirit and purpose of its evangel.

When he was asked to take membership on the Board of Trustees of Parsons College he accepted, because he saw in such a connection the opportunity to invest his talents and substance in the development of Christian character and in the promulgation of Christian truth. There were many phases of the problem of education with which Foster had no acquaintance and, which, when presented to him, tended to arouse his impatience. The standardizing agencies appeared more as irreligious and menacing instruments, invented to harass the smaller institutions rather than to help them; as utterly inimical to the Christian emphasis which was for character rather than for intellectual attainment. It appeared to him, that the large secular universities and colleges did not observe these requirements with the same meticulous care that they exacted of the smaller colleges. Purposely or unintentionally on the part of those administering them, as the case might be, they tended to the elimination of the denominational institution and for the secularization of its faculty and student life. The emphasis of the university, as he saw it, was for development in research, and the appraisement of research scholarship. The emphasis of the Christian college was on character development in the student and Christian personality in the teacher. The standardizing agency, which passed upon the work of the college, had no way of evaluating character quality in the scholar nor personality in the teacher. The tendency of these agencies would undoubtedly be toward enlargement of endowments and the increase of equipments – laboratories, buildings, material assets. But – bigger and better men? –

Foster seriously doubted if they would be produced. He once expressed himself in a crisis the College faced.

"The College does not in any way depend upon what Mr. —— may do for it, but upon what the management does for God. If we manage it so that He is glorified through it, He can put, and will put it into the head of some of His children to supply the means, . . . the money will come from some source. Do God's work in God's way and He will bless it."

"His ambition for the College," says a former president, long associated with him, "was along the line of his personal convictions. He wished it to be a school of high attainment scholastically; but his first concern was that it have as its goal the production of strong Christian character among its students. To this end he longed to have godly men on the faculty, men whose first concern would be the spiritual life of the young men and women in the school." This was brought out at different times very definitely. In a letter written in the summer of 1904 he said, "When I remember the young men and young women the College was turning out when I first knew it, and when there was a more definitely godly and spiritual set of men in the faculty, I long for the old days. They were old fogies compared with the type we have now, but God blessed the College and its work." These ideals have had a hard time in college administrative history in the past twenty-five years. They do not lend themselves easily to the prevailing process of standardization. And one often wonders, if it will be possible to incorporate them in the prevailing primary requirements for degrees, and equipments, and

endowments. If the Christian denominational college is not able to maintain its emphasis on character and personality, as affected by "the vital importance of conversion," the question arises how long can it maintain its Christian character as an institution? If it fails in this, what reason can it offer for its claim on Christian benevolence or, in fact, for its maintenance at all? These were questions that arose in Mr. Foster's mind, and that counted heavily with him when he distributed the funds of which God had made him steward. The Christian college should maintain a Christian atmosphere, be represented by Christ-like men and women, and distinguished in its conduct for the development of Christian citizens and Christian leadership. For such a College he was ready to labor and sacrifice and pray; and in devotion to such a purpose he acted as counselor and friend for many years for more than one small college that sought his help.

VI

These religious convictions and attitudes, expressed in or through institutions, too frequently smack of piosity rather than of genuine piety and sincerity. Many a man, because he is an elder, steward, deacon, or warden, has become a stickler for views and emphases, which, he believes, are proper for churchmen and churches to hold; but whose achievement in faith and practice in business and social relationships is described by lassitude and lapse from high example. Many an orthodox contender in private morality has been a worldlian of the most liberal worldlians. He can con-

tend with great valiancy against the modernist theology and its damning demoralization in our pulpits and among the people, and at the same time, and with equal vehemence, denounce the effort to restrict the trade and outlaw the traffic in spirituous liquors. The beauty and strength, authority and power, the charm and grace of Foster's character lay in the fact that he never talked a piety he personally had not, or was not striving for, in his personal life.

His benevolences were not payments made to square failures in personal service. He did not delegate his fellowship with the poor in their distress to some professional social service employee, unless it was impossible for him to go himself. Among the men associated with Foster, who were of like mind with him and to whom he owed much for counsel and help in difficult business problems, was Thomas P. Spilman, familiarly known as Major. Major Spilman was connected with John Morrell & Co. for more than forty years. His respect and love for Mr. Foster was one of Foster's most valued treasures. The personal acts of kindness which these two men showed to the humble workman with whom they were associated are remembered by many yet living, and who still work for "the house." Major Spilman loved to tell how once he went, on a Christmas morning, to visit one of the old employees of the business, living down in "the bottoms," who had been sick for some time. He went early in the morning to this humble cottage, but when he arrived, on opening the door to walk in he found Foster already there and praying with the employee, to whom he had brought a good

word and a basket of supplies. These two friends labored together to spread abroad the gospel of Christian love and true fellowship.

Major Spilman's funeral was held on the seventh anniversary of Foster's death, July 20, 1922. The Reverend Dr. Leonard A. Swisher, who was in charge of the service, read a letter received that morning from T. Henry Foster, quoting his father's acknowledgment of indebtedness to Major Spilman:

"I learned more that was helpful to me in my Christian life and business undertakings from Major Spilman, than from any other person that I ever came in contact with."

Dr. Swisher added: "Ottumwa has been exceedingly fortunate to number among her residents these two men. Two great and good men have gone to their reward. Truly God has a crown of rejoicing for each of them. It is a pleasure to think of them with their Saviour and with each other."

It was indeed a beautiful association. They were friends with each other and with Jesus Christ, and their labor and fellowship of love was as the odor of a precious ointment that fills all the house.

It is not often a man conceals his true self from his doctor or his attorney. If he attempts to deceive the one by lying, or the other by pretending, neither is caught by the device. Each, sooner or later, clearly understands the true character of his patient or client. But when in loyalty to religious convictions a man instructs his attorney to follow certain lines of procedure that involve financial loss, when another course would bring financial gain, most attorneys would conclude this man's religion

is genuine and sincere. When these two men have finished their work, and lost or won their case, and sit down to commune as friends, if then, the presence of God, His love and service, are the subject of their conversation, you can be quite sure religion is a real and genuine concern with both of them.

Foster had a genius for selecting attorneys of high purpose and noble ideals. With one of these, Mr. William McNett, he had intimate and delightful friendship. When they occasionally visited, after the professional conference was finished, or as they traveled to different cities and sections of the Country to which business called them, or when they corresponded as friend with friend, Mr. McNett said the contributions which Mr. Foster made to the communion were always described by the intimacy and purity of his fellowship with Jesus Christ.

In January, before his death, while in Miami, Florida, where he hoped to regain his strength, Foster wrote this legal representative and friend a letter that lets us see into his heart. He was always on the alert to learn new secrets of the Christian life. In his business, as with all forward-looking, enterprising corporation directors, he invited criticism from friend and foe and improved his products by the criticism that came – from whatever source it reached him. He felt the Christian Church should always be as alert to discover its weakness and as ready to profit by the scrutiny, however unpleasant the ordeal might prove. He, therefore, was ready, as we can see from this letter, to profit by the suggestions made:

"My dear Mr. McNett:

"I would rather sit down and talk an hour with you than write on matters so full of meaning to both of us as the book of sermons you kindly sent me. Same arrived two days ago, and I thank you for it exceedingly, as I know our Heavenly Father has used you to send helpful messages to me. I have already read through 'The Message of the Church to Men of Wealth,' 'Christ's Judgment Respecting Inheritance,' 'The Christian Aim and Motive.'

"Your letter has been astray until today, and now I see those who have read and will read them next. God has sent me wonderful messages through such gifts of books and loans as you have forwarded me. Twenty-five years ago, something within said, 'There is something wrong with the Church.' I said, 'No, it is with myself.' While in that mood I bought a copy of Atlantic Monthly (led of God). In it was a tirade against the Church by Ingersoll. I did not buy the issue for Ingersoll's article, but read it quite a while afterwards – because it seemed to intrude itself upon me. He pointed out the very wrongs that I had inwardly felt. About the same time, the night before sailing for England, Mr. Pope, then agent for Dun, brought me two of Tolstoi's books. Now I would no more at that time thought of buying such than I would now think of buying Mrs. Eddy's. They were 'My Confession' and 'My Religion.' Coming to me in such a way I felt I must read them. Which I read first I can not recall, but I repeated to myself over and over: has a man outside the Church discovered what the Church has been blind to these 1900 years? I was two thirds through the first book before I discovered his

disloyalty to Christ as the Son of God; but it revealed where the weakness is in the Church.

"After my return from England, God sent me one morning to your church. I scarcely remember to have done such a thing before as I did that morning. Who should be there but Herron of Burlington. His sermon (with perhaps one exception) fitted in with the condition of my mind. I stayed behind and spoke to him. He sent me some articles he had written. They appeared good. He sent me one of his books. It was good. But every book after that drifted further and further away until he ended as he did. But I got help from him. All those things coming together gave me a new view of what the Church ought to be, and so far there is nothing in Robertson's sermons that I have not thrashed out in my own soul and entirely agree with him. Strange, I had never heard of him until your letter, but, on Sunday last, the Presbyterian minister used him very extensively through the 'Irreparable Past' and told quite a little about his life. He died young, comparatively. Was a terrific sufferer through headaches. A post mortem showed a splinter of his skull, pressing upon his brain, had caused his suffering and death. In these days it would have been remedied by a simple operation."

Then he laments that England did not profit from Robertson's preaching as she ought to have done and, at some length, discusses the misfortune this entailed even in the rigor of the great war through which she was then passing, and the decline in moral quality which described the contemporary generation in comparison with good Queen Victoria and her times. He quite agrees with the "gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's, regarding the

English Established Church pulpit, in contrast with the Scottish pulpit.[1]

"Since my visit to Scotland and hearing two sermons by two Scotch ministers in an ordinary Scotch town, I can understand why Queen Victoria loved to stay so much at Balmoral Castle in Scotland and have those Scotch ministers for chaplains."

Returning again to the subject of the war he concludes:

"When God is fighting for a country . . . things work out differently to what they are doing now. My prayer is that our spiritual eyes may be opened. If they are not our doom is sealed. Thanking you again for the books and wishing you a good New Year, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"T. D. Foster."

Concerning his friend and client Mr. McNett said: "In a legal way, I found him to be exceedingly generous and tolerant of others' opinions, except when a question of right or wrong was being debated. Then he was immovable. But, as he told me many times, he was prepared to make any sacrifice for what was right, and if the Lord was willing that he should be misunderstood, then he stood ready to be misunderstood. The finest life of Mr. Foster, after all, was his religious life. His religious belief was as simple as a child's in its mother. Another interesting phase was the power to fully understand: it gave him new power, the power of ability to face the conflict of life. He was courteous, agreeably so, even to the end. I was with him a few days before he

[1] See *Labels and Libels*

passed out into the other life. I told him good-bye. But it was not a final one, only a farewell. This might be called a second farewell; but to those who believe, they know that some day we shall see him again. This community has hardly realized what it has lost by Mr. Foster's passing. He hardly had time for social life. His life was made up of love to be some place where he could do some good deed or say some good word."

The letter written in January to his friend was one of the last to fall from his pen to friends and business associates outside his family. He declined in strength from week to week. Returning from Miami he later went to consult his physicians in Chicago and then back to his home in Ottumwa. His heart action failed in strength and regularity and he suffered the terrible apprehensiveness and weakness which so frequently characterize such sufferers. His buoyant, vibrant spirit declined, the ruddy glowing health and vigor of other days faded away and the pallor of disease and approaching death fell upon his face. To the very end his ruling passion for the Kingdom of Christ and desire to forward it occupied his mind. In the last month of his life he renewed his annual pledge to support Mr. Wear, the Y. M. C. A. Secretary in China, whom he regarded as his personal representative in that land. Next to his interest in the Kingdom was his comfort and delight in association with his children and grandchildren. Even in the days of suffering and departing strength he looked for the visits of the grandchildren to his bed chamber, and smiled at their childish remarks.

But the days of wakefulness were prolonged into the night and the weariness of sleepless hours dulled the

alert and active mind. Day by day his strength failed. The pitcher was broken at the fountain and the spirit was returning to God who gave it. Thirty-six hours before the end consciousness was so enfeebled there was little chance for any word. The night was far spent and the day was at hand. His wife and youngest son were at his bedside keeping watch the after-part of the night. When the first glint of the morning light was stealing into the bed chamber, other members of his family were summoned, and as they stood about his couch he passed over the river and into the celestial city to join the redeemed, with whom he had in spirit communed so long, and to take his place among the crowding guests of God. It was four-thirty o'clock on the morning of the twentieth of July, nineteen hundred and fifteen when the great promotion came.

Through the Associated Press the announcement of Foster's death was flashed throughout the land. The announcement called forth a multitude of telegrams, cablegrams, letters, and various expressions of sympathy, condolence, and estimates of the loss which the world suffered in his departure.

One of the most aggressive personalities in international relations for good will, Mr. Fred B. Smith, wrote to express his sorrow and sense of personal loss:

"My own life's work has been enriched by fellowship with Thomas D. Foster. He was noble in intimate personal contacts. He was strong in public platform utterance. He was a man of the Bible, of Prayer, and of the Church. His convictions about *Right* and *Wrong* were definite. They could not be changed easily. He was one of God's best men. His life may not be summarized bet-

ter than by this: 'He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.'"

Mr. William Danner, Secretary of the Mission to Lepers, writes one of Foster's sons:

"No man of my acquaintance was more like the Master than your father. Few people realize how big a man he was. He was so simple and childlike in his attitude to other people, but he was a master business man, and I know that there are tens of thousands who will be calling him blessed and perhaps even now a host of them are having a reunion with him in the Better Land."

The many various impressions which his forceful personality made upon men is indicated in the various descriptive words and phrases applied to him by the editors and correspondents of the public press who commented upon his life and death: "Great business man," "philanthropist," "worthy citizen," "Christian," "benefactor," "follower of Christ," "loyal church man," "wealthy packer," "steward of God's bounty," "a rare Bible teacher," "living epistle of social justice," "hand-to-hand soul winner," "a superb committeeman and director," "long time friend of Christian education."

In the action taken by the city administration of Ottumwa on the announcement of his death they state he "was one of the most distinguished men of Ottumwa, of a lovable and kindly disposition, and this, with his sterling character and manhood, endeared him to the hearts of his fellow townsmen."

Outside the local community the editors of *The Cedar Rapids Republican* expressed the sense of impoverishment which the best citizenship of the state and nation felt in the loss of Thomas D. Foster.

"The City of Ottumwa has lost a useful citizen and a model character in the death of Tom Foster. Every town possesses some one citizen to whom all eyes turn whenever there is anything to be done for the good of all, and in Ottumwa that man was Foster. Successful in business and thereby well-to-do he grasped the modern idea of the trusteeship of wealth and he devoted a fixed share of his income to public benefits.

"Strong and self reliant in the material things which were to be done in his town Mr. Foster very naturally held positive views as to what was best for the moral uplift and cleaner life of his city and he was not afraid to fight for the things in which he believed.

"The *Republican-Times* editors have never lived in Ottumwa but as Ottumwa's affairs have been viewed from a distance it has seemed that the best as well as the biggest movements in the town have fallen in behind the leadership of Tom Foster and hence the state at large is today bereaved as well as is the town of his residence in the loss of a man who, endowed with strength among men, had the nerve and the generosity to use that strength for the good of his community.

"Tom Foster is a type of man who is born to nobility as caste is known and recognized in a country of democracy. He lived and worked and both saved and spent for the common good as well as for private gain. Some men can be boosters and spenders and develop traits of private character which have to be covered up with apology while others can live to a Puritan's code of moral conduct and be so selfish, so narrow and of so little account to the community in which they live that notice of their death will arouse nothing but jests as to the undertaker

being compelled to seize death coins to secure his claim for services. In the case of Foster he lived a life which was an inspiration to others to live clean and strong and he builded for his town until an entire community mourned when his day had been run. Every town has its Tom Foster but why, oh, why are there so few of them?"

The readers of the life of Peter Cartwright, the diligent and ardent pioneer preacher of the Gospel in the early days of Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, will remember that the author closes one chapter with a paragraph descriptive of the death of a valiant servant of the Lord, by saying, that "he fell from the walls of Zion with the trump of God in his hand." This would fittingly described the subject of this book. He never ceased to proclaim the Gospel of redeeming grace. He knew Him in Whom he had believed and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which is committed unto Him against any day. Whosoever liveth and believeth in Him shall never die.

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